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# The Triumph of Applesauce

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IT was bad enough when man created God after his own image.

But when he went one step farther and insisted that the members of the younger generation regard themselves as replicas of their papas and mammas, then he sealed his own doom and condemned the human race to a life of everlasting disappointment.

For the Good Lord, although a mighty powerful potentate, dwelleth in solitary splendor amidst the mysterious glories of a distant and nebulous horizon, and He is too much occupied with the affairs of a very large universe to waste time upon the funny little insects that crawl among the hardening rocks of a seventeenth-rate planet.

Whereas children, like the poor in mind, are forever with us, and once their hostility has been incurred, we shall find no rest until we retreat in dignified solitude to the peace and quiet of the cemetery.

There is, of course, nothing new about this conflict.

The average concordance on holy and secular writ almost waxeth eloquent when the subject of "youth" is mentioned, and devotes pages and pages to the foibles, the vanities, and the general shortcomings of the rising generation, warning us to be forever on our guard and treat the denizens of our nurseries as the natural enemies of all that is good and pious and respectable.

And as for that accumulated wisdom of the ages which lies preserved in the terse sentences of our proverbs, it abounds in jibes and innuendoes at the expense of our hapless infants, and suggests many and variegated measures for the maintenance of that parental discipline without which the world is forever supposed to be going to the dogs.

No wonder that our elders were all in favor of a system that made the rod a part of the divine scheme of things, and recommended the sixteenth verse of the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy as the best of all possible argument-settlers.

But now we have fallen upon evil days.

"Honor thy father," says papa with a frown.

"Fiddlesticks!" says little Johnnie. "What have you ever done that I should honor you?" And there the matter stands at the moment of writing.

As a result of this revolt against the Ancestral Authority, the assembled papas and mammas are in a great state of excitement and dismay.

They ask each other and their neighbors what this world is coming to.

And the children shrug their shoulders and answer: "We don't know. But of one thing we are certain. We won't make quite as much of a mess of things as you did." And they proceed to enjoy themselves in their own godless way, and if we don't like it, they will tell us in no uncertain terms what we can do about it.

As a result of this juvenile declaration of independence, the country has been treated to a veritable deluge of indignation. Pedagogues and educators and all

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the thousand and one votaries of the uplift proceed from town to town and from village to village to denounce the worthless levity of high-school girls and college boys. The rafters of our churches resound with the agonizing anathemas hurled at the indifferent heads of bob-haired flappers, while most of the younger men are treated as if they had just broken jail, and should be kept under close surveillance until the deputy sheriffs arrive and take them back to the hoosegow of the prep school and the college.

It is all rather silly and quite useless.

For those children, with their outrageous manners and their quite outrageous pantaloons and skirts, are on their way, and they seem to know where they are going, and all our prayerful wailing will not make them retrace a single one of their weird Charlestonian steps.

As a member of the Amalgamated Fathers' Union (with two service stripes), I ought to be on the side of law and order. But I also hold a card in the Westport Local of the Concatenated Order of Historical Hoo-Hoo's, and as such I know that spiritual tremors are an inevitable part of every great social upheaval, and, like the dust of Krakatau, are apt to make themselves felt for years and years after the actual occurrence. Wherefore my heart is filled with patience and resignation, and I am able to accept the much-regretted revolt of youth as an inevitable sequence of that terrific cataclysm which so many people still discuss in terms of a mere "war."

In the present article I don't care to bother about the youngsters who were dragooned into the conflict or their sisters who went on an emotional jag behind the lines. The shock to their nervous systems was too intense. They will never be able to return to that tranquil state of mind which goes with the virtues of a well-balanced normalcy. They will continue to crave every natural and unnatural form of excitation. They will never be able to do a steady day's work. Unless they turn bandit, they will never make good. They will be perpetual poor relatives. But their number is relatively small, and the Anti-Saloon League will see to it that they die young.

Peace be with them, and may they find on the other side of the grave that tranquillity of soul of which we, their parents, deprived them in the folly of our greed and ignorance.

Far different the kids who were too young to take an actual part in the row, who remember the war only as a vague succession of unexpected holidays and parades and free band-concerts. They were as little affected by what happened around them as stormy petrels who have just lived through another hurricane. It was all in the day's work and rather pleasant and exciting.

But when they reached the age of indiscretion and began to ask questions, then they suddenly noticed that something was wrong and that the pretty landscape, of which they had been told in the nursery, was in reality a howling wilderness, thickly dotted with ungainly ruins and bearing traces of a recent and most disgusting cannibal feast. And when they asked what it all meant, they were treated to a hollow dissertation upon the glories of certain antediluvian virtues which were already held in suspicion by the more intelligent stone-polishers of the early Neolithic era.

And when they looked incredulous and said "Oh!" they were informed that this desolate landscape, to which they were falling heir, and the gigantic debts, which they were supposed to pay, and the graveyards, which they were expected to tend, were all part of that wonderful modern civilization which the parents in their wisdom had seen fit to bestow upon them, and they must be good little children and work very hard, and then in another couple of centuries everything would once more be as it always had been before, and that would be very nice.

Why that prehistoric yarn which had never failed to produce results in times gone by should have been such a terrible fizzle upon this particular occasion, I do not know.

But my faith in the possibilities of "homo ridens" has been greatly increased by the subsequent development.

Contrary to all the evidence contained in the current books of history these last twenty centuries, the usual reaction was not forthcoming.

Neither was there a sudden outbreak of

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discontent, which upon previous occasions had turned several of the European universities into hotbeds of short-lived anarchy.

Outwardly the little campus slaves remained as obedient as before. But their inner feelings made themselves manifest in certain contributions to the language which depicted a state of mind composed of equal parts of pity and contempt.

I refer to the spontaneous creation of the terms "boloney," "banana-oil," "applesauce" and "so is your old man," the latter with two-score unprintable derivatives.

It is not easy to define these colorful expletives. They are something between the rude invitation to "tell it to the marines" (German: "Sagen Sie es Ihrer Waschfrau") and the more polite remonstrance: "Pardon me, but are you quite correct in that statement?" They imply a certain degree of forbearance, and are mixed with the sorrowful regret that the person wasting his time upon a useless bit of rhetoric should be so naïve as to believe that any one could possibly fall for the amphigorous fiddle-faddle of his pretty, pretty arguments.

But they are dreadfully definite.

They are the thin red line at the end of an account.

The discussion is closed.

Exit Cæsar in his nightgown.

The grown-ups who are Bourbonesque in their total incapacity for new ideas listen to these strange gurglings and immediately draw the conclusion that the younger generation is deprived of all sense of decency and decorum, and solemnly they assure each other: "We would never have dared to talk to our parents that way!"

Of course not. Papa would have boxed their ears or would have cut them off without a penny. But our athletic offspring does not lend itself to corporal punishment, and as for an economic embargo, why, the little darlings can always get a job tooting a saxophone in a jazz orchestra or soliciting ads. or selling bonds, and they snap their fingers at such threats which are held to be relics from the days of the crinoline and sal volatile.

And as far as I can see, the only thing for us to do is to acknowledge ourselves defeated, and discover upon what terms we can sue for peace.

Since I have undertaken to act as "advocatus diabolorum," let me hasten to add that those terms are not exorbitant. The younger generation has scant respect for Versailles or for the fossils who affixed their signatures to that dreadful instrument of senile revenge.

They acknowledge that we have just passed through a period of great excitement, and cannot be expected to act as reasonable beings. But upon one point they all agree: that we had a wonderful opportunity to do something really worth while, and that we made a dreadful muddle of things. Wherefore we ought to get out of the way and give some one else a chance.

And that seems not only fair, but reasonable.

Really and truly, when we contemplate the state of affairs for which we are responsible, there is very little to make us feel proud.

Of the noble cultural edifice which we inherited from our ancestors, nothing remains but an empty shell and a few signboards which escaped the general demolition of the lovely old façade, and which will probably stay there until the whole building comes down. They tell of a time when religion and patriotism and thrift meant certain definite virtues, the practice of which assured the average citizen of a happy life and an undisturbed old age. To-day they are as hollow and meaningless as the political exhortations which adorn the street corners of Pompeii or the spook formulas painted upon the sarcophagus of a defunct Pharaoh.

We take them seriously because we have seen them since early childhood, and they have long since become part of our social consciousness. But those who were born among the débris notice only ugly bits of old stone and wood, and they are unable to follow us when we begin to enthuse about those glorious relics.

They are firmly convinced that they are entitled to a life of their own.

They wish this rubbish-pile to be removed.

They insist upon a new building that shall suit their own needs and inspirations and have no use for second-hand clothes and opinions.

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Of course, being very young and quite without experience, they don't as yet know what form their future home shall take. But they are drawing up plans of their own, and no matter how these shall develop, they will bear very little resemblance to the palaces and the pawnshops that were so characteristic of the age that turned Messieurs Creuzot and Krupp into multi-millionaires.

They will have fewer ecclesiastic establishments, but a great many more squash-courts, and while there will be a lack of picturesque gables, the attics will no longer be filled with quantities and quantities of discarded opinions and outworn prejudices.

All this sounds a little like a blurb for a literary colony in southern California or a development scheme in Florida.

Of course I don't mean it that way.

The world has not suddenly become populated with intellectual heroes and spiritual pioneers. The average child of to-day is very much like the average child of the thirteenth century A. D. or B. C. But it has one enormous advantage over its predecessors—it seems to be born with a clearly developed sense of the realities of life and with a fine nose for all current varieties of fraud and hypocrisy. It is, of course, possible that our educators and our dominies shall invent a series of plausible shams which will temporarily lame the power of vision of the patients and will lower their resistance against the insidious microbe of *Streptococcus Bunk.* But I have my doubts.

"Banana-oil" and "applesauce" and "boloney" may prove to be more vigorous antidotes than any one had ever dared to expect.

They may even cure our world of its oldest and most malign form of illness—a respect for the past based upon the unsubstantiated say-so of our parents.

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# As the Professor Sees the Game

## BY AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR IN A WESTERN UNIVERSITY

GAME time!

How do I, a mere assistant professor, a joy-killer, a bird conducting a recitation on Saturday afternoon, a purveyor of mathematics, a person with a desire to shove unnatural mathematical processes down the throats of real, honest-to-goodness he-men students—how can such a grub as I tell it is game time?

I can tell by the look in their eyes.

If I, with my mouth full of figures, should suddenly topple over in a fit and pass to the Great Beyond, those students would shed no tears. That is the look in their eyes. They are disgusted, are those young men, with me, with mathematics, with the programme which has insisted that they be so engaged at such a time as this. The game begins at 2.30; until 1.20 they shall be with me, unless fits intervene. To some, persons uninspired in the presence of a great event, the day might seem singularly drab, a brooding, bitter November day. But the perpendicular face of the new stadium, which can be seen through the classroom windows, is topped and aflutter with pennants, and the whole world of men and automobiles seems to swarm in its direction. Of these things my class is conscious, and my class is very unhappy. Out of this general depression there stand forth two exceptions—Treadwell and Stinger.

Treadwell is big, equable in temper, likable. Treadwell is varsity end, and he must be dressed and on that field by 2.15. But is he downhearted? Not that you could notice. He and Stinger alone watch me write upon the board. Apparently they alone listen as I prattle about the hieroglyphics. Apparently, I say. For, as a matter of fact, Treadwell isn't listening at all. Determinedly and conscientiously Treadwell keeps his eyes fixed

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on my chalk, but it is quite impossible for Treadwell to keep his mind off that football field, where in a very short time he will be careering to the applause of the assembled thousands. There is in Treadwell a great strain of honesty, of decency. It wasn't gained at the university, nor developed on the football field. It was simply born in him. So in class Treadwell always keeps his eyes on the board. But Treadwell is no student, though he is no fool. He has no more real interest in mathematics than I have in the man in the moon. He desires to be a college graduate, preferably an engineer, and for some reason, concerning which Treadwell is not quite clear, Mathematics rears its scaly back between him and his ambition. Very well. Treadwell neither whines nor sneers. His job is to get a diploma. The diploma he will get, through his affability, his size, his good looks, and his just sufficient mental effort. Even I, classroom representative of the scaly one, profess a liking for Treadwell. I had him as a freshman in analytics, and I passed him then because of his size, affability, etc., as much as for any knowledge of the subject. I admire him now, so uncompromisingly eying the symbols of integration when the world without is so full of pennants, whisking autos, and girls.

To end the unholy farce of teaching at such a time I announce, at 1.05, that class is dismissed.

There is a large gasp of astonishment. It is promptly followed by a press at the classroom door, and then, like a cork from a champagne bottle, that class is gone.

Excepting Stinger.

"Going to see the game, Prof?" he asks.

"I think I will. Are you?"

"Nix."

Here Stinger is quite positive. Stinger is wiry rather than strong, and has a long nose and thin lips. His eyes are keen, and not at all innocent. Never does he grow familiar with me in the presence of other students, but always does he when we are alone. For Stinger has by far the best mind of that class, he knows he has the best mind, and he knows I know it.

"Where are you going?" I ask.

"I think I'll go down-town and look 'em over," he answers with a grin.

"You'd better go to the game," I advise, and I am sincere.

Stinger makes a face. I understand. In the past Stinger has given me his opinion of athletics, laughing—and slyly sneering—as he did so. So acute were his remarks then, so unbiassed by sentiment or—to give the devil his due—by ill-feeling, that I was positively shocked. For, while truth is precious and I am supposed to teach it, yet I suffer, as do ninety-nine out of a hundred adults, from the haunting fear that young persons will see too much of it.

Briefly, Stinger pooh-poohed college athletics.

"Don't you think it develops college spirit?" I had asked.

"Spirit for what?" he had retorted. "Spirit for study?"

I shifted my attack.

"You ought to go to more games," I had insisted.

"Why?" he asked. He was very fond of that "Why?"

"Why, hang it, Stinger," I had exclaimed, "it's colorful! There's plenty of action, there's the university band, and there are thousands of pretty girls!"

"But out there the girls don't look at me," he had retorted. "And I don't get any kick out of watching Treadwell and the team run around the field."

Thinking of that remark afterward, I concluded that here Stinger struck nearer the truth than perhaps he had intended. Stinger craved applause. But imaginative he was and analytical—I have said he had an unusually fine mind—as well as young; so that the applause that came his way by reflection, that moiety of applause due every student of an institution whose teams win, that overflow of applause, if you please, which the team can not take care of, Stinger did not want. And thus this young man, who might have been a very successful football coach, but could never be a first-rate football player, went gallivanting down-town and out of the influence of that institution of learning which on Saturday afternoons packed itself into the stadium. I could not persuade the young man to do otherwise.

When I arrived at the stadium the beginning of the game was not far off. I obtained a modest seat, a cheap seat, at

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the far end of the stadium behind a goal line. The stadium seats sixty thousand; I figured there would be some vacancies here. I was right, and here throughout the game I was able to sit, to smoke, to cogitate, and to keep my hat upon my head.

An intercollegiate football game is worth seeing. Whatever may be one's opinion of the propriety of the affair, or of the game itself as a Saturday relaxation from the usual terrific intellectual strain of the student body, or of the price of tickets, the thing is worth seeing. A gathering of half a hundred thousand human beings is never negligible, and when that gathering is very largely one of youth in a bubble of anticipation, its spirit is surprisingly catching and tonic. There are to the affair noteworthy trimmings. The cheer leaders, bedizened and supple, with their vivid genuflections, able to draw from the crowd mighty cadences that sound something like "Rip, snort, zip boom ba-a-a!" The university band, a hundred strong, crashing forth frequently and harmoniously, and always with plenty of pep. And the pennants and colors and horns and megaphones and gaily dressed ladies—as the columnist of the university daily once said, "the latest styles of Paris gracing the Coliseum of Rome."

It is when the preliminaries are being staged, with the teams trotting through a few signals and the ordered blasts of the multitude booming like waves of the deep sea on a rock-bound coast, that I like to observe that shining individual, the football coach. Lucky, lucky man. Blessed with power sufficient to relegate the dubs among his pupils to fields of endeavor for which they are most eminently fitted. But, as the professor realizes, the coach's path is not all bestrewn with roses. For the coach must, with great consistency, win. A professor, if he be a man of some learning, of reasonable industry, of decent character, may retain his job even if he is no howling success as a teacher of his subject. A coach, though he work like a devil and have the character of a god, is not wanted if he cannot teach his pupils to win. The university is tolerant of a poor teacher of anything but football. It would take a bold individual to suggest that the university should be tolerant of poor teaching in football rather than in anything else.

The whistle blows, the game is on, the ball soars into the heavens, the crashing as the opposing forwards collide is very audible and significant indeed. The team which is playing ours is from a small school, said to enroll only a few hundred students, but it is a very famous team. The school has no stadium of its own, but the ability of its team to fill other stadia is universally admitted. Thus on one Saturday this team will be in New Orleans, the next week in Minneapolis, the next in New York, the next in Des Moines, and so on. For me the visitors hold something of the fascination of a theatrical troupe, one of those rare organizations that not only travel but can also be depended upon to fill the house when they care to stop. They have drawn a hundred-thousand-dollar gate to-day. What a wonderful existence is that of these young fellows! Young, athletic, continually on the wing, and playing games on Saturdays! Will they, in after life, experience times to compare with this? Will they, when the college days are over, settle down to the grind of lesser men which alone gives any assurance of later approaching to the present heights? Or will they, quite hopeless of ever again attaining to the public popularity and public prints, from college on dangle at the fringes of the athletic world, advising schoolboys at play, forever more interested in games than in life, growing thick around the neck and thighs—the perfect pictures of men who have shot their bolts? Oh, that such an existence as their present one might continue forever!

The game has settled down to an affair of exceedingly hard work and small gains. The teams are evenly matched. If one were blindfolded one could visualize the situation. From the sudden mighty silences one would know that the crowd was utterly tense upon the efforts of our eleven sweating boys, who vainly try to push the pigskin oval through the devoted vitals of their opponents; as one would know at the sudden roars, the unified exhausts of fifty thousand humans under high pressure, that our men were thrusting back the little school at least a yard or two.

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Treadwell is playing well. There is no particular affability about the big boy now. Football, like war, offers no particular encouragement to affability. So far Treadwell has knocked down a forward pass, has turned in several plays directed his way, has charged and blocked as well as the thing can be done. A very good end is Treadwell, a man upon whom the coach may rely to give all he has to win. I think Treadwell is determined upon two things: to get his diploma in engineering and to play his position at end in a way that will please his coach. But of course the two ambitions call for different methods of accomplishment. In football a man must be determined, always alert, concentrated upon the subject, utterly devoted.

I wonder, while I watch Treadwell and his mates fall upon these visitors who resist them, just what is the connection between this sort of thing and higher education. Does a college environment stimulate these youths to labor so? Or does football urge them on through college? Do they fulfil scholastic requirements for the sake of football, or do they play football the better to meet scholastic requirements? Has the game attained to its present proportions because it educates or because it entertains? To these fifty thousand people, which is the element predominant at this moment—the school or the circus? Is this stadium the centre of university life or an adjunct? Which is cart, which horse, here? I admit I am no less puzzled when I remember that Treadwell is down there on the field and Stinger is not, when as a matter of fact if the positions were reversed Stinger might be kept out of mischief down-town and Treadwell might be studying a bit more those subjects an engineer is supposed to know. In the crowd of fifty thousand there cannot be more than six thousand men students, for that is the maximum number in school; and I ask myself how do the six thousand benefit by what is here spread before them. Most of them seem to be dressed in their Sunday best, and all of them rise frequently to give voice to the feelings that convulse them. Is there great good in this? It is said to be good to stand in the open and roar, nor does the wearing of one's holiday apparel necessarily nullify the effect. But Treadwell's physique wasn't developed by an hour's vocal exercise once a week. Unquestionably, physical exercise is desirable for students, and all teachers believe in it, whether or not they take any themselves; but just how will the game going on below correct the deficiencies of spindle-legged spectators? Undoubtedly, the bulging calves of the athletes arouse some envy in those who view them, and even some shame among spectators whose supports are thin, but what do such unfortunate spectators do about it? At sight of the game is a languid young man, who has had trouble pulling on his shoes and walking to classes in the morning, suddenly stimulated to dumb-bells and the wrestling mat? After all, is not the correction of students' physical deficiencies, as a matter of the greatest importance, a matter for the university itself to oversee and insist upon? And if such is the case, what has the staging of an athletic contest before fifty thousand people, more than half of them utter strangers to the university, to do with it?

The first half is up, and a desperate affair it was, keeping those who beheld it very tense, and at times very uncomfortable. Score, 0 to 0. Both teams are bundled off the field in blankets, and the spectators relax and stretch and argue, and the hundred-piece band suddenly bursts into jazz. But while the spectators are being somewhat soothed by the musical hot stuff, the two rival teams, closeted with their respective coaches, are hearing sounds far from soothing. We spectators know not just what the coaches say, but we can imagine. Our young men must hear themselves described in defeat as spineless, useless, utterly repulsive cadavers. For when, fifteen minutes later, we see them reappear upon the field they come spouting flames. When the whistle blows and the ball is kicked off once more they rush at their eleven opponents, who have been similarly worked upon and worked up. Whereupon we are treated to visible proof that when irresistible force meets irresistible force dull thuds result, without much gain for any one.

Throughout the third quarter the battle rages. The visitors from the little school are demons. When we have the

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ball they are mountains in the way; when they have it they move forward like landslides. Yet they can no more score on us than we on them. Throughout the quarter the ball gets no nearer than thirty yards to either goal. No spectator of such a struggle could be indifferent to it, and in watching it the crowd forgets to cheer, the band to play, and the somewhat officious officials to assess penalties. So the quarter goes.

At the beginning of the fourth and final quarter three men in the jerseys of our school run upon the field. They are fresh backs to replace the two halves and the full worn out by the preceding three quarters. At the substitution the visitors look rather blank and glum. Theirs is a small school, good substitutes are scarce; they will finish the game with the men who began it. The crowd yells approval of our substitution. I ask myself—sotto voce, of course: Is this substitution of men on our part proper ethics? Is this true sportsmanship? Before I can reach any conclusion the battle is on; and I defy any living man situated as I am to consider ethics while it is on.

The three new backs turn the tide. The game begins to swing definitely in our favor. The ball remains in the opponents' territory, and gradually, very gradually, approaches the goal they defend. But the visitors are far from being defeated even now, and it is very evident that, despite our three fresh men, the nearer the ball approaches goal the harder the job to push it on. With only five minutes more to play, the ball is still twenty-five yards away from the goal-line, and the outcome very doubtful, when an unexpected play decides the issue.

The ball is put in play at about the twenty-five-yard line, and nearer the sideline where sit our substitutes than the other. Treadwell runs over to this sideline, and the visitors are on the watch for a forward pass to be thrown to him. But when the ball is snapped Treadwell immediately charges the man opposite him, bowls him over, and falls, himself. The play is very fast and brilliantly executed, and already there is one of our men where Treadwell so recently was. The ball is shot to this man, he gets it, and goes careering down the field.

Now occurs something which, I believe, is seen clearly by only Treadwell and me. For some distance the man with the ball runs along the side-line, and once, only once, very lightly, very quickly, he steps over the side-line—as I see it. I am in the seats at the end of the field; if the side-line were continued it would pass between my legs. And it happened that I had been staring with a sort of horrible presentiment at the runner's shoes as he danced along the side-line. And I had seen his fatal misstep. And as he continued on, my eyes remained upon the fatal spot, as if the print of his shoe were burned in the sod there. And of all the fifty thousand pairs of eyes gazing down, only one other pair besides mine, I believe, watched those shoes as I did. The other pair was Treadwell's.

The runner was between Treadwell and me. Treadwell, coming to his feet after bowling over his man, was on his hands and knees straddling the side-line when the runner stepped over. And his eyes, like mine, remained fixed upon the spot. For some moments Treadwell's mouth hung open, he remained on his hands and knees, the most undecided football player I had ever seen. And all this while the man with the ball was squirming, twisting, pirouetting, advancing. Though neither Treadwell nor I moved our eyes from a certain damned spot that would not out, we could tell from fifty thousand voices that a touchdown had been scored.

Immediately the captain of the opposing team protested that the runner had stepped out. The captain's players gathered about to protest with him. Immediately our captain contradicted any such protest, and our players gave support to our captain. The spectators took up the argument, and from that stadium rose the rumble of discontent. Yet, I am convinced that the vast mass of those shouting and insistent spectators, those protesting and contradicting players, had not seen the runner's twinkling feet. And the officials, who had not seen, yet were experienced and honest men, decided promptly and finally without having seen, because they knew that to seek impartial evidence and get it under such circumstances was an unheard-of and useless effort. Has an intercollegiate football

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match, outside of the literature and poetry of the game, ever been decided in such a torn and troubled moment as this by some player stepping forward and saying: "Yes, Mr. Referee, I saw our man step out of bounds. Our touchdown was illegal. Though what I am telling will cost us the game and the championship, I can not cheat, I can not take an unfair advantage." And did his fellow players step up to congratulate him afterward? Perhaps so. But I have seen many football games, and I have seen a number of disputes arise on the field of play; and in such cases I have never seen the officials decide with other than full knowledge that they would be damned if they did and damned if they didn't.

That touchdown being allowed, the game was ours.

I remain at my seat watching the exodus of the fifty thousand from the stadium. For many minutes the crowd continues to swarm out, a jubilant swarm. We have won, a famous team is beaten, a championship is in sight. Outside, motors roar, horns toot—sweet pæans of victory. But of it all that which remains most significant to me is the blanketed figure of Tom Treadwell moving off the field with his comrades to their quarters. For Treadwell walks with bowed head, not as a victor should, but with the dejected and thoughtful look of one who has lost.

As I walk home I ask myself if for failing to tell the truth regarding that touchdown any one can blame Treadwell—and me. Sidestepping direct response to that query, I then inquire why it is that we two —if Treadwell saw as I did—failed to show true sportsmanship when the opportunity presented itself. And the best I can say for Treadwell and myself is this: that that in which he and I have just been participating, he as a player, I as a spectator, was not a game. It was a battle. It was an economic and financial struggle, and at bottom as heartless and unsentimental and unsportsmanlike as struggles of that sort usually are. For this stadium will be packed next Saturday and the Saturday after. But had we not won, had Treadwell and I told the truth, the stadium would not have been filled on the next two occasions. Had Treadwell and I spoken out it would have cost some one a hundred thousand dollars. We remained silent. In my estimation the train of circumstances connecting young Treadwell and poor me with that hundred thousand exists with a perfectly hellish clearness. A hundred thousand and more is at stake; to win the stake the games must be won; to win the games an intelligent, thoroughly competent, highly paid coach is obtained; to win is this coach's business, it is his bread and butter; his competency and success are measured by the degree of his own desire and determination and necessity to win that is transmitted to his pupils; and thus are the student body, the community in which the school is located, the American public, treated weekly to exhibitions and influences as glamorous, as inciting, and as ethical as bull-fights.

"Oh, yes," exclaims a small voice, "but isn't a winning football team the best advertising in the world? Don't these victories advertise the university? And you grubbing bookworms with it?" To which I, exhausted by this mental flagellation, wearily reply: "Why in the name of seven devils does higher education have to be advertised!"

This is mere spleen, of course, the exclamation of one who is rapidly losing his bearings. I admit it. I admit it the more readily, thinking of Stinger. I began by saying that Stinger might have done better at the game and Treadwell away from it. I am not now so sure. Seeing Treadwell's departing and dolorous figure, the figure of a Treadwell for once in his life intensely thinking, I am left doubtful. Had Stinger witnessed the fatal misstep over the side-line, with the game won despite it, he would have laughed. The cynicism of Stinger, already too pronounced in a man of his age, would have been in no wise lessened by the incident.

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# The Passing of the Country Store

BY WILL ROSE
Author of "The Small-Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party," etc.

I AM looking back to the other end of the past thirty years and thinking of one of America's great institutions, the country store.

McKinley was running for the presidency in 1896. Bryan had thrilled the people with his crucifixion of silver upon a cross of gold. Providence, always playing the game of history as men play chess, was a few years later to shift Roosevelt into the vice-presidency. These men were the great figures of that time, I have been told. But memory brings back to me the small world of the boy in a country town. A genuine constructionist of 1896 was the country merchant.

Not the least of these was my father. "I now have the second largest country store in the county," he told me one day, with the frank pride he would not have indulged in talking with his equals.

In the dank, stone-covered cellar of this great establishment I sought the terrors of blackness and odors which suggested the mysteries of far-away countries of the world. A dozen great barrels of molasses, syrups, turpentines, and oils created visions of ferocious men and shipholds. Thousands of eggs accepted by barter struggled for survival against time and the huge rats which were captured in wire cages, drowned in the creek of the large barns, and buried in manure piles outside the horse-stables. This cellar was the storage-place for the many crocks of dairy butter turned in by the farmers in lieu of cash, and for the big wood-covered cheeses. Stocks of ropes, empty boxes and "bar'ls" and crates, excelsior, hams hanging from the rafters, and occasionally a rat or a cat, too long dead without decent or any other kind of acknowledged burial, made this cellar into a delicious adventure for a seven-year-old youngster with reinforcements or at least a trusty air-rifle.

Above ground, the country store was more wholesome but less interesting. Five long straight counters back of which were countless shelves, clear to the ceiling, filled with merchandise, followed the sides and one end of the store. And, in addition, a narrow but long horseshoe counter occupied the centre of the floor space. Departments were complete; jewelry and collar-buttons and collars, yard-goods and wearing-apparel, household furnishings, drugs, hardware and canned goods, groceries and candy, boots and shoes. The horseshoe counter was devoted to toys and notions and it seems to me that I also remember a show-case filled with old-fashioned razors, knives, shaving-soaps and toilet articles.

The second floor of the store was the last going up, and except for the display of rugs, carpets, oilcloth, and wall-paper, it was given over to surplus stock. This second floor extended beyond the main floor in the rear and connected with the haymows of the horse-barn to form an overhead feed-room, an arrangement which permitted wagons to drive under the room and load or unload by means of a hand-operated elevator which was very attractive and dangerous for small boys.

Since a great deal of the buying was in carload lots, more storage room was necessary and this was provided by additions to the barns, one of them so large that a two-horse lumber-wagon could drive into it and turn around without backing. This addition was usually devoted to a carload of flour in barrels, a fact which I particularly remember because of the expertness of our younger set in standing on one of these barrels and rolling it with foot-power from one end of the barn to the other.

A large horse-shed, a cat family, circling



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pigeons, giant willows, cool and graceful maples completed the picture.

Such was the country store of thirty years ago, not always arranged just so, but the entire plant was there. And do not overlook the man who was at the head of it—an American stalwart, generally raw-boned—the Yankee type, with intellect born-in and knowledge of human nature and conditions and merchandise acquired, whose brain worked fast and whose physique stood up under the shock of irregular and bolted meals, long hours, financial worries, and an occasional shin scraped to the bone by an obstinate hogshead. His store was dominant. No less so was he. Both were essential to the distribution of necessities in building our great America. But now both are gone.

Gone also is the second generation of pioneers who gathered sometimes of afternoons and always of nights midway of the first floor of the store, where stood the big white-bellied coal heater, deliciously cool in summer, warm in winter. Even the bar of the country hotel failed to compete with the magnetism of this circle where the strongest characters of the community could display their personalities, air their views, prosecute their arguments, and settle the destinies of the nation. The merchant refrained from indulgence in these arguments but he kept within earshot of the discussions, busying himself with his books, knowing that he would be appealed to as the court of last resort in settling any serious dispute and that his prosperity hinged on the wisdom of his answer. If old M'Neal Hogan, backed by broad acres and six well-married daughters, stoutly maintained that the most honest man in the community could not be trusted to count the votes on election night, the merchant agreed. But he promptly declared against any criticism of the church, upheld the schoolmaster, and signed every petition for local option regardless of the fact that the hotelkeeper was his largest customer. A big blaze in the village always started anew the debate as to the relative destructiveness of fire and water, whereupon the psychological moment for quiet comment was when Peter Lewis Harder raised himself to his full six-feet-three and, holding his long gray beard in one hand and fanning the air with the other, announced to the world that "you can squanch fire but you can't squanch water." Meanwhile the town bum was always present, full and running over, silently watching the proceedings through bleary eyes and nodding seriously in recognition of every telling point. Come to think of it, I suspect that he was the only audience present; all others were on stage. Sometimes eating a can of salmon with a dirty spoon, I think he was more comfortable than inspired. By all odds he was the most charitable soul in this small-town congress, as I well know from the many times when he took me on his knee, healed my wounds of body or mind, taught me songs, and told me stories. I wonder if, perhaps, he was also the wisest. My young heart ached one night when he broke his silence and attempted, with his fists, to make a bullying road commissioner admit that the country needed better roads. He had sounded the future but they boosted him out into the night.

The dominant country stores have passed because they helped to push our civilization beyond their place. First came nation-wide advertising, educating the public to the benefit of pills, packages, and trade-marks. Then came automobiles, cheap concrete, and year-round roads, placing the city shops as close as the country store had been. National prosperity followed quickly, multiplying the money in circulation a hundredfold. The buffalo nickel butted its way into the ring and the penny took the count. Specialty stores arrived. The brains of men labored, and the chain-store mania was born. There has been a quick revolution. Merchandising is a lost art; the mere mechanics of distribution is king.

These changed conditions have permitted the development of the picayune (I did not say picaroon) chain store of today, cramped, cold, pay-as-you-enter, soulless—a commercialized corpse! It is spreading to the smallest centres. Just south of us is a borough which casts less than fifty votes, but it has its chain-store front, the particular colors of which I do not remember. It blazes no new trails, offers no advanced merchandise to its trade, gives no service, "carries" no man temporarily out of a job. Our small town

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of two thousand now has three of these merchandise depots where you find nothing which does not first possess "visible identity." The three drug-stores are members of buying combines. We have two meat-shops, but I hear that a branch of a city market will open soon.

But for national health, for economics, for the family account, for leisure hours, is it not better so?

Who would return to the bulk foods of former days? we no longer pick bugs from our oatmeal at breakfast. Who wants the old-time dairy butter of the farmer woman without knowing whether it was made in the hen-house or by the side of a baby with measles? Who prefers to take a chance on the human factor in prescriptions when the family doctor can write the name of a pill or a bottle mixed under government supervision, contents guaranteed and efficacious?

The old-time cellar of the great country store may have held its allure and its thrill for the small boy. But no longer are its rats drowned in and buried by a stream leading into a city water-supply. Those days are gone forever and well may we praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The old-time country store developed to its flowering time under a régime of low prices, low wages, hard times, and slow and tedious individual transportation. Raw farm-products found a ready market at the country store in exchange for necessities only, and this bartering market was active because America had not yet entered its era of mass-production and nation-wide distribution of essentials. Trading was done at home and the home store was at the nearest hamlet. Even a ten-mile trip to the county seat required a week of preparation, at least four hours of driving and, though the object of the trip might be considerable buying, still the country store benefited because some purchases were necessary before the trip could be made respectably. Consequently, folks seldom went out of town to buy. Business at the country store was brisk the year round, except on circus day in the county seat, a sort of a biennial affair, when nobody gave a "tinker's dam," as they expressed it, whether school kept or not, and everybody hit the trail.

But even under these conditions a merchant could not hope to develop a strong country store short of a decade of hard work, long hours, and a consistent demonstration of old-fashioned integrity, thrift, and the kind of husbandry talked about in the Bible. A merely clever merchant got nowhere. Brains counted; but old-fashioned wisdom based on the Ten Commandments invariably built a big business.

The public sometimes proved itself ludicrously ignorant of commodity values. I still remember watching my father sell a man gingersnaps one morning. The customer was a farmer who had lost his wife a year previously and had been going it alone up in the backwoods country until he could dispose of his farm or interest some unattached local woman in his affairs. The farmer very much wanted the gingersnaps but he insisted that they must be fresh, and objected strenuously and with great suspicion to the ones shown him because they were hard and brittle. Modern national advertising has educated such a customer to the characteristics of first-class goods and to-day he would insist on one or more packages of efficiently sealed snaps sporting some well-known brand.

Consider the passing of the small-town store in the purchase of a razor. To-day if you need a razor and have any appreciation of the value of your own windpipe, you select a hardware, drug, or novelty store, enter it, look at the safety-razors in the case and, if you are the average man, you pay five dollars and take your choice. Ten minutes completes the transaction, even though you had no idea of what razor you would purchase when you entered the store. But in the old days the country merchant handled a more critical trade. Selling a razor was often the work of six months to a year. One day a man who shaved at least once every week might enter the store, and, after discussing the weather, the state of the crops, the last freshet, and his experiences on the county jury five years back, mildly inquire what the merchant had in razors. Whereupon, the merchant, if he was experienced and wise, did a queer thing. Instead of leading the prospect to a case and showing him several straight blades,

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the storekeeper took a squint at his customer, mentally reviewed his traditions and habits and finances, and brought forth a razor with the simple ritual of "Try this one." The case in which the first razor proved satisfactory was rare. After several weeks a second razor was "tried" and then a third and often a fourth. Indeed, the old-time merchant will tell you of some customers who tried every razor in stock and finally wound up by purchasing none.

It may be news to some to learn that the country store awoke to the force of retail advertising about as soon as the city store. The shoe department was the great trial of the country merchant, principally because styles changed from year to year and the department was constantly accumulating out sizes and out styles to such a great degree that he would have discontinued shoes had they not been required to serve his trade. One day my parent ordered every pair of unseasonable shoes thrown into one of the big front windows. Then he gave every customer his choice at fifty cents per pair and had a handbill struck off at the county seat to distribute widely over the country-side. The rush on the store was amazing; some came from a distance of fifteen miles. Sales of other goods to these far-away people showed an excellent profit on the venture even after charging off the loss on the obsolete shoes, and, in addition, many new customers were attracted to the store. One style of shoe, however, did not sell. It was an extremely pointed thing, very long, about ten years out of date at that time. Yet one of the clerks, a popular and spontaneous young blade of the town, mastered even this crisis. He wore a pair of these things, shaped like a sword fish, and demonstrated to people how they glanced off of the legs of chairs and beds into which people are always stubbing their toes. Within three days he cleaned them out, about fifty pairs.

Nor was psychology in selling entirely unknown in the good old days. The merchant knew well that humans like to show off before the other fellow. If the store happened to be filled with people and the customer happened to be a local notable subject to expansiveness, it was good technic to focus attention on his buying by talking to him from far ends of the store so that his answers could be heard by the entire crowd. Under these conditions the expansive pride of the customer led him to order the more expensive goods. The ruse did not always work, however, not because the customer failed to respond, but because he was too uninformed to respond according to Hoyle. One evening a customer asked for socks. The clerk skedaddled away from him as fast as he could and then called from a distance: "What kind of socks do you want, Hank?" "O, I don't want none of your cheap stuff," drawled Hank. "Give me some of them three pairs for a quarter!" The socks which Hank received were very heavy and coarse and so entirely without foot form that corns, bunions, twisted toes, and scalded feet were bound to be inevitable. I wonder if that may explain much of the characteristic gait noted in practically all of the older people of the small town. To-day the crossroads store does not attempt to carry socks and stockings. Except for occasional sales to the few centurions whose chief activity is reading the account of another birthday in the country newspaper, the demand for hose has changed entirely. Thin, exceptionally well-shaped fibre silk or cotton goods can be purchased as low as thirty-five cents per pair at the shops in the larger communities. These are what your hick is wearing, these or golf stockings to go with his knickers.

Trade conditions affecting the sale of candy have been the most recent to undergo revolutionary changes. In the old-time country store the child's unit of currency was the penny, and when he begged, borrowed, or stole a copper he made a bee-line to the candy counter at the country store. No agency restrained him. So long as a child had lots of food he was presumed to do well physically, and if the expected result did not attain, then he was "sickly" with no further explanation necessary. The ignorant state had not yet provided visiting nurses in the schools, milk was merely a beverage which kids did or did not like, an epidemic of child disease was hailed as a Providential provision to "get it over with young,"

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and the medical profession had not visioned the untold revenue in tonsil and adenoid research. False teeth were "stylish" and every girl beyond twenty years of age dreamed of dentists. Orthodonture and pyorrhea prevention were unknown. Halitosis might have been the name of a prehistoric lizard for all the people knew or cared.

I remember the weekly visit of the well-laden wagon of the wholesale confectioner from the county-seat. This came on Tuesday and because of his long drive, his arrival was generally coincident with our release from district school. The country merchant came out in front of the store and usually perched himself on a corner of the wagon-box. Then began the regular movement of his derby on his frontal bones as he chewed and chewed seriously and with energy while sampling bits from every box in his selection of new goods. Our mouths watered. I think I would have sold my birthright then to be guaranteed his job forever. But, O, the deadly things he bought and displayed on the long candy-counter under the mosquito-netting. Even chewing-gum in those days came in long sticks of white, heavily sugared, at a penny a stick. It chewed like wax. Perhaps it was.

For a long time the modest penny held its ground and fought off all attack. But gradually times became better and the nickel won the fight. The five-cent package of flavored chewing-gum was not long in finding a place in the sun to be closely followed by bars of chocolate. Meanwhile, science was busy and advertising was having its educational effect. Candy had to be something other than sweet. It had to be pure and wholesome. Then came the deluge. The country store still carries its candy but now it is trade-marked and wrapped. The old open box-goods at a penny a throw are gone or rapidly going out. Everybody carries the new candy. In our town I find the five or ten cent confection in twenty-five various forms in drug-stores, pool-rooms, grocery-stores, news-stands, ice-cream parlors, and restaurants. In every way it is better so.

Under the mechanics of modern distribution the merchant finds it too easy to fall in line. If more individual resourcefulness were exhibited, it is questionable whether the flivver, modern production, trade-marked packages, national advertising, and hard-surfaced roads could so easily strangle the general-merchandise store. And I also question whether the small-town merchant to-day is willing to work as hard and long and patiently as is necessary. I know that in our town there is an awful lot of chatter about closing Wednesday afternoon for part of the year. Very few of the stores are open at night. There is too much talk about how the trade must learn to do its buying.

This was not the view-point of the old-time country merchant. He did everything to make sales. He was at his store until ten o'clock any night and midnight on Saturday. He merely smiled good-naturedly when some irate and self-centred farmer, who had "hit the hay" at seven the previous night, pounded on his front door at five o'clock some morning and inquired if merchants could sleep all day; or he graciously and proudly complied when the church requested him to carry stocks of cigars and candy to the social or the donation, "tend" the counter all evening while others indulged in games and visiting, and finally turn all profits over to the general fund. He was glad to keep cash in his safe or run errands at the county-seat every week without making a charge. Or he willingly guaranteed the new minister that he would pay the pulpit salary regularly every month out of his own funds and run his chances of collecting from the congregation. Meanwhile he carried heavy stocks, so as to have what the people wanted, and permitted long credits. A few such merchants are still doing profitable business at the old stand. All others are urging a constructive country to tear up its good roads and praying that Ford will go bankrupt. Perhaps the vocation is not attractive on that basis; that depends on whether the individual has the hardy character demanded by community life and is willing to pay the price of determining his own destiny. For those who are not so willing, there are machines in the factories and rapid-production schedules to be maintained, or there are many

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owners of business property in large cities who will accept outrageous rents.

There is also a new kind of store to be conducted in the larger, incorporated villages or boroughs. But only the man who wants to conform to modern tendencies and conditions should operate one of these stores. This man must be big enough to co-operate with his brother merchants in a serious survey of retail demands in his town. Instead of three merchants offering limited stocks of shoes, men's furnishings, and clothing, one must concentrate on shoes for all ages and nothing else, another must restrict himself to men's furnishings, and the third must throw out everything other than clothing for men and boys. I am merely presenting the necessary move under prevailing conditions, and I recognize that the limited example is loose. He who reads may run. A fair head capable of reasonable thought will not criticise but profit thereby.

The reader who is not in touch with developments in inland retailing and distribution should guard against any impression that the country store has been obliterated. It is still with us, but it has passed from the proud stand of a great American institution of a former day. With a little further development in good roads and the nearer arrival of the saturation-point in the automobile industry, with increased rapidity of exchange and falling prices and wages, the stores at the crossroads and in the smallest hamlets may dry up and blow away; but that will not happen for another decade at least. Meanwhile, in front of all of them is a gasoline pump unconsciously advertising the cruel irony of this retail age; power to get to the city stores.

The dominant country merchants of 1896 have fulfilled their missions in the building of this great nation and have left the stage. The populace is not calling them back. What has become of them? I know one who has given new life to a dying national bank in a larger city and is climbing to the summit in his field. Another is a road contractor and is demanding his share of the profits of progress. Thousands of the American stalwarts who built the big country stores of another day are pressing progress, and therein is the one answer to the lament of the small-town merchant of today. To the true American this is something satisfying and reassuring.

Two years following our removal from the country merchandising business, the "second largest store in the county" burned to the ground. The great barns went with it. A few days ago I visited the community and stood out in the middle of the road, dodging automobiles, and thought my thoughts. As I looked, a giant rat crawled out of the one-time mysterious cellar and took to the open lots near by. Such is abandonment.

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# On Jack's Remembrance of Me

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

In those far days, which I shall never see,
When you are struggling with the outward tide,
What portion of your heart will turn to me,
To me, my love, my longing, and my pride?
Ah! nestle closer. I can hold you now;
But I shall perish with the passing years.
My sheltering arm, my kiss upon your brow,
You will forget with childhood's toys and tears.
Forget! Forget! Creation's chorus rang;
Each age forgets; each has its load to bear.
You will forget; but you will feel my pang
When children's children tug your snowy hair.
No more I ask you, then, of love and grief
Than April knows for wan November's leaf.

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# Eugene O'Neill, Poet and Mystic

BY ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) FROM THE BUST BY EDMOND QUINN

IT is perhaps inevitable that when an original creative artist arises, a myth should speedily develop concerning him. It is even more inevitable when, as in the case of Eugene O'Neill, his influence extends beyond the limits of his own country and he becomes an international figure. When a playwright's work is produced in New York and Tokio, in Copenhagen and Bombay, in Prague and in Manila, mistaken judgments naturally arise, caused in some cases by inability of the foreign producer to understand the meaning of the play. Perhaps the director of the Berlin production of "Anna Christie" may be pardoned some day for making Anna shoot herself. Gémier, who produced "The Emperor Jones" at the Odéon in Paris, cheerfully sent a number of negroes across the stage between the scenes, to represent the chase after the Emperor. He was apparently unaware that one of the tragic elements in that play comes from the fact that the rhythmic "tom-tom" lures the Emperor back to the very spot at which he enters the forest, while the negroes simply wait for him to come.

It is perhaps unfair to expect foreign productions of an American dramatist to rival those in his own country, but surely his native land also has much to answer for, in the growth of that "O'Neill myth" which obscures the real significance of his work. This myth is one result of the utter confusion of our standards of dramatic criticism, which speak of him one day as a "sordid Realist," a "grim primitive Naturalist" the next, a "lying Moral Romanticist" a little later, and an "immoral violent Expressionist" in the following chapter, and so on without apparently considering the possibility of his varying at times in his methods and without thoroughly understanding the basic meaning of his art.

A writer is not always the best exponent of his own artistic purpose, but in a letter recently sent to me, O'Neill puts the matter so forcibly that, with his permission, I am quoting a portion of it:

"But where I feel myself most neglected is just where I set most store by myself—as a bit of a poet who has labored with the spoken word to evolve original rhythms of beauty where beauty apparently isn't—'Jones,' 'Ape,' 'God's Chillun,' 'Desire,' etc.—and to see the transfiguring nobility of tragedy, in as near the Greek sense as one can grasp it, in seemingly the most ignoble, debased lives. And just here is where I am a most confirmed mystic, too, for I'm always, always trying to interpret Life in terms of lives, never just lives in terms of character. I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind—(Fate, God, our biological past creating our present, whatever one calls it—Mystery, certainly)—and of the one eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression. And my profound conviction is that this is the only subject worth writing about and that it is possible—or can be—to develop a tragic expression in terms of transfigured modern values and symbols in the theatre which may to some degree bring home to members of a modern audience their ennobling identity with the tragic figures on the stage. Of course, this is very much of a dream, but where the theatre is concerned, one must have a dream, and the Greek dream in tragedy is the noblest ever!"

If Eugene O'Neill is primarily a poet, he is a playwright, too, but he is a great dramatist because he is more than a dramatist. His own most distinct successes in the theatre, like "Anna Chris-



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tie," interest him least, and, while the theatre is in his blood, he will be finally estimated not by his stage devices, like the four-roomed cottage in "Desire Under the Elms," but by his profound imaginative interpretation of aspiring humanity, struggling upward, even through sin and shame, toward the light.

O'Neill's art is progressive, within itself and as part of our dramatic history. To those who view our national art through diminishing-glasses he seems a radical departure from all before him. But to one who views it in its steady development he was to be expected. Essentially, drama is a celebration of the individual in conflict with something—Fate, circumstance, moral, and social law—which hampers or crushes him. In the early nineteenth century, the authors of "The Gladiator" or "Metamora" celebrated the hero who rebelled against political tyranny. In the later part of the century the conflict became more frequently economic, though American playwrights did not use this theme as often as their European rivals. With the twentieth century, political and economic rights having been secured, the dramatists, under the leadership of William Vaughn Moody, became concerned with the problem of the individual's right to self-expression, and the sanctity of rebellion was taught, even, as in "The Masque of Judgment," to the overthrow of God himself. Many significant plays, like "The Piper," "Kindling," "The Inheritors," or "A Man's World," are founded on a situation in which the hero or heroine is brought into conflict with the selfishness, the indifference, or the stratification of the life around him. This motive may well continue, although the success of "Expressing Willie," Miss Crothers's brilliant satire upon the artificial pose which exploits the demand for self-expression as a social asset, indicates perhaps a sense of its passing.

Eugene O'Neill certainly marks the next step forward. The individual no longer rebels against God or Fate for the right to express himself. He demands something more. The Creative Force, as part of its responsibility for the creation of the individual, must express him. O'Neill himself indicates the essential dignity of his art. Whatever his characters may attempt, success or failure means little, but the struggle was worth while. Misguided, blundering, The Hairy Ape was struggling for his place in creation, and the final words of the play, "the Hairy Ape perhaps at last belongs" are clear. Ephraim Cabot in "Desire" talks to God as a task-master in whose very "hardness" he rejoices. The New Englander of Cabot's type gloried in an adversary worthy of his steel, and those residents of that section who disclaim the characters in "Desire" are respectfully referred to a tombstone in a Massachusetts graveyard on which is inscribed:

> "Here lie I, Jacob Elginbrod,
> Have mercy on my soul, O God,
> As I would on yours, if I were God
> And you were Jacob Elginbrod."

But the representation of the Force of life is not always so concrete as in "Desire." In "The Great God Brown," it manifests itself in at least four of the main characters: Dion Anthony, the painter, who represents the creative spirit of art; William Brown, the successful man of to-day; Margaret, the normal woman; Cybel, the prostitute—all representing the eternal creative instinct in different phases. The struggle here is expressed symbolically, and the interpretation of the varying changes of personality in the characters is, on the stage, made quicker of appeal through the use of masks. After all, the test of drama is the stage production, and that the audience receives a dramatic impression is apparent. For O'Neill with all his symbolism never fails to create live people, and probably three-fourths of the audience of "The Great God Brown" are held by the human struggle without seeing the symbolism at all. They see the tragedy in the dying words of Dion and of Brown, both begging for the belief which the paganism of one and the materialism of the other had crushed out of their lives. And this is really all O'Neill expects them to see. He is not proposing any solution of this eternal problem, as he proposed no solution in "Anna Christie" or "The Hairy Ape." Back of the human lives he treats he sees a force so infinitely greater than any character that man cannot esti-



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mate it, but can only feel, dimly or ecstatically, the power he can but vaguely interpret. There it is—"the glory and the dream."

For O'Neill is a mystic. Generations of Celtic ancestry flower in him, just as generations of the Puritan mystic flowered in Hawthorne and Emerson. In him the Celtic nature, with its intimate relations with the past, catches a gleam now and then of the dim regions where God brought into being a nobler form of life than had before existed. Because of this clutch of the primitive which the Celt as the oldest of the Indo-European races has guarded as its birthright, O'Neill goes down into the depths of human life to study apparently degraded forms. His audiences gasp often, comprehend sometimes, but always apprehend at least that a soul is speaking to them who has something important to say. European and Asiatic audiences, even if they often mistake his meaning, recognize, too, in some instances better than his own countrymen, the universal note in his work. It is this lack of the parochial that has carried his plays into critical favor on the Continent, and it is to the credit of the European at least that so little attempt has been made to "derive" him from Scandinavian sources. For, while O'Neill is acquainted with drama that has preceded him, the mysticism of the Celt is not the mysticism of the Teuton. With the exception of "Different" indeed, his plays all have a lift, an exaltation, which is the touchstone of true tragedy. The drama of pessimism is not his province, for the Celt hears, even with the fingers of fate at his throat, a cry in his ears which has too many vibrations per second for the other races to hear. One has only to see the last act of "The Straw" to realize how O'Neill can dramatize the insistent hold of hope in the human breast even in the face of death.

It is this Celtic ancestry which leads him to symbolism. The race, in its painting, its poetry, its religion, thinks in symbols, knowing that mysticism has to be tied down to reality by some concrete expression. The procession on Fifth Avenue in "The Hairy Ape" bothered a great many. It appeared to them out of the picture of realistic life on which the rest of the play seemed to be based. To O'Neill it was only an experiment, differing not in kind, but in degree, for the entire play was a symbolic picture of the struggle upward of physical strength toward a spiritual growth.

One of the most interesting characteristics of O'Neill's work lies in his refusal to be neatly classified. "Beyond the Horizon," his first long play to be produced, and "The Great God Brown," this year, seem at first to be of a vastly different species. Of course, like any true artist, he moves on. His first plays were written in the accepted mode. But what makes "Beyond the Horizon" still the best of his naturalistic plays is not its form, but its flavor of romance. In that it is akin to everything he has done. In that first play he put his own longings for adventure, which led him to South Africa and South America, which took him into the hold of a steamer and the life "on the beach." When Robert Mayo says, "Supposing I was to tell you that it's just Beauty that's calling me, the beauty of the far off and unknown," it is O'Neill himself that is speaking.

He steadily declines to be limited in his theme or locality. His roots are in America, often in the New England where he has lived so long and which he understands so well, from its farms to its police courts, which as a reporter he had to frequent. He can describe the decadent aristocracy of the small town in New England as in "The First Man" as realistically as Mary Wilkins Freeman or Alice Brown, but he is really not concerned with their limitations except as background. In "The Fountain" the elixir of eternal youth attracts him as a romantic theme, just as it attracted Hawthorne in "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret," and in his last written play, "Marco Millions," there still remains to be produced another romance, this time satiric, with an Old World wanderer for its hero.

It is not only in his choice of such a theme as the water of eternal life that he resembles Hawthorne. In that striking passage in Emerson's Journals in which he describes Hawthorne's burial, the Concord philosopher tells us:

"Clarke in the church said that Hawthorne had done more justice than any

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other to the shades of life, shown a sympathy with the crime in our nature and, like Jesus, was the friend of sinners."

Discussion raged at one time over the problem of the apparent contradiction between Hawthorne's retired life at Salem, Lenox, or Concord and his deep knowledge of the effects of sin and even crime upon the consciences of his characters. No such problem occurs in the case of O'Neill. His wanderings in search of adventure and his experience as a reporter have both brought him into contact with the seamy side of human nature. But the important point does not lie in a discussion of their material. The significant fact remains that twice during our literary history a poet has used the medium of prose to reveal the beauty that lies in the human soul, even though it has gone through the crucible of temptation and sin, to fuse away the dross of life. To Hawthorne, Hester Prynne and Donatello were finer clay than if adultery and murder had not stained them, because through suffering they won a character not theirs before. Anna Christie, purified from her sordid past by the cleansing power of the "old davil sea"; Dion Anthony, hiding his longing to create under the mask of the sensualist, are expressions of the same sympathy with sinners. To Hawthorne's serene certainty of form O'Neill has not attained, but of course he is still only thirty-eight, while Hawthorne was forty-six when he wrote "The Scarlet Letter." O'Neill is working in a different medium, and has not even yet learned to avoid certain uglinesses of detail which are most apparent in "Different," "The Hairy Ape," and "Desire Under the Elms."

These defects, however, are the result of misguided power, never of weakness or carelessness. Like Hawthorne again, O'Neill ruthlessly destroys his work if it is not up to his standard. Nineteen of his plays, many of which were in one act, have been sent to oblivion. Here again the romantic stories about his manuscripts being accidentally lost in an old trunk down in Washington Square are a part of the myth that is persistently being built up around him. There were no manuscripts left by him to such a chance, but he deliberately destroyed his less artistic efforts to keep him, as he humorously says, "out of temptation."

For O'Neill takes his art, but not himself, quite seriously. The O'Neill myth amuses him, for the simply sincere personality back of his plays has nothing of the theatre in his appearance or general outlook. He works in his own way—that is his right. Like any one who does important work, he is intense in his concentration, and while the letter incorporated in this paper is written in a clear and readable script, the manuscript of his plays is characteristic of the absorption of the artist in his work. The script begins in a fairly normal hand, then as it progresses the writing becomes smaller and more crowded, until, as the mood grows more intense, it becomes almost illegible to the normal eye. Like all poets and mystics, he sees before him the supreme goal; the distractions of life and the opinions of men are apparently of not much significance, although O'Neill is not in any real sense a recluse. He lives in his home in Connecticut, a convenient place of escape, for work of the kind he is doing needs the quiet in which concentrated effort alone is possible. But he assumes none of the airs of the mystic, for the part is not assumed. It is only one of the phases of O'Neill's work which lift him out of the parochial and lead him to the universal atmosphere in which great art flowers.

One group of our playwrights may go on painting amusing pictures which the comic supplement throws upon the screen of American life. That our audiences should crowd the theatres where such plays are produced is easily understood, and that London should also absorb them with delight and in the spirit of the visitor to a museum is quite explainable. But it is encouraging that when an artist like Eugene O'Neill resolutely sets his face against the picturing of the merely little things of life he should have won the wide recognition he already enjoys. He paints little souls and big souls, but he never consciously gives us the unimportant or the mean. We may not like all of his characters, we may even shudder at them, as we do at the Emperor Jones himself, but O'Neill found in that thief and murderer a spark that distinguished him from all the natives of that imaginary island. We

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agree with the epitaph of Smithers the half-caste, "'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together."

O'Neill found that spark, of course, because he put it there. Even in the most degraded man, O'Neill recognizes the saving grace that comes from his divine origin. Nearly a century ago, Emerson called this universal brotherhood in us the creation of the Oversoul, the Life Force that animates everything, and founded on this conception his gospel of hope. O'Neill has dared to go further into the depths than Emerson or Hawthorne, for the Puritan had reactions of conservatism from which the Celt is free. But it is a pitiful stupidity of criticism that sees only the repellent in "All God's Chillun Got Wings" or "Desire Under the Elms." I confess frankly that on reading the first I could see little beauty in it, but in the theatre I recognized again the vision of the poet who saw more deeply than I. I felt, too, my academic objections to soliloquy on the stage go by the board when I recognized that to these characters soliloquy was natural. But I have become accustomed to seeing theatrical rules broken with success by O'Neill because he practically never breaks dramatic laws. It is a great thing for art when academic definitions are shattered by creative genius, and I hope he will go on shattering them. For he has become the concrete expression of the greatest principle in art, that of freedom, freedom to choose one's subject anywhere, to treat it in any manner, provided always that the characters are great figures and the treatment is sincere.

It is, fortunately, too soon to pass any final judgment upon O'Neill, but it is high time to arrive at some perspective concerning him. For he is, I think, passing through a phase of his development. His material has always been romantic, whether it be chosen from the slums of New York or Spain in the fifteenth century. But he began with a treatment which is essentially realistic, and in "Beyond the Horizon" he proved that there is no antithesis between romantic material and realistic treatment, but that the latter corrects and adjusts the imaginative processes of the first. With "The Hairy Ape" he passed into a stage of symbolic treatment which may have reached its height in "The Great God Brown." The danger here lies in the fact that romance and symbolism mix too easily, and the result may be confusion. That is why I still prefer "Beyond the Horizon" and "The Emperor Jones" to any of the rest. But, no matter what new phase in his development may come, there will be apparent still the poet, brooding and creating, and the mystic, letting speak through him the Creative Force that lifts humanity from the beast that passes to the man who eternally aspires.

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# Aloof

BY BARBARA YOUNG

And nothing will ever matter again.
I shall walk and talk with women and men,
Laugh their laughter and weep their tears,
And play the gay little game of years;
Sleep and waken, and dine and sup
On honey and cakes and a fragrant cup;
And nothing will matter, at all, to me,
But the bread and wine of memory.

I shall make a bright little song or two,
(There must be something for one to do)
And nothing will ever matter to me
But a star in the night, and the wind in a tree,
Dew and mist and the rising tide,
And the hill where One was crucified.

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# Does a Nightingale Really Sing?

BY EDWARD W. BOK
Author of "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "Twice Thirty," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AN English nightingale sits perched on my desk, some fourteen inches from the end of my pencil. With its intelligent little eyes, it watches me intently as I write about its species. Just now as I wrote the title to this article, it looked fixedly at the paper, and emitted a chirp and a single flute-like note as much as to say: "There you are. There is the answer to your question. What more do you want?" But this desk nightingale is "the female of the species" and that is all she can do: chirp and whistle one note. That is, if authorities are correct in saying that only the male nightingale sings. Which fact is, by the way, a bit bewildering in the face of Shakespeare's constant references (also those of Milton) to the singing nightingale as "she." But that may well be poetic license!

Now, let me ward off the kindly folk who, reading the title to this article, will, by the hundreds, reach for the nearest pen and indite experience after experience when they have heard the nightingale sing in England or in southern Europe.

I do not for a moment doubt that the nightingale sings. The weight of evidence is certainly in favor of the bird as a songster. All the way from the time of Aristophanes, through ancient Thrace, the Persian Gardens and the Vale of Arcady. I know that poet after poet has heard the song of "the immortal bird." Shakespeare certainly must have heard the English bulbul sing. So Keats. Likewise Milton. And so on down the line of poets and writers to Izaak Walton and Tennyson and Wordsworth and Swinburne. Surely, Hudson.

I am simply putting a question which has never been personally answered. Nor is this because I have not tried my best to catch up with the nightingale. I have projected myself into all kinds of dingles, and hovered in twilit dales and sat like a sphinx in those moonlit woods where the most adjectived bird in English literature has sung for everybody else. But I have come out of all those places, like John Burroughs, without hearing a chirp or a twitter from a nightingale. Nor seen one.

Once I almost caught up with a nightingale busy with those golden notes that I have read so much about. It was when a Surrey host said to me: "You want to hear a nightingale sing? You shall, directly after dinner."

So after dinner we went: in evening shoes through a field soaked with real English evening dew. First, one of us tripped over the stump of a tree. Then another stumbled into a hole where a tree had been. On for a mile we went. An English mile, too. The women gasped for breath, while the men were full of inaudible language as if we were all hell-bent instead of nightingale-bent.

"How far can you hear the nightingale?" I finally ventured after I crawled out the tenth rut-hole.

"Oh, plainly at the house," was the reply.

"Then isn't it strange we don't hear it now?" I suggested.

"Yes, rather," answered our host. "Jolly strange." We had our own ideas as to the "jolly" part of it, but we certainly agreed with the "strange" part.

Then—"Do you know it has just occurred to me that last evening was the twentieth of June, when the birds, with the precision of a railway schedule, generally sing for the last time. That must be the reason why he isn't singing this evening."

I had expected it. Some reason would appear for the silence of "the immortal



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bird." It had never failed. It was the most consistent case of "jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day."

In France, I had been "just a week too late." During the war the guns "had frightened the birds." In England, on previous visits, I had been "a fortnight too early" or "two weeks too late." But never had I found the bird, the time, and the song!

There was nothing left to do but to approach the matter from an entirely different standpoint: Import a handful of the birds to America. That sounds perfectly simple. But it was quite another matter to carry out the idea. The nightingale is a protected bird in England, and as the species is not multiplying as fast as the English would like to have it, and as the bird has its own mysterious reasons for locating in only six counties in all England and practically never in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, I found the English not very keen to export any of their pets. In fact, one of the London newspapers volunteered the opinion that it was bad enough to have its great paintings and precious antiques of all sorts going to America, but the line should be drawn at the nightingales! The nightingale is, too, a wild bird, and to catch it in the woods, put it in a cage, would mean that it would beat itself against the bars and kill itself before it was half-way across the ocean. There remained only one way: to secure some nightingales which had been raised in captivity for a year or more. But that again was not simple. The owners of these pets had no desire to part with them, and an American dollar does not look so attractive to an Englishman when it comes to his birds. Then, as the female bird does not sing, it was rarely captured for domestic purposes. Cocks there were in captivity, but scarce at that and valued beyond money. Yet the propagation idea called for both. Finally, granted that these obstacles were overcome, there was still the governmental permission to take the birds out of the country. To some British colony, yes: perhaps. But to America! That was something else again.

Finally, an English friend, Major Harry M. Nornabell, of the Royal British Artillery, with an Englishman's love for birds and keenly interested that the nightingale should be added to American songsters, offered to undertake to carry out the idea. And when a real Britisher undertakes a job, you can depend upon it that not only will it be carried out, but the process will leave nothing undone in the way of thoroughness. The unintelligent American may call him "slow," wholly ignorant of the deliberate quality which, if it is a bit measured in getting into action, is also certain to carry to the end, mindful of every step on the way.

The first thing I knew eight beautiful English nightingales had overcome every hurdle of ownership and government prohibition and were in a cabin all their own on an English Atlantic liner, with the captain, purser, head-steward, engineer, and butcher as hourly visitors. "Just to see that the birds are all right," they explained. But each drawn to the cabin by that love which an Englishman has for his birds! Alert and chirping, the eight little ladies and gentlemen in feathers arrived in New York. Tenderly and lovingly the four crates were carried to the dock by the captain, purser, engineer, and butcher in slow and rigid procession. The lively condition of the birds was shown to the express officials, the method of feeding was demonstrated, an entire box of the birds' favorite food was provided, and, with every promise of attention, loving hands transferred the precious crates to what: to that tragic indifference which we Americans have for birds! The promise of "one night on the road" to Florida became four nights. After-investigation proved that the birds had been neither fed nor given water en route. So that American disregard for bird life delivered the cargo in Florida, the crates upside down, and five nightingales lying lifeless on the floors of the crates, with the remaining three so parched that they drank for fully five minutes upon arrival. Thus did American negligence of helpless birds almost completely undo what English thoughtfulness had striven so lovingly to do.

A jubilant cable had been sent to Major Nornabell advising the safe and healthy arrival of the birds in New York, and an equally gladsome answer came immedi-

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ately. Which did not make easier the sending of a second cable from Florida. But the tragic end of the experiment had to be told, and it was. Then I met with that English determination that has made British history. It was universally agreed by all who knew about the experiment in and out of London that what had been begun must be carried on to a successful termination. If I wanted more nightingales I should have them if every nook and corner of England had to be scoured for the birds. Everybody would help. I certainly did want to carry on the experiment to a fairer trial, and asked that this time the birds should be personally brought over by Major Nornabell. I suggested that the birds should have the daily watchfulness of my English butler, while in their cages, upon their arrival, and, when released in the Florida aviary, their care should be the daily thought of an attaché with a strong Scotch love for birds. No American hand should touch the birds at any point.

*From a photograph by Alexander.*

A nightingale almost life-size.

This particular nightingale is one of the finest specimens ever seen in England.

For weeks the quest went on, and finally six more nightingales were secured. The interest of the British Government had increased, all restrictive export bars were removed, and Major Nornabell was soon on the ocean with the nightingales in a cabin of their own, put aside for them by the Atlantic Transport Line. Meanwhile the American Government was asked to join with the British Government, and an order came to New York from General

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Andrews in Washington that nothing should stand in the way of the birds being expeditiously "cleared." The Seaboard Air Line forgot all rules, and placed at the disposal of the birds a private drawing-room on its special "one-night-out" express to Florida, and within thirty hours from their arrival in New York the six nightingales had joined the remaining three, and were chirping in the sunshine of the Flamingo State. Thus did the two most powerful governments of the world and two large corporations unite to speed six little birds on their way to a new home and, perhaps, to a new leaf in the history of American bird-lore.

Up to this time no one had considered the possibility that the nightingales might have something to say in the proceeding. Gradually, a decidedly unpleasant instinct came to me that they were about to say it, particularly as the eventful April tenth came along, when a well-brought-up nightingale always begins to mate and sing. I began to get a glimmering of the daily six-months feeling of Signor Gatti-Casazza and Mr. Edward Ziegler with their Metropolitan nightingales! My nightingales, unlike Mr. Gatti's song-birds, might at least be not quite so likely to catch a cold at the most inopportune moment. But suppose they should turn out to be equally as temperamental as the human nightingales? That was possible. And as the days wore on, I thought it might well be probable.

On April tenth, with everybody agog for the first note, my instinct became an unpleasant reality. Not one of the male nightingales peeped. The eight nightingales by pairs were now in four compartments of the aviary. They were lively and apparently completely happy. Birds of some twelve species rested on the roof of the screened aviary, and sang their most delicious notes of welcome to the little strangers. But would "the immortal birds" respond? They would not.

"To-morrow," said my friend as we went home at midnight. How terribly familiar was that word.

To-morrow came and the same dignified restraint. And several other to-morrows came and went. Complete silence continued to reign in all four apartments.

"Not rightly mated," announced Major Nornabell. "See that little hen flirting through the screen with the cock in the next compartment?"

So, partners were changed. Still not a note!

"I have it," said the Major. "I brought with me the only talking-machine record ever made of a real nightingale. That will start them off. It generally does." The next day the mail brought the same record from a friend in New York. "This will do it," she wrote.

But it didn't do it. With banditry stealth, we crept up to the aviary that evening. "Wonderful evening for them, moonlight and all. Just right." But would the nightingales think so? We hid the machine in the bushes, turned on the record, and from behind trees we watched. For a moment the little heads of the nightingales were on a slant, they listened, and then blissfully went on with their ablutions and paid not the slightest attention to the playing record.

"Curious," pronounced the Major.

"Not at all," I answered reminiscently.

Then that fatal word: "To-morrow."

But the to-morrows again succeeded each other. The birds continued happy and healthy.

But sing? Not a note.

"They're upset by the trip," was the next consolation. "They must become acclimated. They're off their schedule."

And off their schedule they certainly were, and, what is more, they kept off. After two weeks of diligent waiting we left for the North.

At least, I had caught up with the nightingale. But not with its song.

Four days later, on Sunday morning, April twenty-fifth, I received a telegram from Roger W. Babson, who loves his woods as much as he loves his statistics: "Congratulations. Your nightingales are singing beautifully." Then followed another—this time from an ornithologist: "This morning between seven and eight the first song of a nightingale ever heard in the United States came from your prize nightingale, 'Mr. Newton.' Most beautifully liquid notes I ever heard."

The orchestra had begun!

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The first notes of the nightingale had scarcely been uttered when a pair of mocking-birds rested on the top of the aviary and listened intently. The following day they came again, and that evening the workmen heard the first sunset nightingale concert. But the nightingales were silent. The mocking-birds on the branch of a tree near the aviary were singing, perfectly note by note, the song of the nightingale! My friends in Florida have since written me that it is almost impossible for the human ear to distinguish the one from the other. But the ear of the nightingale is something different. No sooner do the mocking-birds begin their borrowed notes than the nightingales listen for a moment and go on with their daily tasks, seemingly oblivious of the song of their clever mimics. Since the singing of the nightingales, the number of mocking-birds has increased, and each has carried away the new song added to their repertoire.

*From a photograph by Alexander.*

A friendly bird.

Mr. Bok training his prize nightingale to eat out of his hand.

The early result in this aspect of the experiment seems to make even more ridiculous the statement of the Boston *Transcript*, which sourly opined that there was no reason to pray for the success of my

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transplantation because (mark well this intelligent ornithological bit) "if the introduction of these nightingales should lead to a diminution in the number of mocking-birds, or their disappearance from any locality, the whole proceeding would represent a loss and not a gain." Weighty bird-lore, that!

"How large is a nightingale?" so many ask. In a sense, the nightingale, both in size and appearance, is invariably disappointing. But this is due to a preconceived notion that it is a large bird of colored plumage. As a fact, the nightingale is a small bird, comparatively speaking: of a size between the English sparrow and the American robin. Its coloration is inconspicuous: its feathers are light-brownish in color, deepening into a rufous tail. When a nightingale flies in the sunshine there is a distinct impression of reddish color in the tail. The breast is a dull gray: a deep putty color. The color is practically alike in both sexes. The chief beauty of the bird consists of the curve line of the head, neck, and back. It has, essentially, a well-groomed appearance, and therein lies its attractiveness. The eyes are bead-like and very intelligent of expression.

The nightingale is, by nature, very shy of the human, but will make friends after some effort. The "gale" pictured on page 375 of this article is a particularly beautiful male bird, represented as one of the finest nightingales ever seen in Great Britain. This bird, "Mr. Newton," named for his owner, who was deeply affected to part with him, became so friendly that he would, as in the photograph given on page 377, come on my hand and eat a meal-worm from my palm.

The nightingale is distinctly cleanly in its habits. In the Florida aviary each compartment has running water dripping from a spigot, and it is not unusual for a "gale" to take a bath twice and three times a day. It insists upon punctuality in its meals. The nightingales are fed morning and evening with a mixture of meals and cereals with about ten meal-worms daily for each bird. These latter must be alive, so that the owner of a nightingale must propagate the meal-worm as well as the nightingale. As a dainty dessert its preference is for live ant-eggs. Fortunately these are aplenty. A nightingale is, in the main, a uniformly healthy bird given the right food at fixed times and an abundance of water for drinking and bathing.

I do not claim, nor have I ever said what has been attributed to me: that the song of the nightingale is superior to that of the English blackbird or the American mocking-bird. How do I know when I have never heard the song of the nightingale?

A friend, full of sympathy with my repeated failures to hear a nightingale, writes: "If you have never heard a nightingale, here is his song in syllables, brought down through the lanes of Time, from an old Jesuit lover of birds, Marco Bettini, and revised by later authorities:

Tiouou, tiouou, tiouou, tiouou,
Shpe tiou tokoua;
Tio, tio, tio, tio,
Kououtio, kououtiou, kouotiou, koutioutio,
Tokuo, tskouo, tskouo, tskouo,
Tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii, tsii,
Kouorror, tiou, tksoua, pipitksouis,
Tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tso, tsirrhading,
Tsi, tsi, si, tosi, si, si, si, si, si, si, si,
Tsorre, tsorre, tsorre, tsorreki;
Tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsatu, tsi,
Dlo, dlo, dlo, dla, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo,
Kouiou, trrrrrrrrritzt,
Lu, lu, lu, ly, ly, ly, li, li, li, li."

I don't doubt that all this, coming from a nightingale's throat, may sound absolutely entrancing. It may be the most amorous kind of descant that the world of men and women since the days of Eden has listened to. It may be the Thracian soul of Philomela bursting forth in exquisite melody. But it doesn't look so! I would rather hear it than read it.

The public interest in the coming of the nightingales to America has been very gratifying. It has also been amusing. The number of folk—the kind that are always ready to deprecate any form of experiment—who have taken the pains to prepare me for a keen disappointment when I hear the nightingale for the first time, is unbelievable. I am assured that the song of the English bird holds no comparison with the notes of our American

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mocking-bird or the thrush; that the English blackbird is a far superior songster; that the nightingale has been over-adjectived by poets; that the notes are sad, complaining, and melancholy. I have had repeated to me scores of times the old legend—as if I had never heard or read it "futile" and a waste of effort and time, when the fact is that I have never declared my purpose with regard to the birds in any way. This is the first time I have written about them. I have been accused of cruelty in stifling the migratory urge in the birds when the fact remains that this

*From a photograph by Alexander.*

The aviary at the Mountain Lake (Florida) sanctuary where the eight nightingales are housed. The aviary is made of the finest meshed screen of two thicknesses and a double roof.

—that the nightingale only sings when it leans against a thorn, and then pours forth its melodious notes in sheer anguish, these folk overlooking the fact that there is not a thorn within miles of the Florida nightingales, and yet they sing! I have also been told that the derivation of the bird's name, as used by Chaucer, should tell me what to expect: that "gale," in old English, means to "exclaim," to "yell," to "cry out." I have been assured by ornithologists, on the strictest ornithological grounds, that I would find the nightingales in Florida would not "sing a single note," whereas they sang for seven weeks!

I have had my "purpose" in bringing the nightingales to America stamped as urge never demonstrates itself until September, and I have only had these birds since spring. An intelligent protective society for birds urged its members to write letters of protest because of the confinement of the birds in "deplorably cramped cages," the dear delightful ladies who responded to this unintelligent appeal never knowing that these nightingales were raised in England in 3 by 3 cages, and are now in compartments 20 feet high, 20 feet long and 12 feet wide. Nor did these emotional souls take the pains to ascertain that captive nightingales are healthier, live longer, sing more sweetly, and for a longer period than their species in the woods, and that when released in the woods to migrate have invariably re-

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turned to their cages within twenty-four hours.

It's all most amusing.

I am perfectly free to acknowledge that I know little about the nightingale—certainly much less than seemingly do my well-informed American critics. My purpose in the transplantation of these birds is, of course, the obvious one of ascertaining whether the nightingale can be propagated on American shores, and, if so, of adding a new member to our song-birds.

But whether I shall succeed or fail, I know not.

The answer is with the nightingales.

I fully realize that I am dealing with a temperamental bird of which much has been written, but yet comparatively little is actually known. For example, it is a tradition that the male nightingale sings only during the mating period: from April tenth to June twentieth. Yet, my four cocks in Florida all sang for seven weeks and never mated or built a nest! This may be due to what a writer has facetiously called "the Americanization of the nightingale." But there is tradition shattered right at the start! As the climate of Florida is uniformly warm, it may well happen there, as occurs in the similar climate of British South Africa and Abyssinia whence the English nightingales migrate for their winters: the hen never lays an egg, and reserves all her incubations for the summer in England. Neither does the cock ever sing a note in his winter quarters. I expect nothing further, in the way of song, from the nightingales in Florida until next April. They may be as displeased with the Florida part of the United States as apparently they are with all but certain parts of England and France and Italy, where they herd in certain localities and positively refuse to appear in any others.

Hudson, who probably knew his birds better than any other writer, frankly confesses that the habits of the nightingale are absolutely shrouded in mystery. He recites the repeated efforts made to propagate the bird in different parts of Great Britain where they are unknown. The mother nightingale's eggs were, again and again, removed and hatched under robins in different parts of the British Isles. The young birds seemingly thrived; they departed to their winter home at the prescribed time, but not in a single instance did one return to the hatching-place: all returned to the spot where the eggs were laid. Nor does any one know, as a certainty, says Hudson, the exact location of the winter quarters of the nightingales which opened their summer in England. All that is known is that they disappear on September twentieth, but whether they travel by night or by day no one knows. The nearest trace of them locates their route from England, south to the Channel and across to France: then across Spain to another sea: across Algeria and Tripoli to the Sahara and Egypt and by the Nile or along the shores of the Red Sea to more southern climes. Some fix British East Africa as their goal: others British South Africa: while Abyssinia and the Congo State is the guess of others. But somewhere in the vicinity of four thousand miles do these little birds migrate twice each year, and seemingly return with mysterious accuracy to the same woods in the same counties in England, year after year, with the regularity of a railroad schedule, and always on practically the same days: April eighth for the cocks and April tenth for the hens—the former preceding the latter so as to have ready the best nesting places when the latter arrive.

With all this marvel and mystery surrounding this amazing bird, impenetrable to the most alert bird-lover, I sit in wonder at the knowledge shown about the nightingale from my correspondents in America where the nightingale has, so far as is known, never been!

As a fitting close to my tale, I may add that last June I tried once more to break my record of never having heard the song "that thrills and delights." Continual reports came to me from the Florida aviary of the daily concerts of the nightingales. At last the call became too keen, and gathering a party of friends we journeyed to Florida. We arrived at nine-thirty in the morning.

As we approached the aviary I heard a series of wonderful notes.

"The nightingale's song, yes," laughingly explained an attendant, "but see

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the singer," as he pointed to a near-by pine-branch on which a mocking-bird sat pouring out a succession of golden notes. "Really perfect," commented the attendant. "The nightingales sang beautifully this morning. They stopped about an hour ago, and then we generally have this supplementary concert by that chap or one of his kind."

All day we watched and waited until long after sunset. I had busy men with me whom I could not ask to linger, and we had to leave that evening on our two-day return trip. Which we did. Not a nightingale note had rewarded us. I thought of Shakespeare's declaration: "Cagèd nightingales do sing." Here were nightingales: no doubt of that. And they were cagèd. But not a note would they venture to prove the Shakespearian dictum.

The following morning they sang!

So the personal question is still with me: "Does a nightingale really sing?"

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# Leaves from a Country Doctor's Note-Book

BY N. D. MARBAKER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## DISILLUSION

NO hoe-down was considered quite perfect unless Martha Dundoon danced a schottische with Byron Lookhart. The delirious stepping of the couple made the watchers stamp their feet and clap their hands. The fiddlers could never play fast enough to overcome them. When the dance was finished, the fiddlers would mop their foreheads with bandannas, step from the improvised dais, and get a drink from the bucket behind the stove.

Martha was the best girl in the Crooked Run. She stayed at home with her mother after her sisters had married mill-workers from Ohio. She sang a heavy but pleasing alto in the choir. She would recite little innocuous rhymes of her own composition before the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society.

The village was not pleased when she took up with Byron Lookhart. It was true Byron's father had the best farm in the township, that his mother was well-esteemed by her neighbors, but the lad was a trifle "fast."

He shot a neat game of pool in the Imperial Club in the county-seat. He drove an old flivver he had recently reconstructed into a racer. He took no interest in the farm. He got himself a job with a drilling company and wandered all over the country dressing tools at various gas-wells.

So gossip made ready to prepare for the worst.

Martha wandered into Doc Enion's office and sat in the most comfortable chair in the waiting-room. The sign on the mantel over the fireplace told her "Be back in a little while. Gone into the country." Martha had nothing to do except see Doc, so she was perfectly willing to wait.

She picked up a copy of *The American Mercury* and was soon fascinated by R. LeClerc Phillips's article "The Worthless Woman Triumphs." As the theme was developed, Martha grew more and more restless. She felt she should not be reading this magazine. She wondered why Doc had such books on his reading-table. She was learning something she had been instructed to eschew, and yet there was a

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feeling of deep understanding and truth in the way the article was written.

Martha developed the idea that the paper had been written just for her. She had had such funny feelings about the women of history. She remembered she had deliberately lied to herself when she wrote her essay on Isabelle Thoburn. The women who heard her read it thought it was beautiful. Miss Thoburn must have been a wonderful woman to be so good and sweet, even if she was converting the heathen in India.

Martha hadn't thought very much about it at the time. The article she was reading reminded her of it. Then she remembered that Doc had a picture of Lady Hamilton in his consulting-room over his desk. The door was open. She went in to look at the portrait.

If Lady Hamilton had been so bad, she couldn't have looked so happy. The picture made her seem care-free. The dog by her side was happy, too. One could almost imagine he would jump up on her in a minute.

Martha couldn't conceive of Miss Thoburn looking so gay.

She went back to her magazine and read on. The people had been talking about her and the fact she had been tearing around with Byron. Byron was a nice fellow in his way. Of course she wouldn't think of marrying him. He could dance a schottische that made the blood rush to her head. He said such nice, coo-ey things to her in his racer. He knew how to kiss, too. She wondered why the people were always trying to pick up something on somebody. It wasn't fair. She believed the author was right. Girls like a good time. It isn't human not to. It didn't seem to hurt them as much as the preacher said. There's Gertie Sefton. She had a baby before she was married and never did tell the name of its father. She married Steve Sefton, and no one thought anything more about it unless they wanted to be downright nasty. But no one paid much attention. That baby had grown up and married, too. She lived in Harkersville.

Martha smiled. Of course she wouldn't let Byron get away with anything. It must be nice, though. No, Byron wasn't the man for her, but he was a wonderful lover. Last night coming home from the dance up at Sim Thomas's, he had driven with one arm on the wheel and one around her. She had snuggled up close to him. He even chewed gum to get the taste and smell of his cigarettes out of his mouth. Not many fellows would do that for a girl.

She wondered why she was thinking these things. She had let the magazine fall into her lap. She picked it up and tried to find her place. She read on for a few paragraphs. She wondered why she had never seen all this stuff in the same way. It must be right or it wouldn't have been printed.

Martha wondered if Byron would understand if he read the article. No, he was a fellow. Fellows can't get the same ideas a girl can. She would like to show it to him, though. Doc would surely lend her the magazine. Doc was always trying to get people to read the magazines he had on his table. He raved when anybody told him they were reading some of the fifteen-cent magazines that had nothing but good love stories in them. Doc would be glad to let Byron read it. No, she'd better not ask for it. Doc had a way of asking funny questions that she couldn't answer. She'd tell Byron about it, and let him find it when he might come to the office. No, that wouldn't do either. He might think she believed all the writer had said and then try to start something. No, she'd better not tell Byron anything about it.

Martha took up the magazine. That's right. There's old Miss Melie Jane Onstrader. She was a beauty once. Everybody said so. One day Miss Melie Jane told the Ladies' Aid she'd never been kissed by a man! Everybody there believed her. But Martha didn't want to be like her! Living all alone in a little house with a cat and a parrot. This writer was right. Even if the magazine was meant for city folks, Martha could see plainly it was for country people, too. Wouldn't Mom rave if she would read this article. Jumping hyenas! And Martha bet her life that Mom was different from other girls.

Doc was staying out a long time. She wished he would come. Mom wanted them pills for her heart.

A car stopped. Instinctively, Martha

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"Why, Martha Dundoon! I'm surprised at you. You wicked girl!"

went to the window to look. Byron got out and came toward the office.

Martha hid the magazine under a pile of others and sat uncomfortably in her chair trying to look unconcerned.

"Hello, Martha! Didn't expect to find you in here. Where's Doc? That was a swell dance last night, wasn't it?"

"You betcha it was. Gee, Byron, you can dance the schottische."

"It isn't me that dances, Martha. It's you. When you press so close to me, I could dance forever. Wish we could dance now."

"Let's try!"

"There ain't no music!"

"Let's hum 'The Wanderer's Return' and try!"

"All right. Sure thing."

Martha was willing to be held. After a few perfunctory steps, Byron looked down and saw her eyes shining.

She felt his breath on her face. Their lips met.

"God, that was a wet kiss, Martha. Gimme another just like it?"

Mrs. Ephraim Ebberts, the preacher's wife, opened the door. She was aghast at the scene. Words failed her. The boy and the girl were unconscious of her presence.

"Why, Martha Dundoon! I'm surprised at you. Byron, you go home. You wicked girl! What will Doc Enion say when I tell him you two have been lallygagging in his office? You go home, Byron. Fall on your knees and pray God to forgive you for ruining a decent girl."

Byron looked sheepish. Martha's face was red with indignation.

"Mrs. Ebberts, you mind your business. We'll mind ours. You just came in here snooping, anyway. Get out of here!"

"Why, you wicked girl! I'll see the



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Reverend about this. Why . . . why . . . you . . . vixen!" She screamed the word at Martha. She shrugged her shoulders, pulled her skirts close to her legs, and went out.

Byron was tongue-tied.

Martha went to the door and called after the departing form:

"The worthless woman triumphs."

She turned to Byron. He was looking into the empty fireplace. She went toward him and put her arms about him.

He flung her from him. He walked hurriedly to the door. She had taken hold of the mantel and looked after him. He turned and, looking almost insane with rage, bellowed: "Don't you come near me again. You're brazener than hell."

Martha sank into her chair. She was crying. She found the magazine she had been reading and threw it across the room.

"It was a lie. It might be right for city folks, but it won't work in the country."

Doc Enion came into the room. He had met Mrs. Ebberts and had heard the story. He had passed Byron on the hill. The racer was snorting like an evil thing.

Doc went to the girl and touched her. She looked at him wistfully. He noticed the magazine on the floor. He picked it up. The pages opened to the essay Martha had been reading.

"Uh . . . mmh!" was all he said.

## FILIAL PIETY

Eph Rowley spent every Tuesday evening with Laura King. He visited the King farm every Sunday after League. Eph's goings and comings from King's were so regular that they had ceased to be a matter of comment in the village.

Eph was a tow-headed youngster who had excellent possibilities as a farmer. That he would inherit the Rowley place on the death of his father was a foregone conclusion on the part of the village. He was what was known as a good match for any girl.

Eph courted Laura in barefoot days. The wooing continued when the horse and buggy was the accepted mode of travel. This evening he drove a new dark-colored roadster into the King yard.

Laura was the only daughter of Silas King who had not married. She had promised her mother, who had died when the last baby was born, she would never leave her father. Laura suffered all the pangs of the disappointed in the time that had passed.

She liked Eph well enough. She loved him to a certain extent. She had known no other boy friend. Through the years she had learned to accept his addresses as a matter of course. Eph never failed in his formula. It was as regular as the service in the Episcopal church across the creek. She always knew what to expect.

Laura was paring apples in the kitchen when Eph appeared on the back porch. She called a cheery "Come in" to his knock, and she was quite surprised at his appearance. There was a different cast to his face. Something ominous was lurking behind his bushy eyebrows. He went directly to the point.

"Laura, I want you to get ready and go to the city with me. I have gotten the farm and I want to get married. I have hung around here too long now. I won't wait any longer."

"But, Eph, you know what I promised . . ."

"I know damn well, too damn well. You have stayed here and baked and cooked and stewed for your father, raised his children, got them married off. Did he ever thank you? Ever do anything for you? No. You bet he didn't! The question is: Will you or won't you get married to me this evening? I won't hang around any longer."

"No, Eph, I can't." She spoke in jerks. She knew that Eph meant what he said. "I can't. I promised mother, and I will keep the promise."

"All right, Laura. We will still be friends, but I must have a wife to help me. You keep your promise to your mother and let your chances go. I'm through." He slammed the door.

Laura gave herself the unaccustomed benefit of a good cry.

The village discussed the failure of Eph to visit the King place. The "I told you sos" were reaping the benefit of long-

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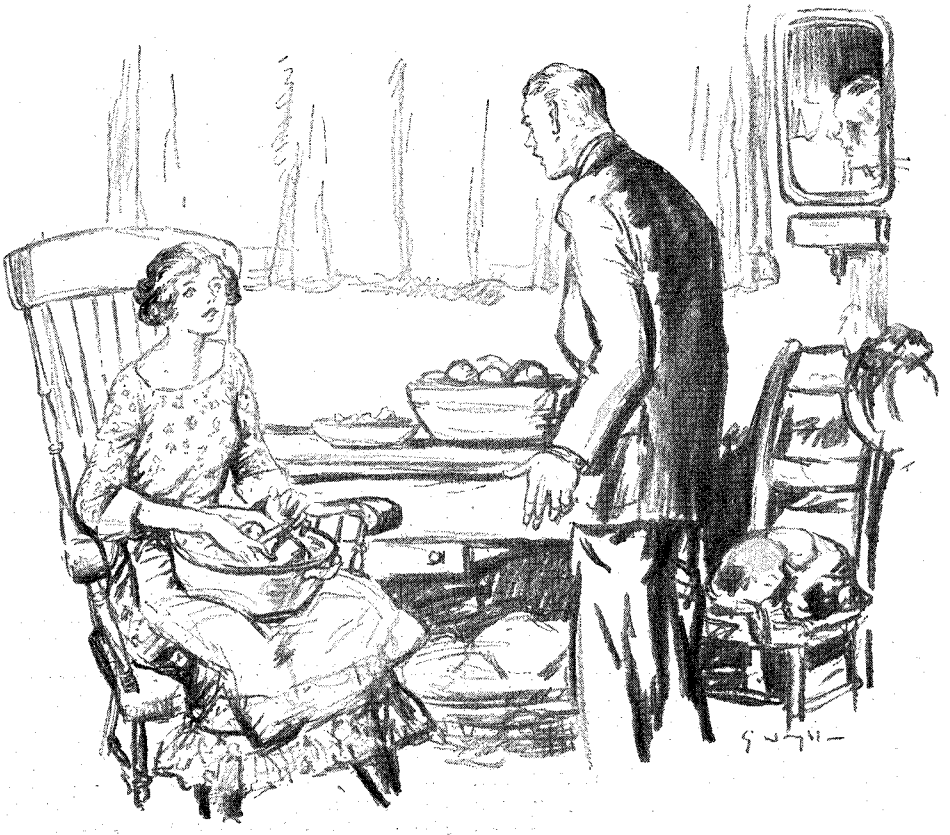

There was a different cast to his face. Something ominous was lurking behind his bushy eyebrows.—Page 384.

thought prognostications. Eph went on his way unperturbed. Laura did not care to visit the crossroads store.

Silas King brought the word to Laura that Eph had married a girl from upcountry. They were giving a serenade to them this evening.

"Come on, Laura, let's go. I haven't been to a good serenade for years. It will be great to see Eph and his woman riding on the tail end of a cart. Well, if you won't go, I am going."

Laura worked with greater industry on her newest idea in patchwork that evening.

The village called to taste preserves, borrow sugar and coffee, and give consolation. Laura stood it with a stoicism baffling to them. Not a sigh of regret could they truthfully gloat over.

She worked to forget her heartache and loneliness. She missed Eph's sitting with her on the two nights. She lived over their conversations. But she gave no outward sign.

She fainted, however, when her father came in, one afternoon, with a smile spread over his face and said: "Come on out, Laura, and meet your new mother. The schoolma'm and me got married this afternoon."

## GOSSIP

Martin Rigby was the village's oldest inhabitant. He lived alone in a fairly comfortable house about three miles from town. He came to the crossroads store every Saturday afternoon, bought a supply of provisions, and insisted that every lounger, loafer, and purchaser come and "eat a meal off me."

It is not uncommon for the village to make suppositions about its neighbors, and it was rumored that Mart was well off. He had a fair farm and he worked it



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himself. He refused to modernize, and cut his grain with a cradle.

He was known to drink deeply of home-made wine. The beverage was deemed, by those who had imbibed, the best in the neighborhood. Mart was not above making a little beer. After prohibition arrived it was decided that he had a still on his place.

After the still idea was well circulated it was bruited about that Mart's house was haunted. Nothing definite could be learned, but gradually it was understood that a man had been murdered there years before.

After this it was quite easy to believe that Mart was a little off in his head. There was something peculiar about him. It took a long time for this notion to sink into the heads of the neighborhood folk.

Then Mart, in the minds of certain of the Ladies' Aid, was insane. This news, because of its horror, spread rapidly.

He was casually ignored by the store folk on his usual Saturday visit to town, and later he was caustically ignored.

It hurt the old man, and he mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor, who had done everything in his power to stop the silly talk, tried to comfort the old man and wish him well. The doctor braved public opinion and "ate a meal off Mart." For this he was bitterly censured.

The doctor developed the habit of buying Mart's supplies at the store and carried them to him. Mart stopped his visits entirely. He became a recluse and the village's pet aversion.

Brave boys would go and throw stones at the old man's house and were praised for it at home.

But Mart's liquor was good. Several habitués of the store porch became thirsty, and decided to call on Mart and get a little beer or whiskey, if he had any.

No one knew of the visit. The men would grow talkative in their cups. Mart was very cordial and liberal.

Then Everhart Longacre died. A terrible death. Burning up inside and ripping out awful oaths.

This was unusually dreadful for the village to realize, because Everhart was the sexton of the church and the official grave-digger. A man of his caliber should not have died in such a fashion.

The news came out that Everhart had been drinking with Mart. The village had heard and read numberless stories of deaths from bad whiskey.

In course of time Mart was arrested and jailed, charged with murder.

Sentiment ran very high. Mart had to be protected from the mob that gathered when Ed Warren, the sheriff, came for him.

The constant rumors against him and the worry they caused him had made the old man haggard and worn-looking. He slouched out of his house with the sheriff and got into the waiting car. Mart never opened his mouth.

The preliminary law business was over and Mart was to be arraigned. Jail had made a great difference in him. He had been accustomed to the open fields and plenty of air, but in jail he was closely confined as a dangerous criminal.

He grew weaker, but he was absolutely silent. No one could make him say a word about himself. He surprised the turnkey one day by asking to see the village doctor.

The doctor called on the old man and saw that Mart was about dead. He spoke in the usual urbanities, but the old man would hear nothing of them. "Doc, I'm through. I'm glad I put those nightshade berries in that last mess of licker. I kinda thought some of the damn fools would get thirsty and come and ask for some. They made me out crazy and kept me out of town, but it serves Ev Longacre right. I am kinda sorry about Ev, though. He promised to come and eat a meal off me."

## FEAR

The one great fear the village women have is of tramps. The fear is not from experience but from vivid imaginations. The village never saw a tramp until last winter.

An old man, heavily bearded and dirty, appeared at the kitchen door of Tom Mellon's and asked for a drink. Maisie, Tom's wife, refused the plea and was immediately spreading the awful news over the telephone. Within one hour the entire countryside knew a criminal had escaped,

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and that the lives of all women were in jeopardy.

The old man called at each house in the village, but, being forewarned, the housewives would have none of him.

The Ladies' Aid met in the afternoon at the church. It was warm there, and the women's only chance to get together before Sunday. The tramp was discussed at length.

"He was all bent over," Emma Jane Jones was saying, "and he talked decent enough, but I wa'n't goin' to have no tramps come into my clean kitchen to likely murder me. I shooed him off pretty quick. I'm goin' to tell Sam I *will* let him have a dog. One never can tell what is goin' to happen to them."

"Yes, and I chased him, too," Mrs. John Nelson added. "I was scared into

He was casually ignored by the store folk on his usual Saturday visit to town, and later he was caustically ignored.—Page 386.

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the middle of next week. His overcoat was hardly enough to cover him, and it was pinned with a big brass blanket-pin. He was awful."

The story passed from mouth to mouth, and it seemed the tramp had been refused a drink in every house in the village, and at every farm along the West Pike. Mrs. Charlie Davison saw him going down the hill toward the woods. That meant he was moving out of the immediate vicinity of the village.

"I wish I could think where I am. I'm good and cold, too. I feel as if I am on my way somewhere, but I can't remember where it is exactly. I wonder what my name is. That's funny. I never forgot that before. I am thirsty, too. I will stop at this house and ask for a drink."

The old man stepped from the door-sill, bowed, and went down the walk.

"Nice people who live there. Wouldn't give me a drink."

He bent and took a handful of clean snow and ate it. This chilled his fingers and he clutched the lining of his overcoat pocket.

"I wish I knew where I am. I asked that woman and she wouldn't tell me. I am cold. I must find shelter somewhere."

The old man talked to himself, but went into every gate in the village, with always the same reception.

Over across the creek a group of Lithuanians had bought the old Hanscom farm. Bluff Corning, the countryside's nit-wit, was marrying a daughter of the foreigners. Bluff had asked the village preacher to officiate. The preacher accepted because weddings were not too plentiful, and the fee would come in handy. No one from the village had been invited to attend the nuptials, and no one cared to show approval by going to the church.

The ceremony completed, the crowd, those who had gathered from the nearer countryside, disbanded, to meet again at dinner at the foreigners'. There was to be a dance in the evening, and several of the younger generation had decided to make life miserable for the newlyweds with an unusually uproarious serenade.

It was getting dark. The old man heard noises in the distance and distinguished the scraping of a violin. A tinkle of banjo came to him once in a while. He was so cold he could hardly walk. He could not stop because he was afraid he would not reach his destination before night. He wished he knew where he was going.

The noise and the snatches of laughter he heard made him hurry a little and, after crossing the creek, he turned up the road toward the merriment. He was feeling quite right now. He was going to a party. Of course. He remembered now.

He looked down at his clothes.

"I forgot to dress. I wonder what is the matter with me. I have come to a party and I am dressed like a tramp. That's the answer. The women thought I was a tramp. That's the reason they chased me away. I will not dare go to a party like this. I am very tired."

He almost fell, but he kept his balance. He roamed away from the house toward the barn. He sank down on some straw and covered himself with it as best he could.

"I am quite comfortable now. After the party I will go and ask for food and find out where I am. I wish I could remember how I got here."

The serenaders had arrived and were making all the cacophonies in their power to urge the bride and groom to show themselves. The tin pans and basins and whistles wrenched the winter evening with their noises.

Some one suggested they get the cart from the barn and be prepared for the couple when they appeared.

A group ran toward the barn, and one of the girls uttered a screech that could be heard at the house.

They found the old man, smiling, dead.

The body lay at the undertaker's in the county-seat for several days. Then a man came and identified it.

He had wandered away from the Soldiers' Home and was looking for old friends. He had been gone for two weeks. Some farmers had put the old overcoat on him to shield him a little. He refused to tarry with them because he wanted to reach his people.

He had been a preacher in the village many years before, and had returned to make his pastoral calls.

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## CONVERSION

The song service was ended. The "long" prayer had been intoned with an antiphony of Amens and Hallelujahs from Sister Mooney. Sister Wugle had put her soul into the singing of an invitation hymn. The crowd on the hard, uncomfortable pews was growing restless.

Brother Styles, the evangelist, began the begging part of the service. "You people are not supporting this campaign at all. We have a few expenses. You can't expect to conduct services without them. We need fifty dollars. I am hoping to raise it to-night. I wonder if there is one man in the tent who would be willing to give five dollars. The Lord will bless him abundantly."

Brother Styles raised his hand high above his head and smiled. The crowd was absolutely stoical. A few kids tittered on the backmost pew. There was a deep silence. Brother Styles asked that the two-dollar men raise their hands. There was no response. Even one-dollar men did not appear to the rescue.

"The evening's offering will now be lifted," Brother Styles announced.

Sister Mooney passed the plate. A few

An old man, heavily bearded and dirty, appeared at the kitchen door of Tom Mellon's and asked for a drink. —Page 386.

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dimes and scarcely more pennies tinkled into it. Sister Mooney was growing discouraged.

For seven evenings the same crowd had drifted into the tent. For a week Brother Styles had been crying aloud in his terror of the punishment he had promised lost souls. For many hours Sister Wugle had lifted her voice in song. It was to no avail. The rural Lutherans would not become hysterical and throng the mourners' bench. No cry of the penitent ones could be heard. Yet Brother Styles realized unsaved ones were present.

The effort of converting the Crooked Run country was fast dwindling into insignificance. Brother Styles had hopped around on one foot in ecstasy of the thought of his final entrance into the eternal city. Sister Mooney had shouted until her larynx had become as tinkling brass. Sister Wugle was hitting bad notes every now and then.

This was the last night of the campaign. There had not been enough cash in the crowds to pay the pianist who had come from the county-seat for a set fee of ten dollars. Brother Styles was grooming himself for a final attempt to coerce, browbeat, cajole, and welcome unsaved souls, newly reclaimed, into the kingdom.

He launched into his sermon. It purported to be concerning the second coming of Christ. Brother Styles was warming up. He painted rapturous pictures of the welcome received by those who wore wedding-garments, of the ones who had their lamps trimmed and ready. He drove home bitter and awful descriptions of the fate of those who were not dressed properly and who carried flash-lights. He told of his conversion:

"It was on the twenty-first day of December in the year 1909, at seven-fifteen in the evening, when I was standing waiting for a train at Blairsville Intersection that Jesus came into my heart." Brother Styles executed a few impromptu dance-steps to signify his happiness. Sister Mooney praised God with all her power. Brother Styles asked for a raising of hands by those who were Christians. "Not think-so, maybe-so, or hope-so, but know-so Christians." A few hands went up along with those of Brother Styles, Sister Mooney, and Sister Wugle.

Brother Styles urged all who had lifted their hands to gather around the altar. The thin line of men and women who were not afraid to show themselves before their fellows wandered languidly down the aisle to be met with a resounding hand-clasp from Brother Styles. Sister Mooney again led in prayer. It was filled with exhortations to the Almighty to enter the sin-rotten hearts of those present and wash them in the blood of the Lamb. Sister Wugle began a gospel hymn in a querulous tremolo. This particular effect was a specialty of Sister Wugle, and was usually calculated to make tears flow. This crowd had no tears.

Sister Mooney had seized upon Dora Resbeck as a possible victim. She had rushed to the girl and began to plead with her. Dora was uncommunicative. Sister Mooney spoke fervently upon the fact that Dora was the most popular girl in the vicinage, and if she made the grade the others would follow her, and angels would prepare for her a crown of glory. Dora was unmoved. Sister Wugle went to her. The workers used every artifice in their power to make the girl go forward. Sister Mooney gave up resignedly, but Sister Wugle held the fort. Brother Styles unbent and went down. He rarely did this. He left the personal work to his assistants.

He went straight to the point. "If you don't go forward, Dora Resbeck, you'll go to hell. The fires are flaming for such as you. Christ said he would not always strive with men, and that means you. You have come into the services every night for a week. You have been sitting back and mocking us in our labors. You are a sin-stricken girl. You go up to the altar and pray God to forgive you your rotten sins." Dora smiled pleasantly toward him. Brother Styles screamed: "Laugh if you want to, but when I'm laying in Abraham's bosom I will look down and laugh at you when you are burning alive in hell's flames. You'll ask me for a drink, and I will say: 'I know you not.' Oh, Dora, I don't want to fight with you." He had begun to whinny. "You know you ought to go forward. Won't you come with me?" Dora sighed resignedly but let him go alone.

Sister Mooney tackled Mary McKins-

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She noticed tears were coming. Dora said: "All right; I'll go up with you."—Page 392.

try. Mary was vivacious and knew how to kid evangelists along. She was asking Sister Mooney questions the ardent worker found difficulty in answering. Mary had asked: "How do I know all this noise is the real stuff? I'm a Lutheran, and we don't carry on like you Methodists. And I know I am just as good as any of them." Sister Mooney was dumfounded at such a direct insult. Mary asked: "I have looked through Sears-Roebuck's catalogue, and I can't find anything about these wedding-



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garments you and Brother Styles talk so much about. Where can I buy some?" Sister Mooney stammered in her dismay. She was not quite certain as to the proper course to take with a rocky-hearted sinner. Finally she took Mary by the wrist and said in a soothing tone: "You know you are not saved. If you were you would not talk that way. You know you need Jesus in your heart. You know the precious blood will wash you clean. I betcha if you go forward, Dora Resbeck will follow you. And then see what a lot of good you will do. I wish you would take my word for it, just take my word for it, that after you get religion right, you will know what happiness is. You'll be able to sing and shout like the rest of us Christians. Come on, and give Christ a test."

Down deep in Mary's heart was a desire to outwit Dora Resbeck. Dora had been pretty high-hat lately, which Mary disliked. Sister Mooney had, inadvertently, suggested a good way to reach Mary. Mary said she'd think about it.

Mary's grandmother, a born Methodist, came to her side. "You'd better go up, Mary. This is the last night of the meetings, and it won't do you no harm. . . . Maybe you'll be able to lead all the young folks to Jesus if you just step out." Mary said: "Aw, grandma, leave me alone. I will go up when I get ready, but I ain't ready yet."

"You'll be sorry!" was the grandmother's parting advice.

"That's just right," exclaimed Sister Mooney. "You didn't hear Brother Styles say that no man knoweth the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh, did you? How do you know He won't come in the next ten minutes? Don't put it off. Come to Jesus now." This appeared to be a cue for Sister Wugle to sing softly. The crowd took up the melody. Sister Mooney was sweating in her ardor to reclaim Mary's soul.

Sister Wugle was singing with mouth wide open and eyes closed. Some one of the men up front had begun a heart-breaking prayer. It seemed he was trying to break God's reserve and coerce Him into coming into the meeting. He upbraided God unmercifully. He quoted scriptural promises.

Mary was thinking hard. She didn't want to be the first to go up, but it looked as if Dora might. She could see a look in Dora's eyes that told her something.

Dora looked toward Mary. Her thoughts were of the same caliber. Dora felt her new coat and fingered her hat. It was on straight. She caught Mary's glance and smiled. Sister Mooney saw it and rushed to Dora. Sister Wugle, sensing something untoward in Sister Mooney's abrupt jump, leaped to Mary. The girls were being exhorted again. The man in front continued to confront God with undeniable evidence that He was using this meeting all wrong.

The crowd was wondering why the fight was concentrated on the two girls. They felt relieved because they were not being pestered with inquiries concerning the state and condition of their immortal souls.

Sister Wugle tried another idea. She pleaded with Mary. She wept, and in struggled gasps told Mary of the love of one Christian for another. She pictured, rather prematurely, Mary as a mother hearing her babies at their evening prayers.

Sister Wugle was good at this. She had the sob-stuff down fine. Mary was weeping with her.

Dora was listening half-heartedly to Sister Mooney's irate expostulations. She was looking from the corner of her eye toward Mary. She noticed tears were coming. Dora said: "All right; I'll go up with you."

With an exultant hallelujah, Sister Mooney startled the congregation, the man who was praying, and Brother Styles. She led Dora triumphantly to the altar, where they both knelt. The meeting took a new lease on life, and showed signs of rejuvenation. Brother Styles smiled his congratulations to Sister Mooney.

It was an easy conquest that Sister Wugle had over Mary. Mary went up as soon as she noticed Dora had gone and knelt beside her. She was sobbing. Dora was calm. Instinctively the girls pressed against each other, and Mary put her arm around the form at her side.

This action brought forth continued shoutings and hallelujahs. Women began to crowd toward the altar to hear what was going on. As the crowd moved

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toward the front of the tent, Brother Styles waxed exultant and jumped a few times, making an uproar not unlike an Indian beginning a hostile expedition.

The girls were told to pray for themselves and each other. The two workers went back into the crowd of young people to corral a few more for Jesus. They got them easily. Soon the altar was filled with kneeling forms. Brother Styles orated at length on the goodness of God, and the answering of fervent prayer.

Hymns were sung with a gusto. Everybody was beginning to have a good time. That is, every one except those who were kneeling for grace from above. The workers became tired in their task and began asking the questions: "Are you saved? Have you felt Jesus come into your heart? Can you stand up and sing 'I'm a child of the King'?" No one could truthfully answer the questions, and the prayers began to ascend begging God to enter the willing and contrite hearts of those who were kneeling at His altar and were seeking Him so ardently. There seemed to be no answer to the prayer. The kneeling ones were just as stoical as they had been early in the meeting.

Brother Styles gambolled on the pulpit and urged the congregation to pray louder, more fervently. He told them he was getting the second blessing himself. He had never before seen such an outpouring of God's mercy. He was convinced the revival spirit had come upon Crooked Run. He announced the services would be continued the next week.

Dora was tired kneeling. The ground was very uncomfortable. She didn't feel justified in arising. She looked up, saw Brother Styles, and smiled wanly. Brother Styles jumped and shouted in joy. He told the crowd he had seen a look of Jesus on Dora's face. She was told to stand up. The Christians gathered about her and shook her hand. A few of the women kissed her. One by one the kneeling ones arose.

Brother Styles started singing "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there." The congregation sang with a fury unheard during the week of effort. It was getting to be a glorious meeting.

Everybody was happy. Everybody was hysterical. Farmers who hadn't enjoyed a service in a church for years were shaking hands with the one nearest them, and were shouting greetings across the church.

Pandemonium was loose. Brother Styles had a difficult time in getting order. Sister Mooney persisted in rushing helter-skelter braying her happiness. Sister Wugle would not be comforted. She sobbed in the corner behind the organ.

Brother Styles began to shout in order to deaden the noise of the crowd before him. He wanted to dismiss them officially. He said that this was the greatest meeting of his career. It demonstrated the results of stick-to-it-tiveness. He had about given up hope for a revival, and, praise God, here it came at the last minute. Twelve people had signed the cards presented to them, by which they acknowledged saving grace and forgiven sins. It was a glad day in Zion. The angels were looking over the battlements of heaven and were singing sweet songs of praise. He pronounced the benediction.

Dora and Mary found from their escorts that it was to be a double date. Each of the girls had anticipated something more individual. They were glad, however, to get together.

The little car started down the road. Mary, on the front seat, turned around and spoke to Dora:

"Say, wasn't that rich? I thought it was the last night of the meetings, and I had promised grandma; she pestered me all the time to go up. Now we'll have them for another week. What made you go up, Dora?"

"Well, Minnie Mooney kept talking to me. No matter what I did or what I said would make her shut up. I had this new coat on, so I figured it out, why not? If it would shut Minnie up, why shouldn't I go up and give her a little pleasure. God! wasn't that shouting at the altar something awful? My ears are still ringing."

"Say, you girls make me sick. I thought you had gotten religion, and we would have a hell of a time to-night." The boy on the back seat gave Dora a hearty squeeze. "Say, kid, gimme a kiss?"

"You ain't broke your arm, have you?"

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# Jacinth

BY ROGER BURLINGAME
Author of "You Too," "Susan Shane," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD T. DENISON

## I

IF I don't like cats, or if, more than that, I shudder absurdly when one comes by, or know, without seeing, that one is stalking in its ominous way along some dark wall behind me; if I feel these things and sweat comes on the palms of my hands; it is a complex, I suppose, and all because one symbolically sinister cat jumped into my cradle. I do not care greatly; I am certain that if the circumstance were isolated for me and I were brought by psychomechanics to remember it, my feeling would nowise disappear. I loathe high places in the same way, and other things, and know perfectly well why, and shall continue in my fears until I die. What does it matter? There are things I do not fear and life must be balanced somehow.

My story, however, is not primarily about cats. My story is about a fascinating woman. There is a wide difference between a fascinating woman and what passes usually under that name, but I shall not attempt to prove the point.

My friend Guy Wade married her. Guy was one of those persons who are born with an impenetrable armor of cleanness; he had passed through doubtful and difficult ages guileless and unsoiled. He quite honestly preferred athletics to dissipation; the developing activity of the body to its corruption. He had an unconscious love of health, motion, immediate sensations. He delighted in hard muscle effort, sweating, cold water, in simple hard things that did not disturb the intellect.

Being in the flood of his youth, he was inflamed by the elements in Gwendolen Meade of what is now pronounced sex appeal; reassured by her wide, childlike eyes and disarmed by her lovely laugh. He was wholly captured and absorbed. He was lifted up and carried helplessly along by a thousand modulations of voice, movements of the hands, pronunciations of words which I suppose will some day, even with her, become just tricks. She was the first woman, I think, that poor Guy had ever really become conscious of. He married her, and some of his friends smiled.

They went abroad for their honeymoon. When they came back I thought, seeing Guy once casually, his face had changed. He had, to be sure, left the simple athletic life of college and settled down, so to speak, in New York and was facing various complex facts of business. There were things to be learned in the investment house in which his father had given him a desk or a brief-case or whatever a bond salesman needs to begin his business; perhaps the involutions of money-handling had required new grooves in his not very plastic brain. At any rate, his face had acquired a mildly puzzled look, as if he were always just on the point of pronouncing the word "why?"

He asked me to dinner proudly, to meet his wife, and I found a pleasant home full of wedding presents. It was a small apartment, in keeping with Guy's position in the world and, in fact, with his taste, as if he had picked out the simplest of the wedding presents for its furnishing. It seemed truly Guy's apartment; the only note hinting of his wife being a large vase of red American beauties putting forth an almost incongruous feminine fragrance.

Gwendolen came in, preceded by what I thought at first was merely a slight deepening of the roses' scent.

"I'm so glad," she said, taking my hand and holding it an instant. "I love Guy's



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friends. You were looking at my roses. I bought them. Guy never thinks of roses, but I need them. Do you need roses?"

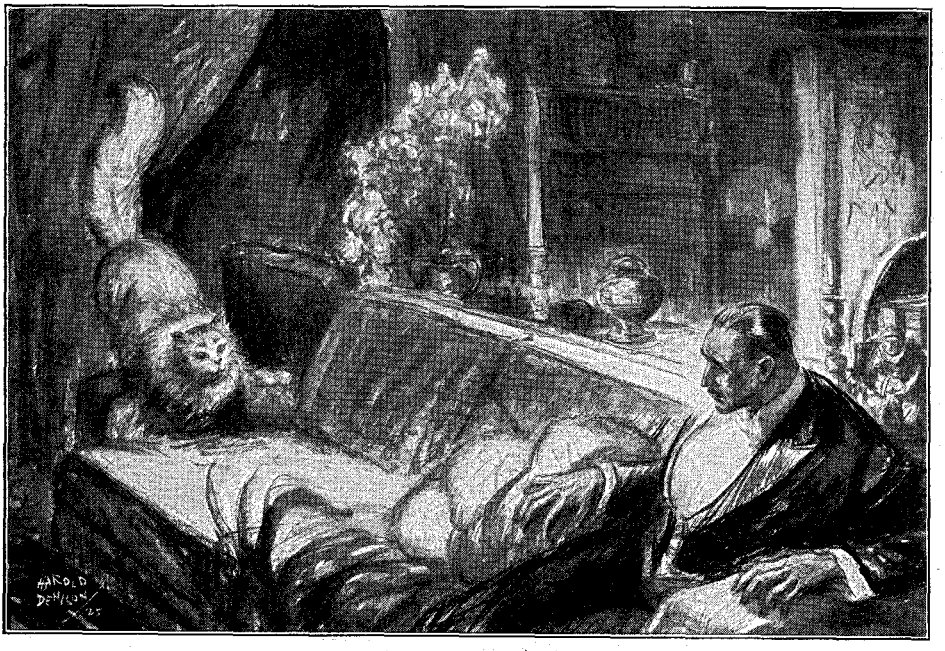
She laughed.

"Guy is dressing; he takes so long." She moved about the room, touching things as if she were gently commanding them to spring into loveliness; then she turned again and came very close to me and looked at me a moment without speaking. I cannot say what thoughts were in my mind in that instant; I remember I was ashamed afterward, that night, thinking. Then her eyes half-closed—that is a trick now—and opened again in laughter.

"Guy is a funny boy."

Guy, coming in on the heels of that, caught nothing in our faces.

After that night I saw them many times. I saw them together at home, where they seemed so much in love that I was almost excluded; yet I was never quite excluded, as I have been with many other new-married people. Guy excluded me, except for the conventional talk, in his obvious, single-minded way, but Gwen never quite did. Even her looks at him across the table, in which there was much of that mystery between lovers which leaves the outsider a little envying, seemed partly for me too. When I was with them she drew me to her, almost, in a way, leaving him the alien (though he never knew it, of course); when I had left her and thought over the relation as it had been, she definitely repelled me. The thing kept me awake at night. It would be ridiculous to say I loved her and profoundly untrue, but in those hours at their apartment I wanted her more than anything in the world. There is no use in denying it, no shame, really, now that I think in cold blood, in admitting it. I admit hunger and thirst—and this.



I was afraid. It was a meaningless fear, but I was determined to dominate it.—Page 397.

And then one night something happened that weakened my confidence in my own strength. It seems absurd as I remember it now, in the light of many things, but for some strange reason I had supposed that apart from this very subtle relation which existed between Gwen and me she gave no thought to any man but her husband. I discovered that I had been crassly mistaken. It was at a dance; one of those preposterously lavish affairs with much display of champagne, and

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most of the men had drunk a good deal. I like to think that I had, because it offers to me a little extenuation of my clownish behavior. I had been precipitated into a red rage by two or three scenes which I had come upon unexpectedly (or perhaps purposely) in which Gwen was involved. It was all rather absurd in view of the multitude of people there and the nauseating promiscuity. At any rate, I became roused to such a pitch of jealousy that, finding her at last alone, I seized her by the hand and drew her into one of those places and made, I suppose, some of the most inane remarks she has ever listened to. And then at the end of one of her beautiful laughs, overcome by a torment of passion and jealousy, I kissed her, and for a time continued to kiss her. . . .

I was so upset afterward by this thing that the following week I arranged six months' vacation for myself and went to Europe. There I forgot her completely. My feeling for Gwendolen Meade was not a profound one. . . .

## II

When I came back accumulated work kept me busy long hours and precluded anything social. I went to see Guy once, for by this time (partly from my repentant feeling toward him) I had intrusted to his handling almost the whole of my small capital. I found that in the short time of my absence he had done extraordinarily well with it, making for me some very profitable investments. He was so elated over his success and so boyishly glad of the opportunity to spring this surprise on me that my old affection for him returned tenfold. He at once asked me to dinner; told me to come that very night and have a real old-fashioned talk with him and Gwen. . . .

And then suddenly his face tightened. It was only for a second; the briefest shadow. Immediately he was laughing again.

While I dressed for dinner that night I thought over my past feeling for Gwen and the absurdities that had followed in its wake. I knew that nothing of it remained; the reality of it was gone from me as utterly as the sense of some intense dream when, waking after a quiet sleep between, one laughs at the odd memory.

And in that spirit, very buoyant and free, I went. They had moved (as I knew they eventually would) to a more fashionable part of town. The new apartment-house was luxurious in its entrance with a great giant of a door-man in purple and gold.

I wish I could articulate what I felt as the maid let me into their apartment.

The air was taut, as if held at the corners by electric impulses. The muffled stillness there was like the brooding of a storm. I sank down on the sofa and was drawn into the cushions by a veritable suction that was suffocating and frightening. I sat forward immediately on the edge and tapped my feet on the rugs, hoping to make a sound.

I looked about the room and tried to make it appear commonplace—filled with familiar things that I had seen and knew the touch of. It was an immensely long room, and there was something I did not like about the far end.

My feeling was quite unreasonable. I said so to myself several times. There was no reason really for me to jump as I did when I thought I saw a shadow, darker than the rest, very low against the wall move along the far end. That, you may say, was the complex. After I had jumped and settled back again, and blushed and smiled at myself for jumping at nothing, I saw that the shadow was real.

Long, lithe legs and soundless feet. It was the Persian variety, I believe, with a great low-hanging tail. It moved along the end of the room, keeping close to the wall and putting its feet down with that curious slow muscular power, using every muscle in its sinuous body. It moved along the end and round the corner and came down toward me; down the wall opposite me, always just touching the wall. I knew it was coming to me. They always do.

There was something horrible about its slowness and its inevitability. It never looked at me once, but looked always straight ahead, deliberate in its purpose. My eyes followed it against my will. Straight to the opposite corner it came, never leaving the wall, following the wall's

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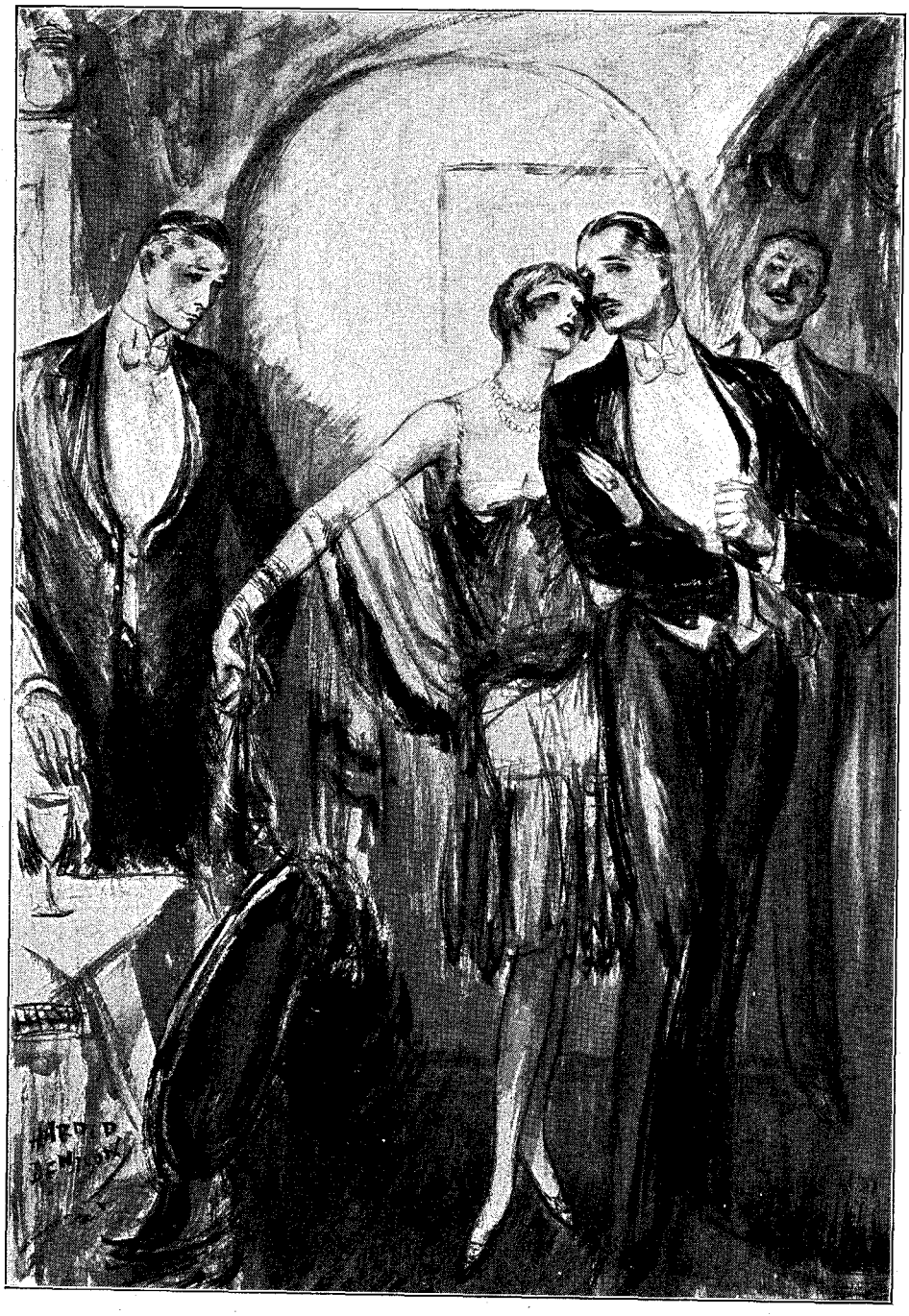

"No, Davie, darling; only men," said Gwen. "Lots of men. I love lots of men. I lo-ove them."—Page 398.

right angle at my end of the room, and even then following the wall till it was abreast of my sofa. Then it turned, rhythmically, and leaped the broad distance from the wall to the arm of the sofa.

I was afraid. It was a meaningless fear, but I shall not go into all that again.



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I was determined to dominate it and the cat too. I looked straight into the green eyes, and some appalling quality must, of a sudden, have come into mine, for the cat, in the instant that I knew my domination, jumped from the sofa and was gone between the portières.

Then I heard Gwen's voice outside and her lovely arms parted the curtains. She stood between them, relaxed, her supple body in perfect repose.

"What did you do to Jacinth?" she said.

"Jacinth?"

She laughed. "You frightened her."

"Oh, the cat. I looked at her. I don't like them."

"It must have been a wicked look. I never saw Jacinth frightened before. Why, Davie, you're pale! You're not ill?"

She came forward and took both my hands. They were very damp in the palms.

"Why, Davie, did the cat? . . ."

"I don't like them," I said.

But Gwen had forgotten. She had left me and buried her face in a great mass of red roses. She turned her head, looking at me sideways from the roses.

She came back very limp and gentle. She put her hands on my shoulders and looked at me sadly a moment, with her face like a child's, then something altogether different came into her eyes, as if some new delight of the senses had suddenly thrilled her. She slid her hands down my arms to my hands, closed her hands over mine, and drew me very near her, so that all the fragrance of her came up to me and dizzied me. A moment we stood thus, and I know that the thing that was in her eyes was reflected in mine.

She broke away and moved rapidly about the room, touching things, as was her habit. She went down into the far, dark end and lighted a lamp in the corner, and then moved along the wainscot, touching it with her hand. She moved across to the other corner and then turned, keeping her hand on the wall. Then she walked slowly down toward me, with the tips of her fingers against the wall.

I think I cried out. I was very nervous that night. Her restlessness worried me.

"Come and sit down," I said.

The curtains parted and Guy came in.

He was effusive. He laughed and talked in his old way, asking a lot of questions and speaking of my being gone a long time. It was too long, he said. He hated to have his friends drift away from him.

"You needn't worry," I said.

"Well, I don't know; people go abroad, you know, and they forget. How about the cocktails, Gwen? Do you like our new place, Dave? There seem to be a lot of things, don't there? Gwen likes things. I sort of think I could live in a barn or anywhere. I never notice things like these," he swept a big hand in front of him, "all these things. Didn't you order cocktails, Gwen? Oh, that's so, Ted hasn't come. We've got another guest, Dave; Ted Morris. He's a friend of Gwen's."

Gwen broke in:

"Guy puts off the people he doesn't like on me."

The bell rang loudly and I jumped. Guy, of course, did not see my jump, but Gwen did. She was standing by the vase of flowers, twisting her fingers nervously and looking down at them. When the bell rang she looked up quickly and, seeing me jump, smiled a little, looking down again. It was a tantalizing look.

Ted Morris, a big, curly-headed boy, rushed into the room, and went immediately to Gwen, taking both her hands. He did not see the rest of us. Then suddenly he did see us and blushed. He had much the look Guy had had when he and Gwen were first engaged. Yet he had a softer look than Guy, more pleasure-loving. One sees his type in quantity after a football game, innocently drunk. He had all the athletic qualifications except, perhaps, moral endurance or courage, or whatever it is that makes a boy give up tobacco and eating between meals in the training season.

We had a great many cocktails. Guy drank his very rapidly and his hand shook so that he spilled them. Then the maid announced dinner.

I said, being in that state that I wanted to prove I could still speak:

"Isn't there some one else?"

"No, Davie, darling; only men," said

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"I hate all this. I'd like to be out there on the river."—Page 403.

Gwen. "Lots of men. I love lots of men. I lo-ove them." She took Morris's hand and mine and we went to dinner. Gwen, of course, sat between us and Guy opposite her, seeming an immense distance away.

I had trouble with my diphthongs in the first courses and talked very little, and



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Morris said absolutely nothing, keeping his eyes constantly on Gwen. Gwen talked and laughed constantly. I know Guy was drinking Scotch. I remember that it was passed about and Morris and I refused it, and I heard in that distinct, detached way one hears things, the tinkle of the ice and the splash of the liquid in a glass. I tried to judge by the sound how much he was taking, for I was a little worried about Guy.

The dinner passed thus; elaborate things were put before me and taken away. Then all the chairs moved, and without any interval I was sitting on a sofa with Guy. The room, I thought, was empty but for us, but later I saw shadows move and heard little occasional sounds in the far end.

Guy said: "It isn't right; I know it isn't right."

I turned toward him with the sense that he was saying something of immense importance.

"I know," I said.

"You know? Oh, my God, you know?"

I looked down and moved my finger along the braid of my trouser. I felt several detached thoughts at once. I felt that I had said something wrong and that the braid on my trouser was double, and so I must have worn my other trousers. These things assumed parallel importance in my mind. I said:

"Oh, no, I was thinking of something else."

"But it is," he said.

"Don't say that, Guy."

"Oh, God, I'm drunk, Dave. I say things when I'm drunk. You know, Dave, I'm under the infl'ence of liquor. But even under infl'ence——"

I put my hand on his arm to quiet him. He was speaking too loud. His voice sank instantly to a large breathing whisper:

"Even under the influence of liquor I say this, Dave. She's the sweetest—she's the most wonderful— Dave, I can't let her go on this way. Dave, I'm speaking absolutely impartially. Dave, I mean for her sake. You know what it means, Dave. You know where—what— Dave, you know how these things end up."

I shall not repeat the flood of broken things that Guy poured out to me in those hours. Or in the time in his bedroom when I helped get him into bed. Women say it is good to cry. It is not good for a man.

I came back after he was asleep. I suppose I have never felt such bitterness against any one as I felt for the woman who had done this thing to my friend. Yet when I came in and found Gwen alone and we stood a little while by the roses, I said nothing of it to her. I think we talked, too, a little. I think my voice had not changed toward her. My look. . . . There are forces in us more powerful than decency and loyalty.

Something brushed my legs as I went out, and the elevator man looked at me very hard a moment and said that it was a warm night for March.

## III

One day, a month later, Guy came into my office and wanted to see me alone. I knew all about it as soon as I saw him, for Guy betrayed everything in his face, but I made things very confidential, shutting several doors, and let him talk. He had been drunk that night and a damn fool, of course; nervous and unstrung; Gwen was the most loyal wife in the world; he had taken these little things too seriously. A woman, he explained to me, must not be too tied down or watched; and jealousy was the cause of more breaking up of homes than anything else; and, after all, if one took a humorous attitude toward this kind of thing it was far more sensible and wholesome. Poor Guy, he was so serious about this humor! Anyway, it was all over now and he for one had forgotten it and hoped I would.

And now, as a matter of fact, he was on the crest of the wave and he had given up drinking and all that. There was no doubt of the truth of his words. His face had got back at least half of his old boyishness and its lines were going back pleasantly into dimples.

So there was that passed, as I thought, and I began to believe I had taken it all very seriously myself. With me, to be sure, there was one additional complicating element.

I saw little of them then for a time; my

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own architectural work multiplied to the exclusion of gaieties. In the spring they went abroad; a move which I applauded, believing that they would renew the associations of their honeymoon and perhaps regain some of its glamour.

## IV

In the interval of the Wades' absence my work settled somewhat into a routine and gave me opportunity for extraneous enjoyment. I drifted that summer into one of those sections of Bohemia which the independent grouping of New York permits and made many new and some interesting friends.

One was a young Russian painter, a refugee from the new standardization of his country; an amazing good painter, very fresh and plastic of mind; delighting in new observations and sensations, loving New York, and, as he said, America (though New York bounded the whole of his experience of it), with great exuberance and youthfulness.

"There is so much moving energy," he would say in his careful English. "Action, largeness, the big canvas, everything spread out on it, no suppression. It is so exciting to express in that way. You are so free! You do not limit each other! You follow no standards, no conventions. In art, you know, you paint yourselves; you ignore the traditions. America is a great new playground of the arts!"

The boy's name—he wrote it for me in English characters which rarely betray the pronunciation—was Piotr Pavlovitch Sakaroff, but he wished to be called Peter, which was a relief to his American friends. The name seemed to suit him. He was emotionally simple with great intellectual complexity, the two quite divorced. He had that very attractive quality of surprise at little things and at the recognition of truth.

He made a great fetich of freedom. He spoke of marriage as a "chaining down," and wondered at the way American men allowed their wives to possess and absorb them.

"In Russia it is not so," he would say. "One loves—it is an incident. Love is not a consuming emotional to destroy us. Nor is it again a thing set apart on a stage with tricky lights playing upon it for us to awe at. It is a passing incident of life like—well, like breakfast! My God, it is not like painting, a thing to devote one's life to!"

I became much amused and absorbed by Peter and his work and the new group in which I had found him, wasting many evenings in talk and music and the various things which my friends did in their odd life of pleasure.

## V

I became so engaged in all this that I did not know of the return of Guy and Gwen. I heard, some time after, from people who had seen them that they had come home as I expected, full of new joy in life, very much in love with each other, and generally refreshed. How long this mood was to persist once they were back in this monstrous, consuming town, I was to discover.

I think, however, that even if I had known I might not have looked them up. I was too much engrossed in other things. I had taken a partner in my architect's office, a young man of great talent and indefatigable energy, who so delighted in my various larger jobs that, bit by bit, he began to take a good deal of work off my hands. I, in the meantime, had achieved a desire to learn to draw, and Peter and I took a studio together, where we worked with models. Peter, with all his fantastic painting, was unwilling to get his hand out in the fundamentals, and he welcomed the idea of forming a life class with me and one or two others. I was far behind them in all my little attempts, but I liked the work and enjoyed their companionship.

After a few months of this work with Peter in the studio I became conscious, one day, that he was gradually entering upon a new phase. It began by a slow but perceptible dying of his exuberance. He grew flat much in the manner of a glass of champagne. This was not altogether unwelcome to me; there is something a little tiring in excess of effervescence. His new temper contained other elements, however. A cloud of worry grew about him. These things are obviously symptoms of a condition not difficult for the most elementary diagnostician.



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Yet with Peter, it took me some little time to excavate the motive. I think it was not till I discovered a single red American beauty rose standing among his brushes that it burst upon me.

"Good God," I thought. "An incident, like breakfast."

Of course all this is unworthy of ironic comment, whatever the temptation, or, in fact, comment of any kind, but that it suddenly began to touch me more personally. I came into the studio earlier than usual one morning, about eleven o'clock; and the door had not closed behind me before I was conscious of something unusual.

After all, it was obvious. There was disorder for one thing; the kind of disorder which is emotionally motivated. Of course, glasses and bottles hardly belong in this category, except that there is here the specific fact of Peter's abstemiousness. If I say there was something less physical than these things I still do not strain credulity. Certain emotion leaves a color, or taste, or whatever may be, in the atmosphere. A quality of strain perhaps.

Peter was lying, face down, on the couch. He was profoundly and loudly asleep; drunk, as I later discovered. All these things were nothing. One does not live in the world long without coming upon such tableaux. I should not have been struck by the incident in itself.

But incident to the incident (or perhaps its essential quality) there was something else. I am intensely sensitive to aromatic suggestion; I can isolate a fragrance in any ruck of odors. I knew at once, and with instant back-harking of my mind, the deepened scent of red roses. (Is there color in scent? There are vibrations of light and sound—no, this is ludicrous.)

In the corner with a cloth hung over it was a large new canvas. I uncovered it. It was the preliminary charcoal drawing in of a portrait. The face had not been sketched. It was blank and, even to my eye, accustomed to such things, a little ghastly. I quickly covered it. Not, however, before I had taken in the figure. The suggestion of its drapery was unmistakable, very subtly transferred to the canvas. A seated figure; there was the rough outline of the chair, our model's chair, a high-backed, narrow affair. And on the floor, curling about one of the chair's legs, was something else, long and sinuous—a few curved lines. The whole thing screamed at me.

## VI

After a number of weeks in which I cannot now isolate any definite remembrance I happened upon Guy. He was in a very happy humor. He began our conversation by inviting me to a large party. He was immensely excited over it. It was to be the "good old" kind; the kind they had had in Europe; he wanted me to see what fun they could really have.

"And Gwen has some special inducements for you. Regular Bohemian stuff." I winced under this, but smiled as one does with Guy in his youthful excitements. "There's going to be a Russian violinist and a Russian singer and a Russian—oh, all kinds of Russians. I can't say their names without sneezing. You know the kind of stuff!"

Not Guy's kind, surely. Yet here he was as exuberant over it as he used to be at a football game. Concluding his invitation, he told me they had moved again, this time to the edge of the river. The fashion to move east had begun. People were "reclaiming" districts formerly occupied by the poor.

I welcomed this change of the Wades' habitat. I have always liked the East River, with its busy shipping and deep, melodious noises. On the night of the party I sought out the pleasant little cul-de-sac of Wickham Place, an ultra-respectable corner bounded by slums.

The bass whistles spoke, comforting, from the river, where large, living ships moved orderly about their business. One feels, as nowhere else, a sense of order and dignity, of peace and quiet movement about a river. I liked the voices of the whistles and the slow-moving lights.

In this mood I entered the Wades' new house, and almost instantly lost it. Had some strong conflicting emotions battered blind and deaf against each other in the hours before my entrance?

The house was pleasant enough indeed. It was a charming house, done over in rather severe Colonial; gilt, eagle-topped mirrors and a flying staircase with white banisters and a mahogany rail. Very

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quiet, beautiful, and, of course, vastly expensive.

Upstairs the Colonial was filled in with the old luxurious furniture. The air of the drawing-room was softer and there was deep, almost cloying, rose scent in it.

I was the first of the guests. I did not sit down, but walked about, preferring the bare floor to the rugs; making sounds with my feet. In the midst of my random motion Gwen came.

I have never seen her so lovely. She was all in gray with one deep red rose in her breast. She laughed, by way of greeting, her trembling, low laugh that always sounded as if, at the end, she lost control of it a little. She took my hands in her old way and drew me very near her and looked into my eyes. Her face was infinitely sad; there was a little quiver in her lips.

She said:

"I am in trouble. Guy . . . I love some one. . . . You must help me."

I looked at her a moment with every promise trembling at my lips, and then something rose in me suddenly divorced from all these things. In the instant I freed my hands and turned away from her.

"I can't," I said.

And then, when my back was turned, I heard a sound. It was not quite a human sound. My heart stopped for the space of two beats and went on again while the sweat pricked out all over me. I think my old absurd fear came on me. But there was nothing in the room but Gwen and me. Not a shadow.

When I turned again I looked into a face utterly distorted. All the youth and beauty were gone; the lovely features transformed into a ghastly caricature, old, haggard, evil—and something more. I knew then that nothing else had been in the room. I cried out with the horror of it.

My cry loosed her lips. They hardly moved, but there came out a flood of abuse in language such as I have never heard in a woman's speech; rarely, I think, in a man's. In the midst of it the door opened. She stopped instantly and her whole face relaxed, changed in a second to its utmost beauty. It was as if I had lapsed into a hideous nightmare and waked again with almost no movement of time.

For Gwen now was lovelier than all my impassioned dream of her. She gave me a radiant smile and turned to greet the new guests.

## VII

They began thronging in then, a queer lot. Artists, musical persons with heads of hair, women with hair cut like boys', men with paste-white faces and faded air. There was a variety of scents and a babble of incoherent words in many accents.

Guy came, looking worn and old. Cocktails, strong flavored with absinthe, circulated about, and a fog gradually settled upon the room. Doors were thrown open and I saw dim tables, set with exotic and elaborate foods, garnished with scarlet flowers and lighted with great candelabra full of high altar candles.

It was an incoherent meal. The people spread about all over the house in couples mostly: on the stairs, in the library on the next floor, sitting on sofas or on great skin rugs on the floor. I passed Guy once in an alcove with some little fair-haired creature, very young and high-pitched from the absinthe, tragically going through those pawing motions known to the young as petting.

So dim and incoherent and crowded and promiscuous it all was that we were through our meal before Peter Sakaroff and I saw each other. We met by a window that gave on the back yard and the river. We talked, ceremoniously, for a moment, then in half-finished sentences I said:

"I hate all this. I'd like to be out there on the river."

"Oh, hell," he said. I didn't like the way he said it. There was something harsh and unfamiliar in his tone. "I love it," he went on. "It's life. I'm drinking it."

He drained his glass of punch, as if in proof of his statement.

"Where's Gwen?"

"Over there with that cat, Jacinth, on her lap."

He looked at me a moment oddly, and then laughed. His laugh was more sympathetic. We watched Gwen a moment, stroking the cat's gray fur, which was exactly the color of her dress. While we were watching, a sound came from the yard through the open window behind us. It was a low, guttural, throaty scream.

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"You poor boy," said Peter, laughing again. "You can't get away from them." He looked out the window, searching in the dark for the animal, and I looked back at Gwen. I saw Jacinth break away suddenly and slink out the door.

Peter went over then to where Gwen sat, and soon after, the entertainment began. I went home early without saying good-night. My apartment was hot and sticky; the air was suffocating, for my windows gave on the north and a damp south wind was sobbing over the tops of the buildings. It was a horrid night. I lay tossing about on my bed, thinking grotesque thoughts.

At six the telephone, breaking sharply on my first real sleep, shook me out of bed. I heard a voice talking thickly for a time; it seemed one of the voices of my dream; I made a sort of syncopated rhythm out of it. Finally I said:

"Are you down-stairs or up?" two or three times, and then woke fully.

"Good God! Can't you hear?" the voice spoke stridently now, the dim thickness gone out of it. "I say she's gone, gone, gone, gone, gone! Can't you come?"

It stopped abruptly with a click.

When I got back to Guy's house the day was full and bright, making all the corners definite. I found him walking up and down his bedroom. He was an unpleasant sight. He was dressed completely above the waist; below there were only the bottoms of his pajamas. The room was stifling with the smell of cigarette butts and absinthe.

From his incoherent talk I found that Gwen had gone away in a taxicab "with that louse of a Russian painter."

"Do you know what that means for her?" he screamed at me. "It means she will go down, down, down. . . ." I stopped him. I was thinking of what it meant for Peter. Poor, innocent Guy, with his dramatic "down, down, down," a thought that had filtered into his clean, hard mind through the medium of screen fiction. Then he drew me near him, and whispered in my ear:

"I think she left Jacinth."

I could not feel the immediate importance of this, and looked close into his eyes. I know something of these things.

"I heard Jacinth in the yard after she had gone. I know her voice. It is like —like——"

I put my hand over his mouth, and looked out the window. The yard was empty.

## VIII

I HAD a bad time with Guy. It lasted about six months. I took him to my apartment and later we had a trip through the Canadian Rockies. I think he is quite right again; there is, of course, something lost. But there are few of us who continue indefinitely in our boyhood.

That is all. Not a unique tale. No; I believe there is one other thing. It has nothing to do with Gwen or Guy or, in fact, with anything except, perhaps, with the way I began to tell about it.

I had the job of fixing Guy's affairs, which in his illness had somewhat disordered themselves. Part of it was selling the house. I went over one hazy day with the agent and a prospective buyer. The river was lovely in the sunlight and I congratulated myself on such a day to exhibit it. As a matter of fact, I nearly ruined the whole thing.

We were passing an areaway on Wickham Place, a few doors from the house, when suddenly I became unaccountably ill. It was one of those things which have a perfectly definite psychic cause, but a cause which one is not immediately conscious of. The street and all its familiar definite objects began to go gray before me. I stopped and toppled against a stoop post, reaching out for it with my hands to keep myself from falling. As I stood there something slunk out up the area steps and scuttled across the street, just brushing my legs as it went. It was a horrid gray, dishevelled thing, scrawny, ribbed, and with a long drooping tail. It ran across the street and turned; sat on its haunches a moment, and delivered itself of a sound such as I never heard again. It was at least half human; the wail of a soul lost beyond groping; the cry of a despairing spirit that has, in an agonized instant, caught a glimpse of some remote happiness.

I was unpleasantly sick.

I do not like cats. I do not like them, but they make a deep-printed impression on me, and I have an uncanny flair for recognizing individuals among them.

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Mammy, in her excitement, kept on crying out that the buggy would fall to pieces beneath us.—Page 408.

# Exit Mammy

BY MALCOLM VAUGHAN

Illustrations by Kerr Eby

"MAMMY was talking:

"An' what's more, de times is changed. Ain't dat so? Now you jes' think o' sickness. Dat's changed, ain't it? In de ole days, when you got so sick dey was a-goin' t'operate, dat was somepin', wasn't it? Yass, suh, dat was somepin', a operation was. Hit was somepin' big. But nowadays de doctors don't feel dey is give you treatment 'less dey operates. Ain't dat so?"

Her manner expressed a vigilant suspicion of the new securities. Long since, with the decline of an established order, a touch of melancholy had come into her voice. All that she stood for had passed. She had lived to witness her own particular office made obsolete. One of the few mammies still alive to hold the memory of their tradition, she might have been singing the swan-song of her kind.

"Hit ain't only change in sickness, neither," she went on. "Mos' everything is changed. Now dis new crowd what's done come up: hit looks lak to me dey is more ornery dan de ole ones was. Ain't no doubt about it, dey is jes' plain ornery. Ain't dat so?

"An' as for mammies, dey is more'n gone by. An' dat's a fact. Look at dese hyere whippersnappers what is nursin' de white chilluns nowadays. Flibbertigibbets—dat's what dey is! Dey don't know no more 'bout handlin' babies dan I knows 'bout airyplanes. But de white folks puts up wid it. Ain't dat so? Dey puts up wid it. I tells you, hit's de times is changed. An' what kin you expect when de next generation gits growed up widout one mammy to raise de lot? Humph!"

The dear, loyal, trustworthy negro nurses have reached the end of their era. Among the changes in the social, industrial, and economic life of the South, mammies have become fewer and fewer. Shortly they will be extinct.

Not generally known, a principal cause of this situation is in the changed attitude of younger negro women. Mammies are to them an old-fashioned institution. Another cause is in the large migration of negroes from the South. Beginning about 1900, increasing numbers of negroes started northward. Since the World War,



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they have by tens of thousands crossed Mason and Dixon's line.

Little girls in lawn dresses, little boys in galatea breeches, are to-day rarely found in the care of gentle, devoted mammies. Instead, their nurses are young negro maids, too many of whom have turned their faith from heart-knowledge to book-learning. Indeed, in some of the larger cities of the South, white nurses are already to be seen.

Generally speaking, mammies were over thirty-five or forty years of age; plump, cheerful, motherly negro women, with a penchant for bright clothes and for as much jewelry as could be displayed upon their ample bosoms. The famous red bandanna worn as a head-dress was growing infrequent even twenty years ago.

Among the memories of my Southern childhood, one of the earliest recollections which comes back to me is of being rocked asleep by my own mammy. In a soft, drowsy voice, she was singing a long ballad of which I can recall only this opening line in the chorus:

"What are dat blood doin' on your shirt? Now, son, come tell it to me. . . ."

How could I feel sleepy with such a song in my ears? I was eager to hear more about the tell-tale shirt. Drowsier and drowsier mammy's voice became; the rocking-chair creaked monotonously; but I grew wider awake. Peeping down at me from the corner of her eye, mammy saw my eyes open.

"How come you don't drap off to sleep dis night? Is you done eat somepin' what don't lie light on you, honey? Yo' mammy's jes' rocked an' rocked till dis ole chair is loosed in de joints. Well, shet yo' li'l eyes, now, an' mammy's a-goin' to sing some more, even if I is mos' out o' breath."

She began again in a drowsy voice the opening line of the chorus:

"What are dat blood doin' on your shirt? Now, son, come tell it to me. . . ."

After a further stanza or two she peeped at my eyes again.

"You ain't a-drappin' off yet? How kin you be so contrairy when yo' mammy is plumb wore out? Lawd, You knows I's sung white chilluns to bed in droves, an' dat's a fact, but I's got to ask Your help on dis one, dis night.

"Honey, git yo' foot off'n yo' mammy's shoulder. Dat's a good li'l boy. Let yo' mammy show you how to put both yo' feets under my arm, like dis. Dat's de way. Now you kin snooze yourse'f wid ease. Jes' snooze an' doze content-like, 'cause yo' mammy's a-goin' to rock and sing till dis ole chair do scatter to pieces, jib an' joint."

Once more she began:

"What are dat blood doin' on your shirt? Now, son, come tell it to me. . . ."

I suppose I must have shortly fallen asleep; certainly I can't remember having heard the stanza which explained how the man got his shirt so gory. Nor can I recall that mammy ever sang this ballad again. Perhaps she herself reached the conclusion that it was ill suited for a slumber-song.

Throughout the Southern States that very night thousands of negro women were doubtless being just as sweet-tempered with children scarcely less wakeful. A mammy's nature was much like a child's; that was why she was so good a nurse for children. To their small sins and virtues, griefs and pleasures, she could bring full sympathy. For in her heart was a kindred feeling. She was more than merely a nurse. She was a friend, a companion, and tender guardian. Best of all, the children felt, she was their permanent personal minstrel.

Every evening she sang them to sleep, usually crooning the beautiful and plaintive negro hymns called spirituals: "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or "De Old Ark's A-Moverin', A-Moverin' Along," or "Blow, Gabriel, Blow!" Ofttimes there were stanzas which, if remembered, would to-day be treasure-trove for the scholars who are eagerly collecting extant negro folk legendry; such quaintly whimsical verses as these:

"When I git to heaven, goin' set right down,
Goin' t' ask my God for starry crown;
Jes' wait till I gits my gospel shoes,
Goin' t' walk 'round heaven an' shout good news."

During the days also, mammy turned to music. She sang or hummed whenever there was a lull in her duties. Sometimes she danced, cutting a neat caper for the fascinated and applauding children. Of course she couldn't dance without sing-

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ing. On these occasions her songs were not religious but secular. Sprightly tunes they were, with such allusions to the deliciousness of sweet potatoes as made a child's mouth water. Or picturing the Jerusalem crowded with angels who, in magnificent clothes, liberally bejewelled, eternally outvied one another in splendor.

My own mammy never tired of describing for me her idea of what the New Jeru-

"What are dat blood doin' on your shirt? Now, son, come tell it to me."—Page 406.

jollities offered by festive travel aboard an excursion train. There were even blood-curdling ballads cautioning her listeners against mules—those Bohemian horses whose kick is epic.

Not the least part of her minstrelsy lay in her genius for story-telling. Tale after tale mammy used to tell; there was no end to her lore. She could enliven many an hour by lifting out of Scripture some ancient narrative and remoulding it into her own picturesque idiom. She could tell most of the Bible: from Eve, vividly and literally created out of Adam's rib, on to David, playing rapturously upon a harp until "his breas' mos' bu'st wid joy an' tremblin'"; and only ending at a New salem would be like. I did not dream of questioning her inspiration. With rapt awe, I listened as if she were the mouthpiece of more than mortal knowledge. According to her vision of paradise, there was, just behind the pearly gates, a tall fence inlaid with glittering gems. This fence separated the negroes from the whites, who, said mammy, would never mingle company again:

"'Cause a parcel o' Yankees is a-goin' to git past Mister Saint Peter jes' as sure as you're born; an' even if dey did free de niggers, you know dere ain't no Yankees would put up for long wid de way us niggers do smell. Fu'thermore, de Southerners would mos' likely be pleased to git rid

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o' dat smell deyse'fs. De niggers an' de whites is a-goin' to be so happy anyhow, dat dey ain't a-goin' to miss each other none. Though dat do seem strange, don't it?

"I ain't a-goin' to miss you, what I nursed from a little scrap jes' outen yo' ma's arms, an' you ain't a-goin' to miss me, even if you asked Gawd to let you. I ain't a-goin' to miss yo' ma, an' yo' ma ain't a-goin' to miss me. An' I ain't a-goin' to miss yo' pa, what is done kept me outen de poorhouse all dese years—now dat do seem powerful strange, don't it?

"But Lawd-ee! Chile, yo' mammy ain't got no more'n de fu'st smatterin' o' brains against Gawd Almighty when hit comes to figgerin'. Gawd is done got everything figgered out somehow in His haid already. An' I reckon He'll let on to yo' pa how yo' mammy ain't turned into one o' dese low-down, good-for-nothin', ongrateful niggers, jes' 'cause she hath been clothed in shinin' white an' given starry diadems to wear upon the haid.

"Ain't dat grand, honey? Can't you see yo' mammy a-flittin' down dem golden streets in dem grand clothes? Whe-e-ew! If I don't jes' plumb bu'st wid joy an' glory when Mister Saint Peter swing open de big gates! Chile! You can bet yo' mammy's a-goin' to make dem other nigger angels set up an' take notice 'fore I been in paradise a week."

The description used to take an hour to tell; she could have gone on endlessly but that my absorption in the tale would after a while begin to wane. With an abstracted sigh she would get up from her chair and accompany me to the yard or the garden or wherever it was that I wanted to go for fresh entertainment.

The time I couldn't walk for a month, having stuck a nail in my foot and caught blood-poisoning, mammy told me wonderful story after story, from morning till night and day after day, for weeks. Barefoot, because it was summer, I had jumped off the back piazza and landed on a board with an upturned rusty nail in it. The nail went through the entire foot. Mammy must have jumped off the piazza in the next instant herself, for she had snatched me up into her arms before my first, frantic yell was finished. In another second my mother came running out of the house, calling to know what was the matter. Mammy was already rushing up the steps with me. Mother took hold of the board with both her hands—it was about the size of a small barrel-stave—and while mammy held my leg tight, mother, with one great jerk, yanked the nail out.

It was a Sunday morning. The plantation was practically deserted. What with both carriages, their coachmen, and every member of the family miles away at church, mammy was sent hustling to the stable to hitch up an old horse to a rickety two-seated buggy, the only vehicle left on the place. Mammy drove; mother held me in her lap, propping up the injured foot in the air, and applying lotions from time to time. The rickety old buggy creaked and wabbled. Mammy, in her excitement, kept on crying out that the buggy would fall to pieces beneath us. Mother, scarcely less excited, answered that she didn't care if it did; and threatened to take the reins herself if mammy didn't make the horse go faster.

Fully a month went by before I could walk again. As it was summer, and extremely hot, a mattress was taken out-of-doors every morning and placed in cool, shady spots under the trees near the garden. Day after day mammy told me stories, one after another. When I would begin to fret, which, I suppose, was often enough, mammy would shout to the man who was busy in the garden:

"Nigger! Drap yo' hoe an' pick dis chile a bunch o' flowers. You ain't a-choppin' no weeds, nohow; scratchin' round wid a hoe an' makin' out lak you knowed what hard work was."

The man would stop his gardening and gather me a fresh bouquet of blossoms—a bunch of roses, or gardenias, hydrangeas, or pink crape myrtles. During this month of convalescence the weather was so hot, even beneath the trees, that the sweet odors from the blossoms surrounding me clung close to the ground, scenting the air. When mammy would pause in her talk, I could hear in the garden the booming of a thousand bees, and, from time to time, the click of the gardener's hoe as it rasped against pebbles. Overhead, jay-

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birds screeched among the trees, and sparrows chattered without stop. Now and then a scarlet tanager flashed past. Back and forth, to and from the garden, butterflies flew in procession, some vividly splotched, others entirely yellow, or white, and some with huge blue wings that shone like lacquer.

The gardener came rushing and shouting from the garden as if the devil were upon him.

One afternoon, when mammy was in the midst of a fantastic narrative about the Day of Judgment, the gardener came rushing and shouting from the garden as if the devil were upon him. As we found out later, the reason for all this commotion was that his hoe had upturned an adder.

With one swoop mammy grabbed me up, and was well indoors almost as soon as the gardener. Often thereafter she related the incident:

"I was a-tellin' de baby a handsome tale 'bout de end o' dis hyere world. De corpses was a-risin' in de cemetery thick as corn, whites an' blacks; an' de wailin' was a-startin' an' de teeth was a-gnashin'. I was jes' allowin' to de baby how hit seemed to he mammy lak ole mens an' womens was a-lookin' on for de fu'st time at dey great-great-grandchilluns an' was a-wailin' at de poor showin' dey made; an' was a-grittin' dey teeth on ascertainin' what a miser'ble lot dey own offspring had done turned out.

"'Bout dat time dat hoe-scratchin' nigger what ain't no 'count nohow, well, he come a-bu'stin' through de gyarden an' he ain't stopped to rescue de baby, neither; he jes' was a-runnin' an' a-shoutin' out: 'O-o-oh Lawd! O-o-oh Lawd!' I thought dat nigger was a-racin' to git indoors 'fore Jedgement Day jes' knocked him flat; so I snatch up de baby an' run in quick myse'f, 'cause I says to myse'f, de baby ought to be next to he pa an' ma when dem resurrectionists come a-floatin' by de house.

"An' when I hyeared hit wa'nt no more'n a adder snake, I was so mad I could a-gone an' cotched dat adder snake wid my own bare hands an' wrapped hit round dat wu'thless, hoe-scratchin' nigger's neck."

To be sure, neither my own nor anybody else's mammy spent all her hours in

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story-telling. Every mammy had too many other tasks for that. Her duties were numberless. There were smudgy little faces to be washed; there were little hands to be kept busy (mammy devoutly cherished the belief that Satan works mischief through idle hands); often there were tears to be dried; and, for that matter, sometimes need arose for reminder that sulky moods were unbecoming to little ladies and gentlemen.

"Chirk up dar, li'l Jim! Fling out yo' chest! Is you ever seen yo' pa a-slouchin' 'round lak dat?

"An' you, Missy Lucy, snatch dat frown off'n yo' pretty face! How you expect yo' ma done got to her age wid her magnolia complexion if she ain't a-snatched de frowns off'n her face every time she cotched one dar?"

Poets tell us that children are more spiritual than elder folk. Perhaps mammy believed it. At any rate, she seemed to think they would be interested in her ideas of metaphysics. Certainly such ideas got considerable exposition; mammy was forever setting forth an array of precepts expressing immaterial laws. A strange coincidence she pointed out as a miracle; a bit of good luck she termed the fine fruit of faith. On the other hand, the most casual mishap she could prove to be a warning to fear God and shun the devil.

Indeed she was prone to indulge graphic speculations about the devil and his diabolic realm. Against these shuddering recitals her mistress had to counsel her. Otherwise the children might come to maturity with only a mediæval religion. Similarly, she must be advised against gruesome descriptions. Else she would have too much regaled her impressionable wards with realistic horrors and terrors. Nevertheless, she managed to get in many accounts as spectacular as graveyards turned at midnight into ghastly carnival.

Though mammy was superstitious and frequently untutored, she had many sound standards. By daily example of her own character, she bespoke the seasonableness of loyalty, good nature, and adaptability. By reason of her quick, compassionate heart and her ideal sense of fun, she almost automatically inculcated a feeling for proportion toward the affairs of any day. She could teach the manners of good breeding with force and pertinency. Questionable taste in conversation she would rebuke:

"Chile, you is talkin' jes' lak poor white trash."

At other times conduct met her hearty approval:

"*Now* you is acting lak quality."

With unfailing intuition she divined the growing pains of mind and spirit which older folk too much ignore. There never lacked comfort for the awakening child, the troubled youth fretting toward maturity. In such hours her sympathy found wistful utterance:

"What you feels is de future, honey, yo' own future, a-pressin' on you an' a-callin' to you."

Mammy's position of responsibility in the household was no small matter. She held her station in such esteem that she demanded from the other servants (and saw to it that she received!) full honor and glory. No butler, no coachman, no cook, no boudoir maid did she allow to rank with her. Often some of them were her own relatives; but she could make them tremble before her high and mighty ways.

When visitors came to the house bringing their children, mammy was responsible for these additional charges. She had thus to know, and furthermore she did know, the strengths and failings of surrounding families. She knew that Randolphs—any Randolph—was safely to be let prowl about stables and horses. She knew that little Pinckney girls must be restrained from dashing off to the parlor, there to disturb elder guests with precocious airs and graces prophetic of the "killings" of their prime. Keep FitzGeralds from water—watch all paths to lakes and ponds. Tranhams can be let play with guns, almost in the cradle. Middletons, in whom were generations of baronial huntsmen, will never be bit by dogs. Any Blair will start a fight.

Such experience of character gave her attentive hearing from her employers on any matter she deemed exigent. They listened to her on such occasions with genuine respect. Mammy revelled in these dignities bestowed upon her; she was not loath to collect any tributes rewarding her trustworthiness.

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Since the children were in her care from ten to twelve hours a day, she was committed to a very large trust indeed. She must guide them from mischief. She must guard them from mishap. Every once in a while, when she found herself alone with them in a situation of real danger, she must save them from grave hurt.

I shall never forget the time my own mammy kept several of us from being injured by an angry bull. We had been gathering wild azaleas and were walking homeward across a field when we caught sight of the bull. Mammy cried out for us to drop our flowers and dash for the fence. She ran, too, but with many backward looks. A few seconds later she jerked the crimson bandanna off her head and flung it wide-spread over a low bush. All of us had scrambled over the fence before the bull, madly tossing the big handkerchief, realized that we had escaped him.

There was another occasion when my mammy saved me from harm, this time by fending me with her own body. Odd to relate, this happened at a negro wedding. To-day the reminiscence is crowded with amusement; but there was certainly no fun in the occurrence itself.

One of the house servants was to marry a girl in town; a fashionable church wedding it was to be too. I heard so much talk of it in the kitchen that I begged to attend it with mammy; which plea was finally granted.

On the afternoon of the great day, we started for town in the two-horse surrey. I sat with mammy until we got away from the house, then insisted on changing so that I could sit beside the driver. Behind us rolled three wagons filled with chairs and benches, upon which were the groom's friends from the plantation.

What a peaceable lot they seemed! I remember looking back at them as they rode along the sandy country road, dressed in their gaudy "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes; the men, in true Chesterfieldian manner, holding umbrellas betwixt the Southern sun and the black faces of their ladies, these latter sitting in state. I remember that, unlike their usual wont, there was little noise or joking among them; instead, a calm dignity seemed to pervade these travellers, a dignity calculated to keep their best clothes unrumpled. Shortly before dark we reached the town and drew up before a huge building on one of the side streets. This structure had once been a barn but was now doing duty for the Lord.

In front, and taking the place of a church bell, was suspended the large iron rim of a cart-wheel. Soon one of the deacons began to pound upon this rim with a wagon-spoke. The din was clangorous. It really sounded more as if the devil were summoning his troopers than the Lord gathering His sheep to witness holy wedlock.

Startled, and a bit frightened by the racket, I clung tightly to mammy's hand as we entered the church.

At the very threshold we were greeted by the agreeable odor of toilet-water. The floor was literally wet with perfume. Taken aback, we stopped for a moment to smell.

On looking about, I saw that hay was spread over the rough boards which hid the ground. Shortly, a brass band, pitted in what had evidently been a horse-stall of the old barn, gave us several selections; gay tunes they were in spite of being somewhat subdued by reason of the sacred precincts. The band did not have a full complement of instruments, but additional banjos and trombones served to fill out the orchestral roster. Now no negro can play a trombone without sliding the notes immoderately, and the banjo is built for syncopations; so it was a ragtime Mendelssohn which ushered in the wedding-party that night.

Leaning heavily on the arm of her father, as if she were like to swoon, the bride came down the aisle toward the altar. Black as the ace of spades she was, yet dressed, according to the strict decree of negro etiquette, in virgin white; with a long lace veil hanging to her bosom, and all the jewelry from her part of town clamped about her person. Then in came the groom—white waistcoat and a scarlet tie—to meet his intended. The wedding was apparently going to be a great success.

Holding the open Bible in his right hand, the preacher looked out over his flock, and in an eloquent, highfalutin voice said:

"Whoever hyere kin say why dis gal

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can't git married, up an' speak now or shet yo' mouf till Gabr'l blow de big horn."

For a second there was intense silence. Then from a little gallery above was flung the wild, jealous shout.

"Yes, Gawd! dat gal is got another husband."

Quick as a house afire, the infuriated groom whirled from his insulted beloved, whipped a gun from a pocket somewhere, and fired a round of bullets into the gallery.

Throughout the congregation mingled screams and prayers, and profanity answered him. Never such a flash of steel have I seen in my life. Razors by the score and long-bladed knives clashed, some lifted in defense of the bride, others against her supporters.

Two or three pistols were brought into prominence and fired off promiscuously. The women prostrated themselves on the floor, and attempted to stick their heads beneath the hay, all praying wildly, shouting for succor, and calling down imprecations in the same breath. Suddenly the band, feeling courageous in their secure retreat, began to play—an heroic act, but ineffectual, since no two men, in the confusion, struck upon the same tune. Some one began pounding on the iron cart-wheel in front of the door, though why, I cannot imagine. This noise made the bedlam complete. Weird and primitive as an African jungle was this screeching medley.

The congregation jumped through doors and windows like fleas from a blanket. When the smoke had cleared there were but three people left in the church—myself, mammy, who had stuck by me regardless of danger, and a mulatto man, shot in the leg. The groom had vanished with his polygamous bride; the parson had disappeared as utterly as a black Elijah ascended to heaven in a cloud of fire.

Mammy was like an angry hornet. At the beginning of the fracas she had thrown herself to the floor, and, nearly stifling me, had protected me from harm by crouching closely over me. When quietness reigned once more, she raised her head stealthily, peering about to see if all danger had passed. There was no sound except the groaning of the mulatto man. Mammy jumped up quickly, caught me a-dangle under one arm, and with loud splutterings scurried out to the street.

By this time it was entirely dark. The surrey was nowhere to be seen; so we hastened several blocks to the main street, and at last sighted the coachman. Though he was not a young man, mammy boxed his ears soundly and berated him at the top of her lungs.

"You wu'thless nigger, you! A-drivin' off from dat chu'ch an' a-leavin' dis white baby cramped in de fury of shot an' shell! You ought t' be hoss-whipped, dat's what. An' if dat buggy wa'n't 'cross de street I'd git dat whip an' lash you myse'f, an' dat's a fact."

On the way home mammy continued to fuss loudly. She railed at the episode from every angle. While I was busy pulling wisps of hay from my hair and shoes and clothes, mammy went on speaking out her thoughts.

"An' fu'thermore, dey was plenty o' niggers in dat chu'ch what knowed what was a-goin' t' happen. An' dey seen me a-bringin' dis white baby in to what dey knowed was a-goin' to be a ruction. Shot an' shell, dat's what hit was! An' me wid a white chile on my hands. Some o' dem niggers is a-goin' t' hear from me jes' as sure as I lives to tell 'em.

"Turn round dere, honey, an' let yo' mammy snitch dat hay outen yo' back. An' don't you tell yo' pa nothin', neither; you jes' leave hit to yo' mammy to tell dis occasion to yo' pa. Else he a-goin' to lay yo' mammy out wid dat strong voice o' his'n.

"An' you, you triflin' black coachman, cluck up dis hoss an' get dis baby home. Does you think dis chile is a-goin' t' be improved a-breathin' dis bad night air? Humph! An' a bad night all round, what's more. Cluck up dis hoss, nigger!"

Not alone in this instance but in every other event, mammy thought of herself only after she had taken loyal care of her ward. Whether the cause of danger were a bull or a bridegroom, her fealty never faltered. And that which was true of my own mammy was true of every mammy. She could be relied upon, whatever the emergency, to be utterly faithful.

There is another circumstance in which

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*From a drawing by Kerr Eby.*

The dear, loyal, trustworthy negro nurses have reached the end of their era.—Page 405.



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her devotion shone finely—and pathetically—forth, the circumstance of illness. Should any of the children fall ill, and in those large old-fashioned families a single ailment sometimes caused an epidemic, mammy brooded over their pillows like a hen over chicks. What if her days were filled with a thousand extra tasks? What if at night her sleep was broken? Her only thought was to combat the peril that might be near; to interpose her own affectionate care against it.

Her love for the children was deep and lasting. She had the patience required to love children. Mammy did not exact perfection; she accepted human frailty. For that matter, the naughtiest ones were most cherished, because they needed her closest care. With small arms around her neck, and in her ear a contrite voice, she could forgive past mischiefs and begin the day uncloudedly afresh.

As recently as thirty years ago, no one suspected that mammies would shortly be extinct. But the problem of servants has, everywhere in our country, wrought swift and unlooked-for changes. Traditions, one after another, have been altered or cut short. The passing of mammies is but one mutation among many. Mammies are almost gone, now. "The hungry generations tread them down." And when the last incumbent of her office shortly shall have passed, fervent nursing will no longer exist in America.

Good-by, mammy! May you reap not only the ripened fruits of trustworthiness and devotion, but also gain the particular dreams you dreamt so zealously—of:

"When I gits dem dazzlin' gospel shoes, an' shakes my haid beneath dat crown o' stars, I's a-goin' to raise dis voice lak fine peals o' thunder an' showers o' rain. Yass, Lawd! An' won't all be dere to see me, but de world will hear me sing. . . .

"An' eat? Chile! Dat holy pantry is a-goin' to ask what's happened when yo' mammy takes up her knife an' fork in de Golden Dining-room."

She jerked the crimson bandanna off her head and flung it wide-spread over a low bush.—Page 411.

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# The Reasoning Faculty in Dogs

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE

DO animals, all or any, reason? That the most highly gifted of them—dogs, elephants, and apes, for instance—are endowed with some measure of that faculty is, to say the least, an exceedingly plausible proposition. The present writer accepts it heartily, but, for obvious reasons, it is one very difficult to prove by anything like a scientific and absolute demonstration. One often hears of dogs acting in a manner scarcely to be accounted for by the operation of what we call instinct. But here all sorts of questions arise. First, what is instinct, a quality which all mankind shares, to a greater or less extent, with the brutes? Is it akin to reason or something entirely distinct and separate from it? Is it simply the elementary principle from which reason, with its infinite capacity for development, springs? If so, where does one end and the other begin? Where is the precise and definite border-line between them? It is a perplexing subject about which there has been much learned and somewhat futile disquisition. The notion that mankind alone possesses the power of consequential thought is a pleasing, popular, but somewhat arrogant assumption. To man Providence has granted special means of self-development denied to other denizens of forest and field. That these have not reasoning powers of a more or less primitive kind does not necessarily follow. What might happen were it possible for humanity to impart new processes of thought to members of the dumb creation by means of some reciprocal speech?

Dumb animals—most of them are not dumb at all in any true sense of the word—can be taught, as everybody knows. They can also learn much on their own account, by experience and observation. It is not instinct that teaches a dog, a cat, or a monkey how a door may be opened by the simple raising of a latch. It is not instinct that teaches a dog how to measure time. Yet a domesticated dog, in a methodical family, will accommodate himself to the habits not only of the household but of the individual members of it with the most precise regularity. In my boyhood there were often half a dozen or more dogs of different species in or about the house, all of whom were constantly on the watch, during six days of the week, to accompany anybody on a walk to the village or into the open country. But on a Sunday, when the family went to church, not one of them made the slightest attempt to leave the premises. On weekdays two or three of them, who were accustomed to meet my father on his return from business in London, knew to a moment when the Brighton coach—please remember that this was about seventy years ago—would deposit him at the bottom of the avenue leading to our home. After a single inquisitive sniff at the legs of a stranger the average dog will almost instantly determine whether or not further acquaintance with him is desirable. Here clearly is the exercise of a definite, if wholly inexplicable, instinct. But surely it is by education, experience, or observation that a good house-dog, especially of the larger and more formidable breeds, learns to distinguish between the unkempt tramp and the outward appearance of respectability. An exception must be noted in the case of the small toy dogs, who yap hysterically at everybody.

I have loved and been intimately associated with dogs for the greater part of a long life, and it is only of the miniature yapping varieties that I am distrustful. They are too apt to snap at everything without rhyme or reason. Sharp experience taught me long ago to beware of them. The latest lesson I received was from a dwarf black and tan who rewarded a proffered caress by making his teeth meet through a finger-nail, and I never



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needed another. But he was in his owner's arms and I ought to have known better than to meddle with him. As a general rule it may be remarked that the long-haired dogs—collies, retrievers, Newfoundlands, spaniels, Skyes, etc.—have the most uncertain tempers, especially in hot weather. In dealing with strange dogs I believe that an animal of good size is more to be trusted than a small one. For the bigger dogs I have always had a preference. They are more likely to exhibit their true disposition in their bearing. In this view there may be a trifle of prejudice, for it was with a huge mastiff that, as a very small boy, I was first enamored. He was the guardian of the house and lands of a certain great-uncle of mine in Kent, and had the reputation—entirely unjustified but cherished by his proprietor—of being utterly savage and uncompanionable. In appearance, like others of his race, he was a tawny, stately, deliberate, taciturn beast, whom no one would have thought capable of kittenish gambols. I was horribly afraid when first introduced to him, but he condescended to smell and lick me and indulge in the customary gestures of canine approbation. We soon became fast friends and used to romp together on the lawn. He played with me as if I were some sort of puppy, and evidently was anxious not to hurt me, but he had not the least notion of his own strength—he could sweep me off my feet with a wag of his tail—and would roll me over and over in the most ignominious fashion. He would utter a plaintive little whine, occasionally, when I hurt him by hanging on to his ears, but never showed a sign of ill-temper or made the slightest effort at retaliation. After the manner of his kind, he treated me as if I had been one of his own young, or with even greater forbearance. Who can say that this was only a matter of instinct? Did he not realize that I was, in some way, a privileged being and act accordingly? Is it merely upon instinct that elephants, in India, play the part of tender nursemaids?

My mastiff could be prompt, resolute, and merciless enough in action in the way of duty. One dark and bitter winter night a burglar endeavored to break into my great-uncle's house. He was detected, while trying to cut away the fastening upon a window-shutter, and fled. Nothing more was heard of him until the next morning. To escape he climbed a wall, which he wrongly supposed to run along the highroad, and dropped into a stable-yard, almost directly in front of the kennel in which, foolishly enough, the mastiff had been chained. The dog seized him with a grip that crushed his collar-bone, and never loosened his hold upon his prisoner until a groom found the latter senseless, bleeding and almost dead, in the morning. Thereafter the mastiff was not chained at night.

For an anecdote, very much to the present point, I am indebted to a letter published about fifty years ago in the London *Spectator*, whose editor vouched for the responsibility of the author. The latter, engaged at night upon important work, was greatly disturbed by the noise made by a litter of puppies, confined with their mother, a setter, in the room beneath him. Several times he descended and succeeded in quieting the quarrelsome babies temporarily. But the troublesome racket was constantly renewed. Finally, arming himself with a whip, he again went down-stairs and, this time, punished the mother. Presently the puppies started another chorus, which was speedily interrupted by yelps of distress, when the indignant parent proceeded, in her turn, to administer correction. The old lady had put two and two together and had decided that she would no longer suffer on somebody else's account. Quiet reigned after. If this is not an instance of reasoning, what is it? The aptness and, to those who know dogs, the perfect credibility of the tale, together with the authoritativeness of the source, must serve as an excuse for its introduction among notes of personal experience.

To return, for an instant, to mastiffs, of whom in my early manhood I knew many. They were common enough then, especially in large country houses. It seems a pity that so noble a breed should have declined in popular favor since the brutal sports of bull and bear baiting were abolished. No other can excel it in dignity, strength, courage, or general sagacity. In modern field-sports, of course, they are of little or no use, and they are expensive to keep, but as watch-dogs or guardians

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they are incomparable. One of their great virtues is certainty of temper. They are either consistently gentle, or irascible. They are not companionable on one day and surlily aggressive on another. They leave very little room for doubt as to their disposition. When a mastiff raises his hackles, it is wisest to give him a wide berth, for they act very quickly and decisively. They are equally slow to make friends or to take offense, but are apt to be suspicious and disdainful of strangers and, if properly trained, will refuse to accept food from them. This is a trait that adds much to their value as sentinels. And it is not often that they give tongue upon their rounds. Consequently an intruder probably gets his first warning of their presence when suddenly confronted by them. In that case retreat or advance is equally dangerous. And when a mastiff lays hold, he does not quickly let go. Of the familiarities, impudence, or cajoleries of smaller dogs, who appear to find a mischievous delight in teasing them, they are usually tolerant or proudly contemptuous, but once I was the chance witness of a striking exception. An old mastiff, belonging to one of our neighbors, whom I had always deemed inoffensive, was walking abroad, intent upon some private business of his own, when a toy terrier interrupted his meditations by circling about him, yapping, and occasionally leaping up at his muzzle. For some minutes he steadily pursued his way, quietly ignoring his tormentor. At length, apparently, he came to the conclusion that patience was no longer a virtue. In a flash he caught the jumping terrier in his mighty jaws, crushed the life out of him with a single snap, dropped his dead carcass, and passed serenely on, as if nothing had happened, without looking to right or left. So far as I could perceive, he had uttered no preliminary growl or given the slightest sign of annoyance. Upon reflection, to rid himself of a nuisance, he committed a cold-blooded murder and was utterly unrepentant.

In my undergraduate days at Cambridge I had a friend named Beauchamp, who was the possessor of a very large dog, of no particular pedigree, but with a dash of the Newfoundland in him. He was a handsome, powerful, gentle, and sagacious beast, master of many canine tricks and very useful as a carrier. His master and he were almost inseparable. The former, an expert swimmer, was a constant visitor to Byron's Pool, a favorite bathing-place in one of the upper reaches of the Cam, well known to all Cantabs. He rarely took the dog into the water with him, preferring to leave him on the shore, with something to watch. One day after swimming awhile, he amused himself by floating on his back, and thrashing the water with his legs and arms, creating a great splashing and commotion. As he turned over he was suddenly seized by the nape of his neck and held fast with his face under water. Simultaneously he felt himself dragged rapidly through the pool. Perfectly unable to help himself and half choked, he could do nothing but hold desperately the breath that was in him. Luckily the bank was not far distant, but he had nearly lost consciousness when he struck ground and the dog released him. When he recovered he scarcely knew whether to be more angry or grateful, but he promptly resolved that the dog should never have another opportunity of rescuing him. Here is a clear case where reason and instinct, if they are distinct, were both in operation. But the reasoning was fallacious. It was instinct that prompted the animal to seize his master by the nape of the neck. But why did he think it necessary to interfere? He had often before seen Beauchamp swimming. Plainly enough it was the splashing that disturbed him. He must have thought that his friend was in trouble and that the water was in some way connected with it. Therefore it was his business to get him out of it as quickly as possible. But he knew nothing about drowning and so never dreamed of the possibly fatal consequences of his stranglehold. If he had not thought, he would not have acted at all. Mere instinct would never have led him to suspect danger in what was, to him, almost his natural element.

Many persons who do not hesitate to call a dog intelligent, never pause to consider what is necessarily implied by the epithet. It signifies a capacity for understanding what may be said, or shown, to him—to acquire and act upon informa-



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tion in ways supplementary to, if not entirely contrary to, the ordinary and restricted promptings of instinct. Minor instances of this are constantly occurring in the habits of all domesticated dogs, although they escape the attention of careless observers. There can be no question, for example, that dogs, although they cannot respond in kind, can understand many words and phrases of human speech. Some of them might be said to possess a considerable vocabulary. Many a chance expression in a general conversation will bring an apparently sleeping dog to animated attention. Intelligence, of the more notable kind, is more likely to be exhibited among mongrels, especially of the smaller kinds, than in dogs of the highest pedigree. Remarkable illustrations of it might be found fifty or sixty years ago among the variegated terriers —disreputable canine rapscallions of every degree—who were the executive agents of the itinerant rat-catchers of Great Britain. Some of the tribe may yet survive in the country districts. Like their curs, they were a tough lot, but they knew their business. With their ragged pack at their heels they tramped from farm to farm, seeking a contract to rid barns and grainstacks of their destructive vermin. When they secured a job, as they generally did, their work was as systematic as it was effective, and was well worth the watching, if only for the sake of the discipline, alertness, and intelligence displayed by the dogs in carrying out the devised strategy. This, of course, was dictated by actual conditions. But, as a general rule, ferrets were employed to drive the rats from their runs, while the dogs were posted outside the besieged place, each in his own assigned position and territory, to kill the fugitives as they made a dash for freedom. The latter soon came in scores from all quarters, but the dogs worked with deadly method and precision, never interfering with each other, or infringing upon another's domain. Each killed systematically, never stopping to worry, in his own allotted section, never, in spite of great temptation, venturing to poach upon his neighbor's ground. Very seldom did a rat succeed in breaking through the fatal circle. They seemed to work with the fullest comprehension of the calculated plan intrusted to them. No one could think that they were guided by instinct alone.

If dogs, to a certain extent, can understand human speech, so can we, if only in lesser degree, understand theirs. To the practised ear the barking, even of an unseen dog, carries, in its variations of tone and tempo, many diverse significances. In the cries of welcome, fear, anger, menace, defiance, warning, or playful exultation, etc., there are distinct and unmistakable notes. Were our hearing powers more fully developed we, probably, should realize that the canine language is far more flexible and expressive than is generally supposed. That dogs can, in some way, communicate to each other both fact and idea I, personally, have not the slightest doubt. In my English home, many years ago, there were two dogs, who were almost inseparable companions. One, a fine bull-terrier, a veritable Hotspur, feared nothing; the other, a thoroughbred Skye, was a bit of a phenomenon in his way, for, though alert and inquisitive as most of his tribe, he was an arrant and shameless coward. He would hunt rats enthusiastically, but could not be induced to tackle them. He insulted every dog he met, and then fled ignominiously, trusting to his fleetness of foot. With the bull in attendance he was, of course, assured of efficient protection. But occasionally he made excursions on his own account. And sometimes he fell into peril. On one occasion he was chased home by a big yellow dog who could have made short work of him. Soon afterward I saw him and the bull-terrier apparently in close colloquy. Presently they started off together and I, out of curiosity, followed them. By their actions they were evidently tracking the yellow dog, whom they found sunning himself in front of the village public house. Instantly the bull had him by the throat and would unquestionably soon have killed him had I not interfered. No case could easily be clearer. The Skye had sought out his champion, had somehow informed him of what had happened, and invoked his assistance. How he could possibly have done so, except by some sort of intelligible speech, I leave for others to determine. I can only set down the unvarnished facts.

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That dogs at least comprehend the drift of many words and phrases no one who has lived long in their company will deny. A stolid old Kentish farmer, speaking of a decrepit old sheep-dog worn out by long service, told me that he had declared, in the animal's hearing, his intention of shooting him on the morrow in order to put him out of his misery. The next day the dog had disappeared, but was discovered some time afterward, wandering forlornly far away from home. "After that," said the farmer, "I had not the heart to kill him." The story is told here for what it may be worth. It savors somewhat of the imagination of Mr. Alfred Jingle, but the original relator had none of that quality. He surely believed that the dog understood him. And so do I.

About forty years ago I passed several midsummers in the cottage of one Coleman, in the Clove, at Palenville in the Catskills. Coleman entertained boarders in the summer and peddled clams in the winter. He had a wife and a large family of small children, whom, in the cold weather, he had to leave to their own resources for three or four days at a time. The neighborhood was lonely and, in winter, harbored not a few dangerous characters, workers on a railroad. In his absence the sole guardian of the household was a huge dog, Carlo, half collie and half Newfoundland, who played with the babies and stood watch at the threshold. Many unkempt, sturdy, and ill-mannered wayfarers visited the solitary tenement in the hope of gaining entrance, but never did one dare to approach, let alone pass, that terrible sentinel, who stood in the gate, braced, with bristling mane, bared teeth, and flaming eyes. Mrs. Coleman used to tell how he once held three burly and abusive ruffians at bay, while she trembled in the rear, until the furious and baffled intruders stole away. To all inmates of the house Carlo was as harmless as a kitten. And he had many accomplishments. He knew each member of the family by name and would go to each one of them as directed. At the bottom of the ravine, on the edge of which the cottage stood, was a big pool, some ten or twelve feet deep. Into this he would dive and retrieve a marked stone which he had been allowed to examine previously. This is something I never knew any other dog to do, and he rarely made any mistake. Scent, of course, could not have aided him. He must have depended upon his eyes alone. And he seemed to revel in what he recognized as a new kind of sport. Surely here was something more than natural instinct. Often in the afternoon he was sent, unaccompanied, to fetch home the cows who had been turned out in the morning to graze upon the mountainside and wander at their own sweet will. It is true that they had not much choice of direction, but their precise locality was extremely uncertain. He never failed, however, to find, collect, and drive them home in short order. On one occasion a young Coleman had lost his coat somewhere on the straggling pasture. The boy's mother showed Carlo some other article of dress and bade him "go search." The dog started off and was absent for a considerable time. But when he returned he carried the missing garment in his mouth. He probably had picked up the boy's tracks and followed them. At any rate I can vouch for the fact that he brought back the coat. The family saw nothing remarkable in the feat, and furnished other instances of his sagacity. They may or may not have been true. But if the incident quoted can be accepted as an exhibition of simple instinct, then the difference between instinct and reason must be almost imperceptible.

But dogs, of no particular use or value, can easily be taught to perform what appear to be astonishing tricks, involving the employment of some mysterious faculty, but actually of the utmost simplicity. For instance, a sister of mine owned a lively little curly-haired mongrel. I used to puzzle a room full of guests by telling them that the pup was a mind-reader who could instantly select from a row of coins upon the carpet the particular piece upon which they should agree. Incredulously they would produce and arrange the coins. Infallibly the dog would stop and nuzzle the piece that had been chosen. Then followed wonderment and all manner of speculative explanation. The truth was that the selected coin was the only one that I had handled. The dog was not an intellectual, but he could smell my fingers.

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I had a favorite fox-terrier who long labored under the delusion that he could catch chipmunks. He squandered many hours in laborious and futile siege of them in the stone walls which were their stronghold. A house-cat, with whom he was on perfectly friendly terms, frequently captured them, as he well knew. It never occurred to him to copy her stealthy methods and patiently stalk them, as she did. Possibly he had moral objections to the feline style of hunting. At any rate he, apparently, finally made up his mind to waste no more time upon the chipmunks, but to keep an eye on the cat. Thereafter, whenever the latter had entrapped one of these unlucky little creatures, he, quite heedless of scratching or swearing, would forcibly take it away from her and eat it. He had reasoned the matter out to his own satisfaction. I do not believe that he relished the flavor of chipmunk, in the least, but he had got the better of the cat.

One last question. How is it that a dog will exhibit to his master a degree of reverence, devotion, obedience, and fidelity which he would not dream of according to any member of his own breed or race? Is this to be regarded as mere animal instinct, or at least as a semi-conscious recognition of man's inherited superiority? Is there no suggestion in it of calculation, intelligence, or any exercise of free will? In a dog are some of the finest qualities of the ideal human.

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# A Man's Work

BY BERNICE KENYON
Author of "A Florentine Face," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BASKERVILLE, JR.

YOU'LL remember that Paris by night has not a white light in it. Everything is tinted with a violet or green or opalescently gold unreality. The very sky of Paris takes up into its moist night air the rose-colored reflections from the streets and spreads them delicately in a vault like a blown bubble, a dome of delicious tints, under which move the French people who make Paris charming, and the Americans who are supposed to make it wild.

Leonard Andrews didn't care for wildness, but he liked color around him. He believed that women's dresses ought to be gay, and their lips touched with rouge (though perhaps not heavily painted), and their cheeks made at least to seem as if they flushed. You had then the illusion of color and life. That was what the world needed, not sombre people with dull thoughts. His own mind was forever clogged with dull thoughts, but he had learned to suppress them—by heaven, he had! and he meant to continue it. He detested people who chattered along about their private dulnesses.

Every time he found himself in colorful Paris since the war, he felt flooded by an odd sense of uneasiness that clung to him in low moments. To-day, for instance, would have been almost unendurable save for the fact that he had a dinner to look forward to with Lucile Harker, a free creature like himself, who appealed to his rather jaded taste. He remembered how she had looked in Cannes: every bit as lovely as the cocottes, as well dressed, and with the added virtue of silence.

Throughout the day he shut his active mind to depression, and considered his affairs. Nowadays Paris served better than other cities when you had to gather people around you in a hurry, and he was here now to collect quickly the personnel of his latest business venture. The personnel arrived from Rome by the de luxe train, from the Riviera by motor, and from London by airplane, all at the bid-

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ding of this young American, who had a good ten years to live yet before he should reach the age of the youngest of his minions. That did not trouble Leonard Andrews, nor had he, even once during the twenty-eight years of his life, given it a thought. People did not awe him. The world had always been his; he inherited it from his father, who had it from his grandfather; it rested in the hands of the family like a fine red apple. Not the whole world, of course, but enough of it—more than a sumptuous plenty. Still, money-getting had its fascination. It led Leonard constantly into new exertions, and for him there was always success.

But to-day success seemed oppressive, and hung about his neck as failure does on many another man, with inexorable heaviness. During the necessary business interviews he strode restlessly up and down his hotel salon, or stood looking from the windows at the colored pageant below in the street, or handed out Scotch and cigars from a tray on the table, all in complete silence. A nod was the usual extent of his comment, for he hated to talk at any length. It relieved him to dismiss with brief approval the last man of the day's affairs.

Back at his window, and alone, he ruminated on how much Paris had changed since 1918. The streets were fuller of color now, the waning summer daylight fell on gay little frocks of scarlet and blue and green—no more of the awful black or the whiteness of face that went with it. To-night Paris would be again the fair alluring city of delightful voices and soft laughter, of deep August warmth full of the smell of fading leaves.

He began with deliberate care to dress for dinner and to try to subdue his early uneasiness with the thought of Lucile. What would she say to him over the dinner table in that low voice of hers? All day it had haunted him, ever since her acceptance of his invitation, spoken hastily and in hope, there where he had come upon her in the middle of the Place Vendôme.

"Child, child," he had felt like saying to her, "you are the only person in the world I'm glad to see just now. If I could only once have you all to myself and listen to your voice! But I know what I'd do, my dear—act stupidly like all men and talk to you about myself. And that would bore you, for what do you care about me? Not a thing! Not a beastly thing! And why should you? I'm a dilettante—a wealthy player at life. But my dear, my dear——"

All this was in his head to say, while they stood under the great bronze pillar in the Place Vendôme, and looked at each other after an interval of more than a year. He had never talked to any one about himself. Whatever had troubled him was put away behind the expressionless calm of his face. If he should attempt to drag it out again— But what would be the use? Nobody cared to hear. Now that he thought of it, he must have been in love with Lucile Harker ever since he'd first met her. Her face was clear and childlike, unmarked by the world; to know her you had to look a long time into her eyes or study the fine-cut sculpture of her hands. He had built her up in his brain, with his starved feelings, over a long time.

Below at the door his car awaited him—it had come over with him in the steamer from America. As he turned into the Rue de Castiglione the sound of its horn made a deep bass note, dark against the lightness of the others. Always this low pitch, he thought—this ominous deepness.

And Lucile, when he called for her, turned out to be wearing a black dress; pretty enough, and the last word in style, but black. Over it she had flung a small black Spanish shawl, an antique nearly brown in tone and embroidered with marvellous clear reds and blue-greens, colors not quite strong enough to outshine the shadow. And she wore almost no make-up. Her lips were rouged, but her cheeks shone with a natural ivory pallor, matching exactly the ivory of her neck and arms. But her hair, a metallic cap of red gold, was all right, and he liked the way she had arranged it in smooth waves drawn flat to a knot against the back of her head.

As he summarized her appearance she sat in the moving car and said nothing. Her pale facile hands lay quietly in her lap. Below the edge of the shawl her small feet protruded, shod in vivid brocade.

"Now which is she, the hair and shoes, or the dress?" he wondered to himself. "But after I've seen her a few times I'll

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be able to tell more than enough about her. Women are generally too transparent when a man has money." And aloud he remarked: "I hope you're going to be in Paris for a long time."

"I sail for New York to-morrow," she answered in the low voice that he remembered.

"Oh, no!"

"Yes, I do, though," she smiled up at him.

They reached the door of Ciro's, and across the darkening street the glitter of the place poured out to engulf them. As they sought their table several guests paused a moment and stared openly; several waiters drew themselves up in stiff lines of attention. Then the slight flutter caused by their arrival subsided, converging into a gilded background. After all, there was nothing unusual about this young financier; only, one liked to watch him walk across a room. He was not tall, but heavy-set, deep-chested, and with negligible hips. He reminded you of a bull, and walked like one, in ponderous youthful dignity, looking around him, as he moved, out of grave honest eyes.

While Leonard ordered, Lucile's glance slipped from table to table of the wide double room. A succession of rich lights along the walls tinted the faces of the women and hollowed out those of the men to a symbolic refinement. It was wise, she was thinking, to spend your last Paris evening like this, with a man you scarcely knew. So much better than sharing it with real friends, fighting off the foolish sentimental sadness one had at the end of a long European trip. You couldn't be sentimental with Leonard Andrews.

Finished with his ordering, the man turned toward her again.

"You aren't really going to-morrow?"

She nodded.

"Don't go. Don't sail."

"But I must. My trunks are already aboard. How could I get along with my clothes on the other side of the Atlantic? I can't live in this gown forever! And then, there are business reasons." She lifted her glass of champagne and looked at him over the rim. A restless spark stirred behind his serene gaze.

"Are you—unhappy over something?" she questioned.

"No. Not unhappy."

"Aren't you fond of Paris—glad to be here again?"

"I'm never really fond of it since the war. It's changed too much, and one needs company, the right kind. Why don't you stay in Paris a little longer? I'm going to Biarritz at the end of the week. Stay until then."

But she only shook her head.

"Then come to Biarritz with me. Buy other clothes, and come."

"Why?"

"Because I want to talk with you."

"Do you always invite any woman you want to talk with to go touring around Europe with you? Why don't you talk now?"

"My dear child, there's not time enough!" A strange look in her face interrupted him. "I suppose you think me quite mad, don't you?"

"No, not mad. Just very European. Europeans always ask women to travel with them."

"I'm sorry," he murmured more to himself than to her. "I didn't mean to be insulting. Only—only ever since Cannes—I've remembered you and wanted to have you with me."

"But I don't see why I should go with you. Why do you ask me? You've barely seen me before to-night."

He searched about for a simple explanation.

"It's your voice," he began. "I'm in love with your voice." That wouldn't do alone, he realized. "And your hands. Most beautiful hands I've ever seen. Your touch must be like the full smooth touch of pearls warm from somebody's neck. . . ." What else could he say? Of what use were words?

"You can't be in love with a mere voice and hands," she replied. "There has to be more to it than that. And I'm not—in love with you. I'm sorry."

The thin world of his imagining melted, dissolved in too many lights.

Diagonally behind him the orchestra started to play some blatant jazz tune, its theme perverted from an older, statelier melody.

"Lord, what they do to music!" he exclaimed to the world in general.

Couples began to drift from the tables

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"Do you always invite any woman you want to talk with to go touring around Europe with you?"—Page 422.



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into a space left clear for dancing. Solemnly they circled and swirled, following a set ritual of motion. Heavily, steadily, the strong rhythm invaded their bodies, began to beat in their sophisticated blood. But it did not change them. Their form held.

"You see," said the man, "they want to submit to the sound, and they can't. My difficulty's the same as theirs."

"Is it?"

"Don't you see? I'm driven by an impulse—call it that—to take you away with me, and I can't. Convention's against it. Impulses, even deep desires, are no good to people like ourselves."

What was going on behind her quiet ivory face? She was the one woman, he thought, who could be wearing a black gown to-night and not annoying him with it. And she was sailing to-morrow, and could not be put off.

*Carpe diem!*

She was near him now and willing to listen. Very well, then; talk to her. Tell her what was in his mind.

He bent forward over the table, and at his sudden rush of words the lights of Ciro's seemed to blur around him. He began to talk fast, at times incoherently. Lucile made no gesture of surprise. Her luminous face, above the black dress, changed now and then with a faint variation of color.

He had started telling her about his war experiences. Strange how, when you came to search behind the minds of restless men, you so often ran into a special wilderness that was the war!

He said he had loved the war. For a youth like himself, to whom the world had been given, there was nothing like a good war to start something in him, if only a spurious sense of high adventure. Wild adventure it had been. He had gone into it with fanatic eagerness, and no wonder. Everything until then had been made soft for him. He craved something hard.

He did not wait for the United States to make up her mind to the necessity of fighting, but joined the British Royal Flying Corps and found himself at the front almost before he could send back word. His family at home called it stupidity to leave like that and risk getting killed at once, when he had all of life before him, its best opportunities for the asking.

"But that's just it," he had explained to them. "I have everything and it means absolutely nothing to me. I've never so much as lifted my finger to get it. I've never worked at anything, so I'm going to work at this—put in a little effort on the jolly rotten war!" And he'd gone off barely suppressing an impulse to laugh in his mother's face.

What a relief the war would be! He knew that nothing could undermine the strength of his body nor dull the edge of his mind. Luckily, he had grown aware, in time, of the comfortable shape his life was taking, and his mind had revolted. No use letting mediocrity swamp him. Get out and do something! But everything he had done so far, however hard it looked in the beginning, turned easy and prosperous under his hand.

But the war was different—something so big, so absurd, that no one could possibly understand it nor manage even a moment of it alone. And the spice of danger took his fancy. He had no fear, and his competent mind wouldn't let him be a daredevil. So he became one of those steady flyers who could be depended upon to keep their nerve through anything. For years he flew, and it was not until nearly the end of the war that, as he expressed it, "he got his."

He paused in his story. The lights and the minor jazz music swept back over him for an instant, but through it came the rich voice softly:

"Go on, go on! You *must* tell me!" One white hand she held pressed against the bosom of her dress—the black dress which reminded him, as nothing else could, of the sad women of the war days. She seemed to be straining to hear him, and he went back to his tale, the tale of his last fighting day. Perhaps she wouldn't understand, quite—perhaps she would think there was nothing to his difficulty. Nevertheless, he had to tell her; and to prepare her he sketched in swiftly the chaotic background of the event. Shells flying and shrieking—a blurred, tipped landscape below him, opening now and then in stark clear slits through which he could see crawling specks that were men moving over the scarred slopes of earth.

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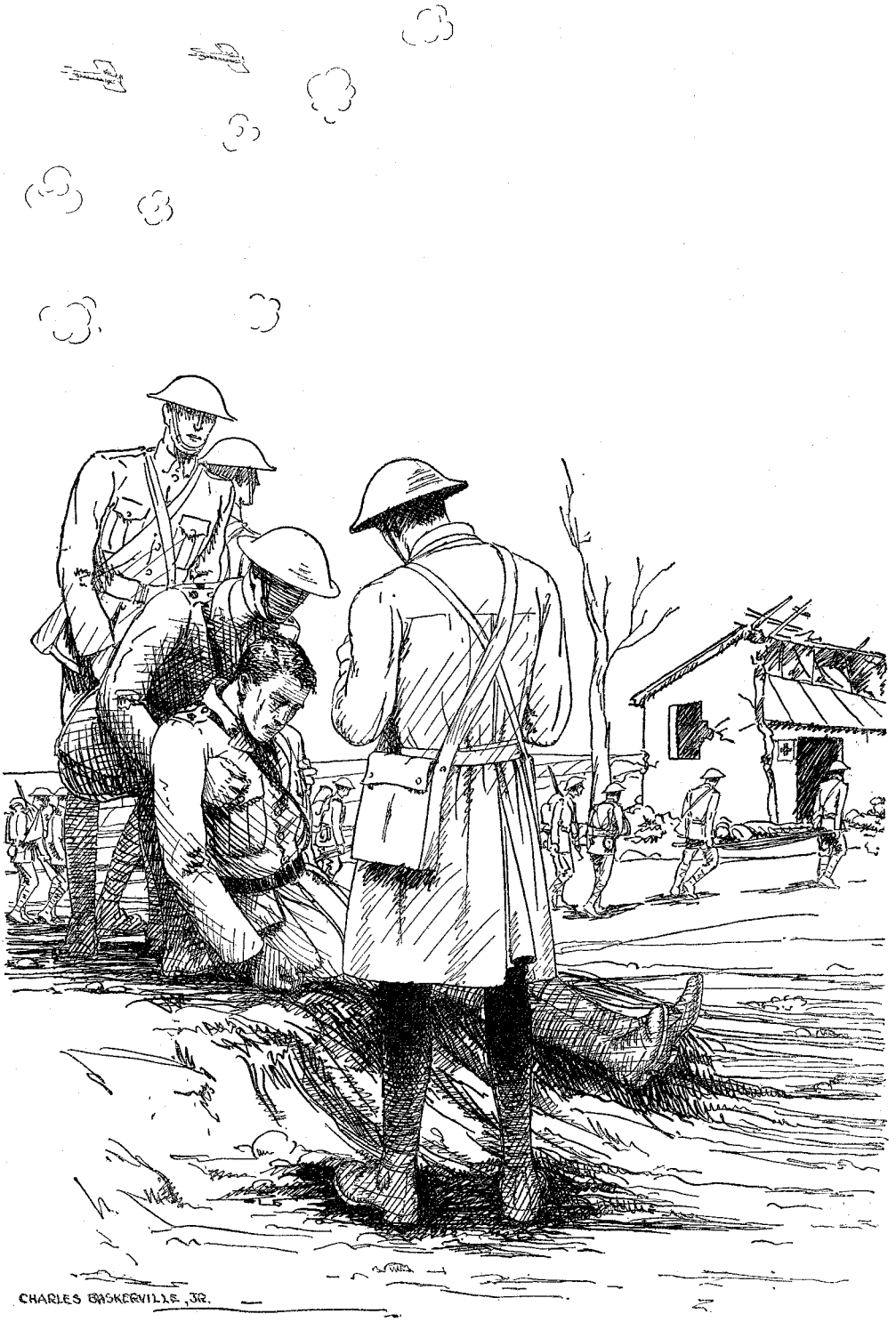


He was partly on the ground, partly supported by some one . . . and something was the matter with his left side.—Page 426.



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And all around in the air those fantastic shells opening slowly—flowers expanding with a fragrance of death. For up there, above that riddled straggling line, time moved in a dream, and everything that moved in time had the half-static wavering quality of mirage.

So slow, so very slow, against his own headlong flight seemed all the phenomena of the world, that he knew and plotted to himself in advance the great arc cut by the shell that would get him. Shouldn't be flying so low, of course; but had to—had to get a clear picture. His eyes caught the fine thread of a tracer bullet. Maybe it had all been imagination. Perhaps at that time he felt, more than saw, what was happening to him.

Then—the grinding spinning thing caught up with him, tore through him with a roar that blotted out the world. It did not surprise him. He fought for breath against the fierce whirling pressure of rushing air. He knew that the earth, the trenches full of his own men, were surging up to claim him, surging up slowly, timed by death. Only another long second, and then——

But a voice was calling something into his ears through the wind of his descent:

"Can't die! You've too much work to do!"

He hadn't any sense of humor, but this made him laugh. It was really too damned funny, this.

But a second time the importunate voice drove its message into his consciousness:

"You can't die! You've too much work to do!"

Something reckless and gay in him meant to shout back, but just then everything turned red, and darkened into black.

It didn't quite go out, though. After a time his consciousness emerged above the welter—a bright bubble finding its way up to the air through murky waters.

He was partly on the ground, partly supported by some one. They were lifting him up, but his feet dragged, and something was the matter with his left side, making it hard to breathe. He opened his eyes. A stooped lieutenant was holding him, another stood at his right. They were gazing down intently.

"You know," he remarked in a perfectly natural voice, "I can't die. I've too much work to do!" and he grinned a sort of sickly grin.

"That's right," somebody replied.

People were being borne past him on stretchers into a shack in the space ahead. Its open door loomed darkly, and swallowed up the small groups with their burdens. It must have been a dressing-station or field hospital. Leonard Andrews raised his right hand with a jerk.

"Take me in there," he said.

"Sorry, old man. There isn't room."

And a person that he could just see was fastening something to his limp left wrist. He knew what that meant. Officially dead. Killed in action.

The lieutenant at his right shifted awkwardly, long arms dangling at his sides. Leonard Andrews could just reach him, he thought. He took the officer's warm hand and pressed it against his own cheek, holding it there with the last strength he had. The fellow's pulse beat with a heavy sureness, steady and even; and wonderfully his own heart rallied and began to beat in time to it. He lay back and listened to the sharp small sounds around him, the undertones of action that did not stop for him, for one man or a hundred down. He grinned, thinking of his unimportance; but his heart beat evenly now to a soft chant of its own: "There's too much work to do! There's too much work to do!"

And a long comfortable tide of darkness crept over him and drowned him softly and deeply.

"And I've been wondering ever since," concluded Leonard Andrews, "what that work is. I can't make out. And it's on my mind. Perhaps it doesn't sound like much to trouble a man, but if I could ever find out——"

Lovely Paris, Paris of women's voices, of sweet fragrance, of grace and light and color, flooded back over him; and the grimness went from his face. He looked up at the girl with a strained smile.

"Maybe it doesn't matter at all. I ought to be content. But no man's ever content, and content is a dangerous quality. What's bothering me may be a small and foolish difficulty, but it bears the importance of a life, if you see what I

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mean. Why *should* I be alive? . . . I've never told any one about all this before."

Lucile stirred in her chair, breaking her long silent immobility.

"Why haven't you?" she asked.

"Because of just one thing. Sometimes I really believe I died at that time. Do you suppose I did? I've still the telegram they sent to my family, telling of my being killed in action. It wasn't until a long while afterward in the hospital, when I came to, that they even took the tag off my arm. I had a lot of crushed ribs over my heart. It was impossible for me to live. Every one said so. And that being true and I still here to talk about it, I must have been saved for some real work—something important. The war was over long before I recovered, so it wasn't work in the war. You know, I've never done anything that any one could call work, not to this day. Maybe I *am* dead."

"You're not dead. Just morbid."

"Then tell me what my work is! You can. I'm certain you must know some reason why I'm alive. You see, the voice that kept calling in my ears and ringing through my brain and talking about work was like your voice! That's why I can't bear to let you go. That's why I want you with me in Biarritz!"

She was thinking now how it is that women can always give men a reason for living—a reason in words, at least. And so many times women did that—sat and listened to men's stories of themselves, stories that ended with a question for them to answer. But you found answers for the stupid men, never for the wise or honest ones.

Some composer, in a moment of profound irony, had taken the theme of Schumann's "Warum" and contorted it into jazz. Its unhappy strain had lain under all the man's speech. The orchestra of Ciro's played it well, left it ending in a question—left all these glittering creatures at the end of their dance asking each other "Why?" with eager or solemn or bewildered looks. Back at their tables now they would sit over a fresh bottle of champagne and invent answers to the eternal whys of life, amusing themselves with their cleverness. Lucile lifted her glass and looked at her companion. She breathed a silent toast: "I hope you find out why!" but she did not speak aloud.

A solemn last night in Paris . . .

"You see," continued Leonard Andrews, unconsciously drinking her toast, "I don't make any of it out. I don't understand life at all, and I ought to begin to. It's as if I were blind—as if a most important thing kept eluding me. And it's near—just beyond my hand—I can almost touch it!" He gestured into the air before him.

Three waiters suddenly stiffened to attention and came swiftly up to the table with long strides. The middle one bent deferentially and asked:

"What may I do for you, sir? What is it that you wish?"

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# The Autumn Weaver

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

Up in the hills the weaver weaves
A carpet rich and rare,
Made out of all the myriad leaves
That set his palette there.

The oak's deep red, the hemlock's green,
The maple's varied hues,
With sweet gum's purples in between,
He weaves as he may choose.

For blues he gathers mountain haze,
For grays the gold-rod's spires,
And over all puts sunset's blaze,
Alight with autumn's fires.

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# The Eternally Feminine Mind

BY HENRY C. McCOMAS
Professor of Psychology at Princeton University

HAS the female of the species changed her mind—definitely and decisively changed it? Does she no longer think the thoughts of the Victorian Age; does she no longer pale and blush as the ladies of the crinoline? Or, to put the question in another way, has she at last, with this new freedom, reverted back to her true nature? Has she been throughout the ages what she now appears to be? Is there any answer to the dogmatic statement that woman until the present century had been so oppressed and restricted that her real nature and abilities are but now appearing?

It is tempting to continue this series of inquiries and it is far safer to inquire than to reply. Nevertheless, there is a greater satisfaction in attempting to reply than in voicing one's curiosity. And, inasmuch as we are in possession of a group of facts which constitute a reply, we may venture a few statements concerning the great feminine prerogative.

To begin with facts of anatomy; we are quite safe in assuming that the brain of woman has changed but little in the last five thousand years. Of this we may be quite confident, as the skulls of much greater age which have been found are quite the same as those of to-day, and we have no reason for believing that the nervous tissues have changed in the relatively few generations which have passed since women threw shells upon the kitchen-middens and tidied up the lake-dwellings. The modifications which characterize present races of mankind have been excessively long ages in developing. It is, then, quite preposterous to claim any actual change in the mental machinery of men and women during the last few generations.

A comparison of the brains of women and of men yields some very illuminating facts. Time was when the brain of woman was frankly disparaged. That it was smaller than man's brain furnished matter for humorous and cynical comparison. When it became obvious that the brain has much more to do than supply thoughts, that it has control of the parts of the body, it then became obvious that a small body needed only a small brain, but that the thinking of the small brain could be quite as effective as that of a large one. Still more illuminating were the pictures the microscope presented, for in them it was impossible to discover even infinitesimal differences between the nervous structure of the brains of men and women. Recently one of the greatest anatomists in America, who has dissected hundreds of brains, told me that he could not tell whether the organ he was dissecting had been used by a flapper or a captain of industry.

Does this establish the fact that, after all, the mental life of men and women is the same, and that the differences we observe are the outcome of differences in training? At the present state of our argument that does seem to be true; later we shall see that it is not.

Corroborating the facts of anatomy are the facts we now are getting from the psychological intelligence tests. Here again the intellectual abilities of boys and girls of the same age appear to be quite the same. The differences that do appear between the two sexes are not as great as the intellectual differences which appear among members of the same sex. This would seem to argue that, inasmuch as the organs of thought appear to be the same, their functions are naturally the same.

Surely these two findings of science run quite counter to our every-day observations. Certainly, the two sexes do not match each other in thoughts and emotions in any such way as do the micro-



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scope slides and the intelligence tests. Everywhere we observe conspicuous differences between the thoughts and feelings of the two sexes. Notice the newspapers in the Elevated. Is the fair stenographer reading the same page as her brother the clerk beside her? Saunter through the Public Library. Is the room full of volumes of patents and inventions filled with fair readers? Turn the pages of a catalogue of any large co-educational university. Do you find the women in as large proportions as the men taking physics and mathematics? Really it is not necessary to make these observations, for each one of us needs only to converse with his men and women friends to have a quite satisfactory answer to all such questions. Every one knows, and has known, that the interests and, therefore, the thoughts of men and women run parallel for only short distances. Shall we say, then, that science is mistaken, or that our observations are incorrect? A few more facts of science will show us that we are not facing a contradiction.

Many years ago Aristotle refused to believe that one's thoughts and emotions could be resident in such an organ as the brain. It seemed too sodden and sluggish to be the creator of such vivacity, and Aristotle was both right and wrong. The brain is unquestionably the machine that evolves our conscious activities. An injury to a certain group of nerve-tracts in the brain results in the destruction of certain kinds of consciousness. Nevertheless, our conscious life is not the product of brain alone. Other physical organs have much to do with the sort of conscious states we may have.

Shut snugly in its bone compartment there are but two kinds of entrances to the brain; one admits the nerves—these bring in nerve-currents from the sense-organs and organs of the body; the other admits blood-vessels—these bring nourishment and hormones. From these two sources our conscious life is constantly modified. There is no need to call attention to the way our thoughts are affected by stimulations of eyes, ears, and other sense-organs, but we are apt to forget that the great cables of nerve-fibres which come to the brain from all organs of the body are continually influencing our thinking. Some one facetiously remarked that a man thinks with his alimentary canal. He does not, but the autonomic nervous system, which has control of his digestive processes, does affect his central nervous system, which has charge of his thought processes. Indeed, the background of every conscious state is furnished by these nerve-currents coming to the brain from bodily organs. The Freudians claim too much for the conscious background that arises from sex organs. However, we all admit that sex desires and thoughts appear in youth, when the organs of sex begin to mature. Many physicians have noted that certain women, who had little interest in children, acquired a longing and desire for children when the mammary glands began to fill. Many other illustrations could be supplied to show how one's thoughts may be directed by the conditions of physical organs. Just how the blood-supply affects our thinking is not so clear. When the oxygen the blood brings to the brain is greatly reduced, as in balloon ascensions, there are characteristic effects upon consciousness. It seems that some mental disorders may be due to toxines carried by the blood to the brain. In the blood-stream are many hormones. These are supplied by organs of internal secretion, and affect various organs of the body. Those from the adrenal glands have been studied and their effect upon the nervous system is marked. Those from the gonads produce secondary sex characters, such as change of voice, growth of hair upon the face. Just what effect these hormones may have upon the brain we cannot say at present, though it would be natural to suspect some effect.

It is clear, then, that the thought-life of any individual cannot be understood by a study of the brain alone, or by a study of those activities of the brain, such as perception, memory, association of ideas, and ingenuity, which are predominantly the results of the activities of the cortex of the brain. It is quite possible that a man and a woman will do the same sort of mental work in algebra, Latin, and mental tests if they have the same training, though these two individuals may have mental lives in different worlds. To get a glimpse of these two worlds we should not use a mental test. We should have our pair de-

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scribe their interests in life. Then we should quickly see that the compulsion which made their thoughts run parallel in the mathematics and language does not affect the free expression of their minds.

The free play of any one's thoughts and feelings will reflect the native traits of an individual in a way that a train of ideas made from educational habits can never do. Such free play responds to instinctive tendencies. The needs of the individual and of the race come to the thoughts of the mind through the necessities of the body. How ideas are formed and present themselves to the attention is too large a subject to be treated here. One effect alone we shall consider: the ideas which arise from the instinctive needs of the body. This is an unpopular subject. Much more popular are the doctrines extolling the supremacy of mind over body. The present contention throws Coué-ism into reverse. Instead of the eternal changes rung upon the theme of mind controlling body, we shall strike but one note here— body directing mind.

Instinctive acts are those which one seeks to do without previous instruction. How he does them depends upon habits he forms and instruction he receives, but the disposition to do them is inborn. Accompanying instinctive acts are certain emotions and feelings. These give rise to characteristic ideas. Naturally the emotions and the ideas are clearly influenced by training, and, indeed, the disposition itself may be modified in many ways. To illustrate. Infants begin to walk at various ages, that is to say, chronological ages. We are now coming to think of childhood in terms of physical age rather than in terms of months and years. Three different infants may begin to walk at different months of their lives, but they all begin to walk at about the same physical age. When their muscles are sufficiently strong to support their weight the disposition to walk arises. They want to walk; the idea dominates them. Perhaps it's unfair to speak of the infant's ideas. He cannot express them. Let us take an illustration that the adult can analyze. After a weakening sickness, such as a run of fever, no one has the strength to walk. He is quite content to remain quiescent. With the return of strength he becomes an unpleasant patient. The disposition and the ideas that he must be doing something urge him to use up the strength he has acquired. To put the same principle in another direction, the mental life of the growing child between infancy and boyhood develops in a steady, uniform way, as the bodily organs mature in a steady, uniform way. With the onset of puberty the various bodily organs no longer develop uniformly. Some grow more quickly than others. At this time conspicuous changes appear in the mental life of the youngster. These are not like the uniform, developmental steps of childhood; they are rather leaps and bounds, such that we are often amazed at the changes in the personality of our young friends. At this time the secondary sex traits display themselves. The physical growth of the boy makes for the broad shoulders and narrow hips, a voice which is nearly an octave lower than the child's voice, a growth of hair upon face and body becomes evident. With the girl the pelvic girdle grows far greater in proportion to the rest of her growth than it does in the boy. The whole figure rounds out. The breasts begin to develop. In the mental life of each there comes an interest in the opposite sex. There comes also a development of the emotional nature in all its fineness. There can be no question that the thought-life of youth is directly affected by its physical growth and that the thought-life of each sex is directed by characteristic physical growth.

A glance at the gross structure of the bodies of the two sexes tells us something of nature's plan. The broad shoulders and deep chest contrast strikingly with the narrow shoulders and broad hips. In general terms the bodily organs may be divided by the diaphragm. Above are the organs which drive the machine—lungs that supply fuel, heart that distributes it. Below the diaphragm lie the organs whose principal function is to build up the body and to reproduce the species. Quite naturally then the disposition of the one sex should differ from the other. Several psychologists claim that the instinct of pugnacity characterizes the boy and the man, the instinct of maternity the girl and the woman. This is rather too restricted a view. Man's energetic nature urges him

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into more varied experiences than combat. It sends him forth that he may come at grips with the whole world of things. He is the great adventurer. Danger for danger's sake has always appealed to him during his youth and strength. Every primitive people takes pride in the exploits of its men and their endurance of hardship. Among women no such love of danger and hardship is found. True, many tribes force their women to work, but in no tribe do we find women going forth to battle and the men remaining to care for the children. Women throughout the race conserve the comfort of the race. Their solicitude and affection for the young is one of the great beauties of all humanity. Even the lowest tribes in Australia possess women who allow no children to suffer. With large families of their own they adopt other children. Who can doubt that the gross structures and the general tendencies and traits of mind are intimately related?

Coming down from generalities to details, we are now in possession, and are acquiring more possession, of facts which show a direct relation between certain organs of the body and what we might call the characteristic masculine and feminine minds. Nearly a century ago Berthold performed some experiments in transplanting sex glands and found that the secondary sex characters of fowls were dependent upon these glands. Human beings who have been deprived in infancy of the gonads show an absence of secondary sex characters. The men have high-pitched voices, weak muscles, no hair on face, but little on the body, the breasts often develop nearly to the size of the female, and their mental life is quite unlike that of a normal man. There is often timidity, excessive tenderness, unreasonable dislikes, disposition to laugh or cry rather easily. Women so afflicted fail to develop the pelvis to the normal feminine size. The breasts do not grow as they should, the voice is low-pitched, there is some hair on the face, the legs are longer than normal, and the mental life is dull. Here then we have the first studies in endocrinology. To-day endocrinology has been massing data concerning the effect of all the organs which secrete into the blood-stream and their effect upon the mental life. One of the most spectacular and familiar is the effect of the thyroid secretion upon intelligence. When it is insufficient in infancy we have the *cretin*. When it becomes insufficient during life we get a dulled mentality. There seems to be some difference in the thyroid development of men and women. Surely women suffer more from goitre than men. The adrenal glands, lying just above the kidneys, play an enormously important rôle in the emotions of fear and anger. The characteristic effect of these emotions may be obtained by injecting adrenalin into the blood-stream. It appears that the adrenal glands are larger in women than in men. Here then is a physical basis for greater emotional play in the one sex than in the other. As the research proceeds and we learn more about other glands of internal secretion, it becomes more and more evident that they all do team-work. Gonad, thyroid, adrenal, and other glands act in conjunction in the formation of a personality. Some interesting speculations have been made in interpreting different historical characters in terms of their endocrine secretions. While this may seem a little fanciful in the present state of our knowledge, there cannot be a vestige of doubt that the personality has its foundation in these physical structures.

A word of caution should be inserted here. We must not think that our entire life is but a by-product of physical structures. Education plays an enormous part. One's emotional nature, as well as one's intellectual abilities, is susceptible of education. Many a light-hearted, genial soul, to whom the world should have been a place of happiness, bent his nature to fit a Puritan theology; or, to illustrate more pleasantly, the wholesome philosophy of life in present-day Christianity has educated many an unfortunate to combat his endocrine tendencies for an optimistic outlook on life. Christianity fits some endocrine systems much more easily than others. Its teachings find its best examples in natures that move easily in the direction of friendliness, generosity, and self-control, though we cannot refrain from admiring the mean nature which resolutely tries to live, think, and feel as Christ commands.

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Nothing is more difficult and discouraging than the combat waged against these native tendencies. In most cases it is a losing battle. Indeed, the majority of psychologists and psychiatrists say the only way to control our instinctive nature is to direct it, not combat it.

From what has been said it is surely evident that the mind of woman moves like a ship in a channel. By education it may swing from one side to another, but the sides of the channel are eternally the same. She may shipwreck, but she cannot break past the banks. Through countless ages her physical organs have remained of a given type. She cannot change them. In isolated cases her physique is more masculine than the average, and a natural masculinity is the result. Her mind is, on the average, an eternally feminine mind. We are not going to have great feminine football teams, despite the many pictures in the Sunday supplements. The mothers of the twenty-first century will not be pugilists, unless their shoulder girdles change. Why should they? The shoulder girdle of the Cro-Magnon ladies is still in fashion, though a good ten thousand years old. Amazons we shall have, few and far between; captains of industry, occasional inventors of radio, every century or two. This is not so bad. We should be more distressed by gentlemen wearing hair-nets, corsets, and high-heeled slippers. We do not view with alarm these prodigies. Let them occur. Biology supplies us with two-headed kittens and eight-legged dogs occasionally—physical departures from an average.

The matter of real interest is how far the thoughts and emotions of the average woman can deviate from the types which have come down the centuries and which spread the world over. Is our industrial age now entering a period of femininity? Is the world differentiation of labor to disappear, woman at home, man afield? If the line of thought we have been following is trustworthy we should see with confidence that no social revolution is taking place. With our change of social conventions the young woman of to-day lacks some of the buoys that mark the channel her forebears followed, but she sees enough wrecks on either side of the channel to know the general direction she should take. When she finds her instinctive tendencies to conserve the comfort of the race, to love and cherish its young, combated by duties of making the livelihood, she realizes that nature's road to happiness is blocked. The stronger the urge of nature within her, the more abundant the characteristic emotions, and their resultant ideas, the more distressing her mental life. Contentment comes only when her thoughts and emotions go with the tide of her natural impulses. Many psychological experiments have established the fact that when women are free to observe a number of objects and to describe their observations, they do so by many more references to human interests than do men. A simple experiment which called for a description of a postage-stamp brought out the fact that the feminine mind concerned itself with the features of the face, while the masculine mind ran out into the mechanics of cutting out the stamp. Many experiments in observation and description bear witness to the fundamental interests of women.

These dissimilarities appear early in childhood and are among the few in which the tests show differences between boys and girls. Our common observations corroborate such tests. Mechanics are usually abhorrent to the feminine taste, while the humanities claim both their tastes and their talents. As has frequently been remarked, woman in the pages of history is often the peer of man in literature, diplomacy, and politics. Some of the greatest rulers in Europe won their success with a feminine mind. Wherever the understanding and the management of human nature is needed the feminine mind is adequate: witness, Queen Elizabeth and any intelligent mother of five differently endowed offspring.

Of course we find no answer here to the questions concerning woman's moral future. The direction her thoughts will take we may predict. How her character will develop is another question. In passing we may remark that twenty-two genealogical records of American families show that the average wife in the eighteenth century had about seven children, and in the later nineteenth century she did not average three. With the coming of the

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industrial age and its leisure and luxury the test of woman's character reaches a climax. Though her thoughts and emotions remain true to ancestral type in their concern for persons rather than things, will those thoughts and emotions conserve the home and the race? The preparation for such a conservation that our well-to-do girls obtain from the period when they leave school till the time they marry is as useful as "women, wine, and song" are in the preparation for a young man's professional career.

Whatever the future may contain in the way of changed conventions, the physiologist and the psychologist are quite convinced that neither the body nor the mind of men and women will deviate from the type we know to-day. Of course, when we cease to think in terms of centuries and think in terms of geological ages, then we shall have changes. But to be quite specific, until the leopard changes his spots, the Ethiopian his skin, and man his endocrines, we shall have the eternally feminine mind, with its tendernesses, devotions, affections, and its fascinating mutabilities.

# Mammals on the Mountain-Tops

BY WILLIAM L. AND IRENE FINLEY
Authors of "American Birds," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

WE climbed to the top of Mount Rainier and came face to face with a little chipmunk living in the crater. I recall a moment of great fear when an old she-bear once charged me because I was too familiar with her cubs. I remember another moment when I trembled in excitement as I was stalking a bull moose with my motion-picture camera. He came ploughing down the trail and I was all but trampled underfoot. At another time, I was highly elated when, after an all-day chase following the dogs, I came up to an old mother cougar treed in a fir. She let me climb an adjoining tree twelve feet away and take as many pictures as I wished, while she lay astraddle the limb. Yet, of all the wild animals I have met I was never more surprised by one than I was at meeting this little chipmunk at home on the highest peak of the Cascades.

We had camped at timber-line on the south slope of Mount Rainier. Mrs. Finley and I left camp about noon one August several years ago, heading up Mazama Ridge, crossed the snow of Paradise Glacier, and followed the great medial moraine east of Nisqually Glacier. We slept that night at the foot of Cowlitz Cleaver, ten thousand feet up. Before daylight next day we were joined by a party of Mazamas, a well-known club of mountain-climbers. We labored slowly up Cowlitz Cleaver. We were roped together along the narrow shelf around the face of Gibraltar, a gigantic rock cliff. This ledge ended in the base of a great ice cap, dangerously steep, but carved into cups and spikes that made good footholds, although the steps were pretty high. We found a resting-spot in the big rocks at the top of Gibraltar, about twelve thousand six hundred feet up. Then we began the long lap across snow stretches and around crevasses to the upper curves of the dome. It was a steady zigzagging snow climb, simple enough except for the line of crevasses set like impassable barriers to prevent any one approaching the summit. After eight hours we dropped in utter exhaustion at the rim of the crater. We were both on top, but flattened out against a boulder, and incapable of any real appreciation of the wonderful panorama below or the odor of volcanic fires still smouldering in the bowels of the



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burnt-out volcano, and then—this little chipmunk bobs up out of the broken rocks of the crater and appeals for a bite to eat!

It is an impressive thing to climb to the top of Mount Rainier—to pass gradually from a region of gigantic firs and cedars, luxuriant vegetation, typical of the humid belt, and containing a great variety of bird and mammal life, into a different and a treeless zone. About seven thousand feet on Rainier we were in a region of flattened, twisted pines, lupines, low heather, and other plants that are dwarfed in their ceaseless fight with snow and blasting winds. Through the belt of crags and hanging rocks we saw the last evidence of plant life clinging in the more sheltered spots. The limit of life according to the altitude is so clear that we felt as if we were in the land of death. As I sat here on the top I saw all the grandeur of the tumbling rivers of ice, of crevasses that cut like gigantic knife-wounds far into the depths of the blue ice, the wide panorama of rivers, forests, and distant snow-capped peaks. Yet the sight that took me by surprise was this little chipmunk at my feet.

Here on the top of Rainier was the last place in the world I expected to study natural history. It was somewhat difficult at first for me to believe my own eyes. I rolled over, took a nut from my pocket and flipped it toward him. With a flirt of his tail, he whisked away among the rocks, hid it and was back for another. I sat up and passed out my precious nuts and crackers one by one. The storing habit of the chipmunk is always strong. It must have been the all-pervading idea of Chippy's life here on the top of Rainier. His summer is so short, his winter so long, and the supply of crumbs from mountain-climbers so precarious.

My world of natural history had ended 'way down across the vast snow-fields at timber-line several miles below. Here I was between seven and eight thousand vertical feet above timber-line in the land of perpetual snow. I was out of my element physically and mentally, and my natural-history theories were stretched to the breaking-point. As a naturalist, I would have risked my reputation that a chipmunk could never live to find his way to the top of Rainier. I perhaps arrived at this conclusion on account of the great difficulty I had in reaching the summit. Again, it would be impossible for such a small animal to live long on the summit. Yet here he was, and here I sat looking at him.

Think of a chipmunk living on the top of Rainier fourteen thousand four hundred and eight feet up! Was he a new unrecorded species? How did he get here? Why did he come? How did he exist in such a bleak, uninhabitable place?

Under the first question, some naturalist might think he had descended from a line of snow-dwellers and was a species new to science. In living on the mountain-tops, he might have developed a hardiness and a different nature from his brothers at home six or eight thousand feet lower down. However, this was not so. He was just a plain little fellow with a long Latin name, *Eutamius amœnus caurinus*, more popularly known as Olympic, Alpine, or mountain chipmunk.

As to how Chippy got to the top of Mount Rainier, I am satisfied upon inquiry that he was not taken there by human hands, but went of his own free will. In the middle of summer he might scale some of the cleavers and go a long way toward the top without crossing the snow-fields. It is not likely that he had any underground passage for more than a small part of the way. He, of course, could scale rock walls better than I, but his cheek pockets are too small to carry even a proportionate amount of provisions such as I could carry in my pockets or knapsack. A chipmunk very likely has a strong sense of smell, and this might lead him to follow the trail over the snow-fields where mountain-climbers carrying lunches had trod.

Fear must be a very important factor in the life of a tiny animal like the chipmunk. I can never forget how the terror of the mountain came upon me when I was alone among the gigantic cliffs of rock and ice looking out upon the vast snow stretches on the south side of Rainier. Animals have an intense feeling of companionship in times and places of danger, just as men have. If there is one strong instinct in the life of a chipmunk, it is not to venture too far from his hid-

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ing-place. Yet in a mile of snow-fields, I could not see a spot where one of these little dark-colored animals could hide from an enemy. He has such a host of them after him, such as hawks, owls, and shrikes that attack him from the air; or weasels, mink, foxes, and snakes, and other creatures that are in continuous pursuit on the ground. The life of the chipmunk is always on the firing-line day and night.

Chipmunk investigating camera, Mount Rainier.

If I were to try to answer the question as to why he came to the top of Rainier, the most plausible answer would be that among some of the mammals there are those that differ greatly in individuality, just as in the human race. There are those adventuresome, wandering souls that start off on a long trail and are possibly encouraged by finding a bread-crust, and they keep on going wherever man has gone.

While one might think it impossible for a chipmunk to live in such a bleak, uninhabitable place, yet Mother Nature helped Chippy to live on the top of Rainier far more than she would help us. We have no way of hibernating and sleeping off the spell of famine and cold. As soon as the blasts of winter started some creatures would quickly freeze or starve to death. Chippy, however, could crawl down into a crevice and might even sleep in peace and comfort for eight or nine months. He would then be ready to come out bright and happy to meet the first adventuresome climbers that reached the mountain-top in early summer. The people who climb to the summit might easily drop enough crumbs to keep a chipmunk alive, but his harvest season is very short and his crop scanty.

Finding a chipmunk on the top of Rainier was not the only surprise the summit of the snow-capped mountain held for us. Chippy had at least one companion, a white-footed or deer mouse (*Peromyscus maniculatus oreas*) that lived with him in the bleak and barren rocks surrounded by wastes of unmelted snow.

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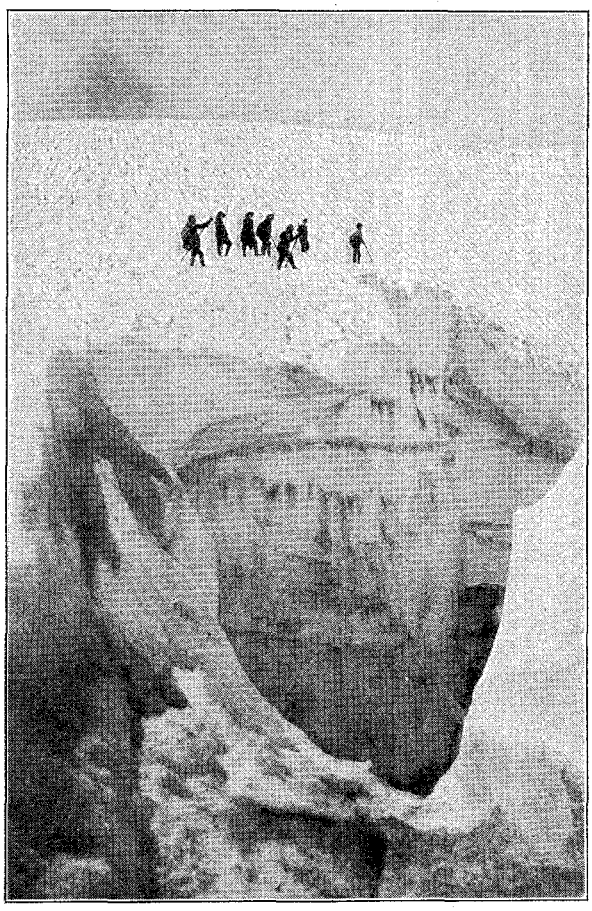
Scientists are not willing to record such unusual occurrences without positive proof, so one of the guides killed this little white-foot among the rocks in the crater. He made an affidavit to this fact signed by several men who were present. I got the skin and affidavit from Mr. Roger W. Toll, superintendent of Rainier National Park, and they are now in the collections of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. Putting him in the archives at Washington was really of small interest in comparison with the story of how he got there, the history of his life and actions, if he could have lived.



Mazama Glacier on Mount Adams, Cascade range, Washington.

Mr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, says the little white-footed mouse has the highest mountain record of any North American mammal. He found a little deer-mouse at an altitude of fifteen to sixteen thousand feet on Mount Orizaba, Mexico. He says it was a wandering individual that had gone up a thousand feet or more across barren snow and volcanic ashes. In this case, however, the little white-foot was not far beyond the limit of vegetation. While the Rainier white-foot was not quite so high from the standpoint of altitude, he was really a great deal higher, because he was several thousand feet beyond the limit of vegetation.

As to the occurrence of a white-footed mouse on the top of Rainier, he might have made the journey there himself, or it might be reasonable to suppose he went to the top hidden away in the pack-sack of some mountain-climber. I was somewhat inclined to this view after spending a night at Camp Muir.

At the lower point of Cowlitz Cleaver between Nisqually and Cowlitz Glaciers on the south side of Mount Rainier, a rough rock cabin has been built, which is called Camp Muir. It is the custom in going to the top of the mountain to ascend to this point and camp here for the night and climb the mountain the following day. Over thirty years ago John Muir spent a night here accompanied by Van Trump, Ingraham, and several others. It is interesting to read of Muir's experience, which was full of hardship. With little or no covering, they had to level a spot for a bed in the lava rocks and cinders. There was, of course, neither fire nor warm drink. He says during the night "the wind coming down upon us in stormy surges drove gritty ashes and fragments of pumice about our ears, while chilling to the bone."

What a contrast then and now! We reached Muir Cabin about dusk, weary

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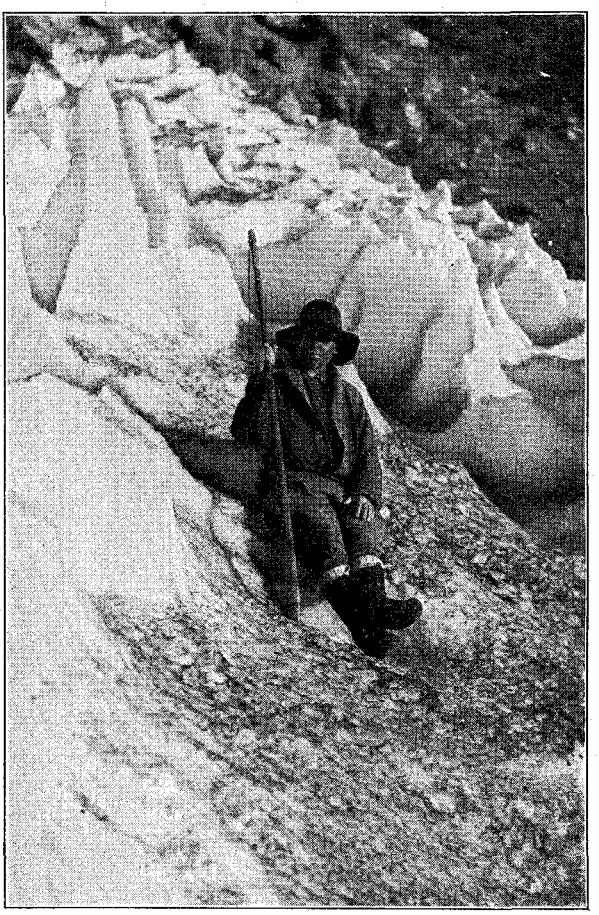
with the long climb. One of the professional guides was there with a party of sixteen tourists. There was a tiny fire at the side of the door made of a few precious bits of wood carried up by the guide. We had tea and crackers. A long line of blankets was spread on the floor of the cabin. I saw the guide stow away sixteen people side by side that took nearly every available foot of the hard-packed dirt floor. Then we crawled into our blankets just outside the door. We had a hot slab of rock at our feet. I was just beginning to doze when I felt something tickling across my face. I opened my eyes, and there in the moonlight sat a little white-footed mouse on the door-stone. I watched him wash his face. Before he had finished, the stillness of the night air was broken by the shrill scream of a woman. I knew that a second little mouse had walked across her face.

I was satisfied there were several mice skirmishing the walls and bedclothes for lunches. I lay there watching for an occasional tiny shadowy form that crossed where the moonlight hit among the rocks. Here is a high point on a snow-capped mountain where little white-feet have done a remarkable bit of frontiering. They had ventured out of their normal habitat from accidental cause, or wandered high up the mountain, led by the distant odor of lunches, to establish a permanent home at an altitude of ten thousand feet. Mr. White-foot had not come alone, as here were his wife, their children, and their grandchildren. From other loud exclamations and language showing great disgust, a listener might have thought there was an army of skirmishing mice; yet any noise in the cabin was against the strict warning of the guide, who insisted that the members of the party sleep so as to be fit for the long, hard climb. From the above facts, it was not improbable that the little white-feet searching in knapsacks for lunch may have been accidentally carried to the top of the mountain.

Later during the summer Doctor Walter P. Taylor, of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, saw not only the white-footed mouse, but also discovered that the Western bushy-tailed wood-rat (*Neotoma cinerea occidentalis*) lived here at Camp Muir. He, too, was perhaps attracted by the presence of people and lunches.

Doctor Taylor made a discovery that was much more remarkable from the natural-history standpoint. Under the wall of the cabin at Camp Muir he trapped a large-footed meadow-mouse (*Microtus richardsoni arvicoloides*). This



Mrs. William L. Finley on the way to the top of Mount Rainier.

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is an animal that lives on roots and green plant life. Why should he come several miles beyond timber-line or the normal limit of vegetation, making a vertical climb equal to three thousand feet through the zone of rock slides, snow-fields, and glaciers? He had ventured so far into the arctic that any naturalist would have said it was impossible for him to live here. Yet in the late summer, even at this altitude, there were an occasional scattering Alpine flower (*Smelowskia ovalis*) and dwarf grass (*Poa suksdorfii* and *Draba aureola*), which might furnish occasional meals. As near as Doctor Taylor could judge, Microtus was living on some of the lichens that grew on the rocks.

If Mount Rainier had been the only snow-capped mountain of our natural-history experiences, we might have looked upon these little animal incidents as types of exceptional and unexplainable mysteries of outdoor life. In scaling the top of Mount Hood from the north side the last twelve hundred feet is a snow chute where you jack your feet up slowly, hanging to a long rope that has been anchored to the top by the guide. When I pulled myself up over the rim I was face to face with a little chipmunk, who was far more at home in this polar region than I was. I have been on top of Mount Hood twice. The second time I went with R. B. Horsfall and Elijah Coalman, who for many years was ranger for the United States Bureau of Forestry. He has long been known as "the man of the mountain," for during many summers he lived on the top of Mount Hood, which was the most valuable outlook in the West for the discovery of forest fires that may start in the vast wooded area stretching off to the horizon in every direction.

Mr. Coalman has had better opportunity than any living man to study natural history on the top of Mount Hood. He tells me that during the month of July, 1908, he saw his first chipmunks on the top. There were two living on the summit. They remained through the season, feeding on bits of lunch left by climbing parties. Their home was in the crevasses of Mazama Rock.

"I am satisfied," says Mr. Coalman, "they remained on the summit through the winter, as I saw two chipmunks here the following year. In August, 1909, a third chipmunk made his appearance as a baby. They either left the summit during the fall of 1909 or perished during the winter, as I saw none in 1910."

Again, in 1912, Mr. Coalman saw four chipmunks on the summit of Hood, all full grown. It is interesting to note that one of the guides saw more than one chipmunk along the life-line climbing up the north side of the mountain. It is not unlikely that, if a chipmunk came to a rope stretched up a long snow-slide, his tendency to climb trees might readily lead him to follow it to the top, although a twelve-hundred-foot rope would be a mighty long limb for a chipmunk.

Small animals like squirrels and chipmunks are perhaps influenced a good deal by the actions of men. From long experience they know that where man is, there also is a supply of food. In seeing men climb to the tops of snow-capped mountains, it is not unlikely that some wild animals are led to do the same thing. During the summer of 1915, while Mr. Coalman was packing provisions and materials to build a permanent outlook station on the summit of Hood, he saw a pine or red squirrel on Crater Rock one morning, which is about five hundred feet below the summit. In the afternoon while resting at the big crevasse, he saw what he thought to be the same squirrel scrambling up over the west slope of Steel's Cliff. The following morning the squirrel was perched on the cache of materials on the summit, and he stayed the balance of the season.

A silver-gray squirrel came up the south side of the mountain in 1917, and appeared at the cabin the last week in September. He was still there when Mr. Coalman closed the cabin for the winter on October 2.

Mr. Coalman had considerable experience with mice on the top of Hood. He is more inclined to think that these tiny animals may have been carried to the summit along with the supplies. He says the first white-footed or deer mouse he ever saw on the summit showed up after they had packed materials for building the cabin in 1915. He saw five white-footed mice at one time in the cabin. He

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used to watch them play, chasing one another up and down the telephone-wires. An ordinary house mouse appeared at the cabin in August, 1919. Mr. Coalman says he used to come into the cabin through a knot-hole in the wall and lie under the oil-stove enjoying the warmth for an hour or two at a time. One morning he found the little fellow dead on the snow at the north side of the cabin.

The top of Mount Hood is eleven thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet above the sea. Neither this nor any other snow-capped peak has ever been thought a favorable place for studying natural history. Mr. Coalman's experience, however, proves that not only some of the small mammals, but even the larger ones have inherent traits for seeking new frontiers. On the Fourth of July, 1917, the forester saw a red fox on the summit. He came up, looked around and went down over what is called the Langille Route on the north side. When Mr. Coalman got up at five o'clock the morning of July 21, 1919, to scan the expanse below for forest fires, he came face to face with a new visitor. An old badger was chewing a piece of bacon rind in front of the cabin. The squatty newcomer was rather numb with cold, so the man of the mountain fixed up a box for him and for ten days he was a part of the mountain-top menagerie. Then the badger got one of the slats off the cage and started for a more temperate climate, going down by the north route.

Another natural-history puzzle on the top of Hood was first recorded by Dallas Lore Sharp in his book, "Where Rolls the Oregon." When Mr. Sharp and I climbed the mountain in 1912 we were surprised to find a host of little butterflies playing about the summit. Here they were, flocking in the arctic garden of rocks and snow as if they were among the flowers of the tropics. They were swinging around the mountain-top, using the strong draft as a toboggan-slide to coast up the rock chimney over the rim of the crater, and then back again to be caught in the breeze and pulled up the flue. Was it a game of tag, or why had they come? Were they, too, seeking adventure in some gale or snow-cloud?

Mammals wander about a good deal more than people think. The *Wanderlust* may come on certain individual ones, just as it comes to the human race. Some of them are more adventuresome than others, but the real cause is perhaps from the hunting instinct or the desire to find new sources of food-supply.

An important element in the life of smaller mammals comes from their prolific breeding and the necessity of adequate food. In any given area the natural increase compels the young when grown to leave the birthplace and seek new homes. The driving of the younger or weaker creatures out by the older or stronger members of the family causes a constant tendency to local migration, or even wandering over far greater territory than is commonly known. Mr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the Biological Survey, writes me of an incident in Arizona, where a small isolated colony of prairie-dogs were obviously the descendants of the nearest colony, which was at least eight miles away. He speaks of certain prairie-dogs occupying territory on an open grassy plain, that undoubtedly passed through several miles of dense forest on the mountainside, climbing at the same time about three thousand feet to a small island-like grassy park on the top of a mountain eleven thousand feet up. Except for the spot where these prairie-dogs lived, the mountain was covered by a dense forest.

The propelling force which urges our migratory birds to make their long periodic flights is the necessity of an adequate food-supply. One can readily see that in the struggle for existence, among the hosts of mice, squirrels, and other small mammals, when there is a favorable season for ripening plants and food is abundant, the crop of little beasts is perhaps enormous. The following season may bring a smaller harvest of food, and the rodent population is forced to scatter in all directions to live. Thus is set up a habit which is really continuous in operation, especially during the warmer and more favorable period of the year.

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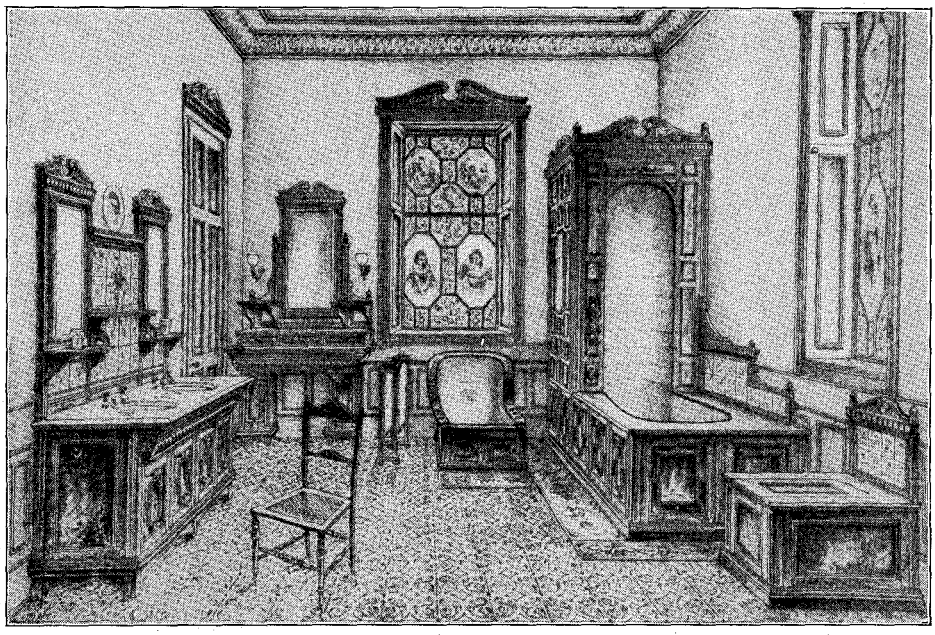

Stained glass, gingerbread, and Dutch-oven effects in the tiling in the bathrooms of the '80's no doubt helped to rent the mansions thus adorned.

# Bathtubs, Early Americana

BY FAIRFAX DOWNEY

HISTORIC as is the Potomac River, Fame has given it a pretty raw deal. The jade has held out on it with her choicest favor, the bestowal of a resounding sobriquet, an endearing nickname which fixes any haunt of history in a prominent niche for all time. On the Mississippi she conferred the accolade of "Father of Waters." Faneuil Hall she christened "The Cradle of Liberty." But she has failed miserably in her duty of dubbing the grand old Potomac "The Bathtub of Presidents."

Neither history nor a tale of tubbing can neglect the mighty stream which washed Washington, both George and D. C., and in all probability laved all succeeding Presidents up to Millard Fillmore, who when he came into office caused the first bathtub to be installed in the White House. That was in 1850. The Fillmore facility remained the sole modern convenience of that type until the Cleveland administration increased the equipment thirty-five years later.

President John Quincy Adams particularly must have wished vaguely for something of the sort. It was his habit to take his plunge in the Potomac at the foot of his garden daily between daybreak and sunrise, "weather permitting," the chronicle states. How the weather permitted or how it forbade is not specified. Rain perhaps was regarded as a shower-bath, and a walk in the garden became then all that was necessary.

President Adams persisted in his outdoor rite in spite of several untoward incidents. Once somebody swiped the presidential raiment lying on the bank and the august bather was forced to hail a passing lad and despatch him for more attire. On another occasion, a woman newspaper correspondent, a pioneer in her craft in more than one respect, caught the Chief Executive of these United States at his matutinal ablutions. John Quincy had previously refused to give her an interview, being strongly opposed to woman



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reporters. But when she got him cornered in the Potomac, his views perforce were altered. She would not go away and let him out until he reciprocated by releasing something for publication. That was her ultimatum, and she stuck to it. Neck deep in the river, the President expostulated and threatened the hussy on the bank, but she camped right down there until the interview was forthcoming. Alas! what its content was does not appear. One can only hope that she asked him about domestic entanglements and inland waterways and that her story led off: "Although ordinarily shy, modest, and retiring, President John Quincy Adams dropped his habitual reticence to-day and talked freely to a representative of this paper, whom he received most informally," etc., etc.

Nowadays the White House has its hot and cold running water and its silence. No longer does the interviewer find books, as it were, in the running Potomac.

The initial bathtub of the Executive Mansion was not the trail blazer in this country. Conservatism would not have permitted it to be. It had been antedated by eight years by a contrivance into which with astounding fortitude one cold December morning in Cincinnati, Ohio, stepped a gentleman, Adam Thompson by name. It is related that he derived the big idea from Lord John Russell, who had been doing that sort of thing in England for a dozen years every day when seabathing, of which he was very fond, was not feasible. The American visitor had tried the British tub and characteristically decided that it could be improved upon.

On his return to the United States, Mr. Thompson supplied plans and specifications for the new-fangled contraption to workmen, chief among whom was a cabinetmaker. That began the cabinet era of the American bathtub. Its products always gave the bather a slight feeling of being crated, but undeniably art was served and combined with utility, more or less. Some of the results really ought to be collected as early Americana.

The Thompson tub was encased with mahogany and lined with sheet lead, and it weighed in at about a ton. From the old family pump in the back yard water was piped to the attic, whence one pipeline led it cold to the tub, and another, coiled down the chimney, provided it hot, if only there was a big enough fire in the hearth. The bath went across big, and is said to have been the chief feature of entertainment at a Christmas party given by the inventor to his friends. One can picture each daring guest trying the thing in his turn while the others gathered outside the door and carolled: "God rest you, merry gentleman. Let nothing you dismay."

The reputation of the new bathtub, of course, spread rapidly. After that, the deluge. But hadn't it been a long time coming? For years, for centuries, Americans had made out with what Nature offered in the way of ablutions, and that offer was hardly enticing in the winter. They had supplemented that with portable tubs, mere basins which were all very well if you had enough help in the irrigation project, but could hardly be said to be a light undertaking to be entered into at a moment's whim.

Benjamin Franklin is recorded as having taken while in southern France the celebrated slipper-bath, so-called because the tub was of shoe shape. One entered at the top of the affair, if humanly possible without the aid of a shoe-horn, and one was very snugly encased and submerged to the neck. Perhaps Franklin was first wrapped in a sheet; in view of the rough interiors of the tubs, that concession to epidermis was often made in polished France. At any rate, he took the bath in that case and numerous others, causing a commentator to remark that "Franklin differed from the rest of his generation in not dreading water internally or externally."

When bathtubs became self-filling and hence stationary, Yankee ingenuity ran riot in their design. Bathing left the hardship class and approached that luxury to which it had been an utter stranger since its Roman days, that luxury which it was to attain and surpass, though it has never equalled the sociability of bathing in the time of the emperors. There was the sofa-bath, of which it might have been written, had it not appeared in a pre-slogan era: "Bathing made comfortable." Such a catchword might also have applied to the tub which boasted a raised seat at the head end, doubtless to permit



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a more dignified posture, and it might have fitted the triumph inspired by that divinity which shapes our ends, the model with a semicircular enlargement at one extremity to afford plenty of room for stout bathers.

Fearful and wonderful was the sea bathtub, which was designed in the shape of a wave; in fact, of several of 'em. The convolutions of the thing were supposed to induce the water to undulate gently about you. Presumably you added a pinch of salt and served. A little imagination along with that, plus a liberal sprinkling of sand in your eyes and hair, and you were virtually disporting in the surf right in the home. Another innovation, but one which was destined to survive, was the then-called "rain-bath." The inventor, who had been caught out in a thunder-storm and thoroughly soaked, merely reproduced his experience under more auspicious and private conditions. A bucket of water was hoisted on to a ledge above the bather, then tipped into a perforated drain, through which it ran down on his head, and there you were with a shower-bath. For a while these showers were well thought of as a treatment for insanity. But that was before people began to sing in them.

It needs no old-timer to recall the early type tin tub, with its broad wooden rim. Many of them are yet in use in old manses, and they are far from having attained the repose and dignity of museum pieces. In respect to them, a treatise of the period of their prime advises: "After some use, copper and zinc tubs may be made to look quite inviting by painting the inside with a special bath enamel paint."

Mind you, it makes the point that the tubs must be broken in first; you could not expect them to be very inviting at first blush.

The painted and galvanized tubs developed into the porcelain enamel inside tub with a wooden frame. True, the surface would peel and chip and be transferred to the surface of the bather, but he or she did not seriously mind that, having attained that cleanliness once so nearly "next to impossible."

The steel-clad all-copper tub, with iron reinforcing bands and a hardwood frame, the predecessor of the porcelain variety, was a veritable heavy-armored tank. The earlier American tubbers would have greatly preferred that type, for their activities were not infrequently stealthy and surreptitious, both under the fire of the medical profession and under the ban of laws of commonwealths.

Doctors predicted all manner of deadly ills for the sybarites who persisted in indulging in the debilitating habit of bathing to the alarming extent of once every day. People thought "there ought to be a law against it," and in several States and cities there was. Legislators went into action. The common council of Philadelphia turned down a proposed ban on bathing from the first of November to the middle of March by two votes, but Boston (in 1845) proscribed bathing except on medical advice. Virginia proceeded to slap a tax of $30 a year on every tub imported into the State. The cities of Hartford, Wilmington, and Providence indicated disapproval by boosting their water-rates.

With baths so widely regarded as not at all to the common weal, it is not surprising that no public baths were established in this country until 1891, long since bathing had been made easy. All the opposition current had tended to keep baths private; in fact, almost bootleg. Of course, if you had a pre-prohibition bathtub in Virginia you were entitled to indulge, but just try and import an extra one, so the rest of the family would not have to wait in line so long, and that would cost you money. It is not impossible that in Boston certain of the citizenry who liked their little bath now and then were able to find friendly physicians who were generous with and not overconscientious about their bath prescriptions. And no doubt in Hartford, Wilmington, and Providence people who could take their bath or leave it alone managed now and then to take it in spite of hell and high water-rates.

For the law to step in and put hazards in the course of true laving was most discouraging. The evolution of our national tubbing had been slow enough without legislatures denying it. As for the income of the bath—well, the first pumping-station started to make tub-filling easier only a little more than one hundred years ago. The facility of outgo dates back to 1855, when Chicago put in operation the

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first sewage system of any account. Not until Civil War time did guests at the larger hotels have much prospect of bathing at all in the modern manner; and not until after Spanish War time could a guest ask for a room-and-a-bath in the fond hope that the latter was going to be his very own. Foreign travellers complained as late as that period that three rings of the bell at the most would summon a masterpiece in the way of cocktails to your hotel room, but you must ring nine times and then some to arrange for an indifferent bath.

A foreign visitor could have had no strong ground for being snobbish about our bathing equipment at that date. The vicissitudes of bathing abroad had and have long been known to travellers from our shores. They continue to exist, barring England, land of the portable tub, Lord John Russell, and the Order of the Bath.

Though the statutes of the last-mentioned advantage date back to 1752, it cannot be denied after reading them that the ceremony its initiation prescribed was regarded as an experience, an adventure. It was typical of the status of bathing of that day. The rite demanded a "proper Barber to make ready a Bathing-Vessel, handsomely lined on the Inside and Outside with Linnen, having cross Hoops over it, covered with Tapestry, for Defence against the cold Air of the Night." It seems to have been rather like a perilous trip through an unknown country in a Covered Wagon.

After a hair cut and a shave, the candidate knight was undressed to "Musick" and placed in the bath, where he was instructed by grave knights, who splashed water over his shoulders to make it harder. It is interesting to note that King George I appointed that "our dear entirely beloved Grandson, Prince William, shall be the first and principal Companion and shall be placed next unto the Sovereign within this most honourable Order. And since by reason of the Tenderness of his Age, he is not able to bear the Fatigue of Bathing, and the Vigils attending it, . . . we do hereby dispense with him in these." Read that and think on our modern spectacle, Baby's Bath, being conducted daily in millions of homes before an enthusiastic feminine cheering section.

The bathtub has multiplied in the United States until it bids fair to become as exclusive an affair as the individual drinking-cup. The hotel announcement of "every room with a bath" is no longer pretentious. Amazing as they would have seemed a few years ago, we now find nothing extraordinary in apartments of six rooms with a quota of three baths. With only three out of those six rooms bedrooms, it may be realized that nowadays time and tub make no man wait for them, and you may go right ahead and hew to the line, let the towels fall where they may. Even guest-rooms, those proverbially uncomfortable recesses, now are apt to have attached little bathtubs all their own. The hardships and complications of a week-end are thus considerably reduced.

In the modern tale of a tub, the only reference to previous instalments is the blossoming out of color schemes again. That is a return to the old cabinetwork days when the decorative tiling of the tub and the wash-stand let them vie with the Dutch fireplace. Now we may have our bathrooms done in soft rose or warm brown tiles, with the frame of the tub tiled to match. Marble, carved woodwork, and ornate fixtures are making their appearance; in short, the bathroom is being interior-decorated over and above the conveniences of modern plumbing. Even in the simple little bathroom of the flat or the bungalow we have grown to expect much—soap recesses to hold the cake we once groped for or slipped on—fixtures made from such china as is used in dinner-plates—grab-rods by which we emerge from our tubbing with less danger of skidding—showers aloft, mirrors roundabout, and plate-glass shelves at hand; and also a fine, stout door with a lock on it, something that the goddess Diana wished she had at her bath once.

Greece's was the glory of the gracefully sculptured bird-bath effect, Rome's the grandeur of her ponderous thermæ. To the tent-folding Arabs belongs the credit of the discovery of the sand plunge, while the Turks early went into steam. Combine the best of all their devices into one small, compact item and you have the present triumphant development of that fine old nineteenth-century piece, the American bathtub.

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# Hometown

BY BADGER CLARK

Our town has history enough.
Across the railroad, on the bluff,
Prof scans the record of our age
And reads it, page by stony page.
Desert, he says, and swamp and sea
And glacier in turn were we.
The three-toed horse, he says, was here;
Rhinoceros and six-horned deer
And other strange and varied meats
Snorted and stamped about our streets
Back when the first town site survey
Was still a million years away.
And then the red man's pedigree,
With pigeon-toed solemnity,
Stalked through our annals in a string
And ate their feasts beside our spring
Till old Jed Towner built his hut
With one hand on a pistol butt.
Can Pontiac,
Kish or Karnak
Push their backgrounds further back?

Our town has sights as fine to see
As any in geography.
Why, when the early sunlight spills
In summer down our eastern hills,
They look like heaven's parapet.
From Eighth Street, when the sun has set,
The high school on the hill in line
Looms like a castle on the Rhine,
And twisted pines along the crest,
Backed by the lemon-colored west,
Would make Jap artists praise their gods
And plant their easels here by squads.
Some summer nights I have to lie
In the front yard and watch the sky,
And let my fancy climb and play
Through lacework of the Milky Way
To deeper heights all silver fired,
Until both eyes and brain are tired.
Oh, never Nome,
Hongkong or Rome
Could show me finer sights than home!

South Dakota



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# AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHAT! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom? This rhetorical question, despairingly asked by Macbeth while contemplating the successors to Banquo, might be asked by the average reader concerning the family of the Forsytes, as he takes up "The Silver Spoon." For my part, I ask the question, not in despair, but in joy. However sardonic the word "saga," Mr. Galsworthy is engaged in the composition of a genuine prose epic. Twenty years ago the world first welcomed the Forsytes, in "The Man of Property." Then after producing seven novels on other themes, with many plays and tales, he returned in 1920 to the famous family, with "In Chancery." In 1921 appeared "To Let." These three, with two interludes, were collected into one volume, "The Forsyte Saga," in 1922.

But the Saga was as unfinished as the world it describes, and in 1924 came "The White Monkey," and in 1926 "The Silver Spoon." With the exception of that beautiful interlude, "Indian Summer of a Forsyte," I like "The Silver Spoon" better than any novel by its author since "The Man of Property." It is excellently written; its characters are cleanly delineated; it is packed with sharp observation and solid reflection thereupon; these qualities are inevitable. But frankly I was not prepared to find the *narrative* so thrilling. I had just finished three improbable but exciting detective stories, and I found "The Silver Spoon" more difficult to lay down than any of them.

Mr. Galsworthy, like 289,783 other English writers, "abandoned the law for literature." But although he abandoned this exacting mistress, he did not forget her. The "trial scene" in "The Silver Spoon" is first-rate, even though I had not imagined that any such case could be brought into court. Surely in America one woman may write sneering letters about another's cattishness, without incurring liability to damages.

As the earlier books in the Saga reveal commercial, political, social, and artistic life before the war, so "The Silver Spoon" is a motion-picture of that variegated life as it is manifesting itself to-day. The author's dissatisfaction with selfishness, cruelty, snobbery, injustice is in evidence; this book is an indictment of those who fiddle while London is burning; but there is also an inextinguishable love of England, characteristic of every right-minded native. And John Galsworthy, though international in his sympathies, is by birth, breeding, and education an Englishman.

He comes to America only for our climate, which, to be sure, is worth coming for; his prolonged residence in our Southern States has resulted (in "The Silver Spoon") in young Francis Wilmot, who is meant to be a good fellow; but the poor devil is hopelessly in love, and cannot appear to advantage.

The book is a duel between two beautiful young women, both of whom it takes an effort to avoid despising; in giving to one of them the victory it looks as if the author did not have a high regard either for the professions or the practices of London society of to-day.

However this may be, his attitude is clearer than in the question of "Foggartism"—does he wish us to believe that he himself takes seriously such political quackery? or only, that Michael, being young, inexperienced, idealistic, and sympathetic, is taken in? I give it up.

Here is a picture of England so vivid that it makes one American almost homesick—imagine an Englishman reading it in Archangel or Bombay:

> And there started up before him the thousand familiars of his past—trees, fields, and streams, towers, churches, bridges; the English breeds of beasts, the singing birds, the owls, the jays and rooks at Lippinghall, the little differences from foreign sorts in shrub, flower, lichen, and winged life; the English



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scents, the English haze, the English grass; the eggs and bacon; the slow good humour, the moderation and the pluck; the smell of rain; the apple-blossom, the heather, and the sea. His country, and his breed—unspoilable at heart!

Evil communications corrupt good manners. With whom has Mr. Galsworthy been communicating that he should write:

Nor was there any chance for lights of the Palace to meet those lights of the Halls—Madame Nemesia and Top Nobby. Nowhere else could a Russian dancer go in to supper with Sir Walter Peddel, M. D.; F. R. S. T. R.; P. M. V. S.; R. I. P. Even he who had the finest collection of ducks' eggs in first-class cricket was not without a chance of wringing the hand of the great Indian economist, Sir Banerjee Bath Babore.

Although there has been much English slang imported into America since the war, isn't it so, old thing? there are some expressions which Americans will have to "look up." But they add flavor.

The great achievement here, as in "The White Monkey," is Soames. He ought to be, and I think he is, an imperishable addition to the characters of English fiction. He is startlingly real—most real of all in his conquest, first of his creator, and then of the reader. The whole Forsyte series—and may we have more (I can never have enough),—might well be called "The Development of Soames Forsyte." Has he really grown so much since "The Man of Property," or is Mr. Galsworthy and are we developing with him?

On July 7, in London, at the centenary banquet of the Royal Society of Literature, the gold medal was formally awarded to Rudyard Kipling. The medal is for "services to literature," and the first recipient was Sir Walter Scott. In our times it has also been given to George Meredith and to Thomas Hardy.

It was an occasion. Lord Balfour was in the chair, and many distinguished foreign and British writers were present. As Kipling was worthy of the medal, so his speech was worthy of the time and the place. As reported by Mr. T. B. Ybarra in the New York *Times*, Kipling said:

When the shadows lengthen, one contrasts what one had intended to do in the beginning with what one has accomplished. That the experience is universal does not make it any less acid, especially when—as in my case—one has been extravagantly rewarded for having done what one could not have helped doing.

But recognition by one's equals and betters in one's own craft is a reward of which a man may be unashamedly proud—as proud as I am of the honor that comes to me tonight from your hands. For I know with whom you have seen fit to brigade me in the ranks of literature. The fiction that I am worthy of that honor be upon your heads.

Yet at least the art that I follow is not an unworthy one. For fiction is truth's elder sister. Obviously, no one in the world knew what truth was until some one had told a story, so it is the oldest of the arts, the mother of history, biography, philosophy, and, of course, of politics.

Fiction began when some man invented a story about another man. It developed when another man told tales about a woman. This strenuous epoch begat the first school of destructive criticism as well as the first critic, who spent his short but vivid life in trying to explain that a man need not be a hen to judge the merits of an omelette. . . .

All men are interested in reflections of themselves and their surroundings, whether in the pure heart of a crystal or in a muddy pool, and nearly every writer who supplies a reflection secretly desires his share of immortality for the pains he has been at in holding up the mirror, which also reflects himself.

He may get his desire. Quite a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past 2,500 years. From a bookmaker's—a real bookmaker's—point of view the odds are not attractive, but fiction is built on fiction. That is where it differs from the other arts.

Kipling's statement that a dozen writers have achieved immortality in the past two thousand five hundred years awakened the echoes in America, and many began feverishly to draw up lists. We have a mania for lists, which appeal chiefly to the sporting instinct.

These lists do not interest me. What interests me is the fact that out of all the living writers of Great Britain and Ireland, the Royal Society decided by their medal that from the point of view of permanent achievement Kipling stands next to Hardy, which seems to me a good appraisal. It also interests me to reflect that not a single American living writer, either in prose or verse—and Hardy and Kipling

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write both—could stand comparison with these two Englishmen.

Felix Shay's biography of the founder of *The Philistine*, "Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora," is an entertaining, beautifully printed, and happily illustrated book. In appearance and in manner it is the kind of thing that would have given delight to its hero. Perusal of its pages brings back the glowing days when *The Philistine* was something new and strange. I own a complete set from the start, and they—especially the earlier ones—had much wit and wisdom. Later Elbert Hubbard became an institution and also somewhat flabby. As he took pleasure in satirizing men and measures, so the most ironical burlesque of him and of East Aurora was "Iole" (if my memory is not at fault), by the expert hand of Robert W. Chambers. If you want a diverting hour, get that book out of the library. I never saw Mr. Hubbard, but there was something repulsive in his pictures and in his writings—something that seemed both unctuous and insincere. It is only fair to say, therefore, that Felix Shay, who knew him intimately, pays him in these pages a magnificent tribute.

I remember reading in the newspapers an interview with him just before he embarked on the *Lusitania*. The reporter asked him about his fear of disaster. He laughed and said that if the ship went down and he were drowned it would be the most wonderful thing that could happen to him; it would insure the permanence of his fame. If he survived this journey he might be forgotten, but if he were lost on that boat he would always live. Well, he was lost; and for a time it seemed as if his works and fame had followed him. There were so many other prominent persons drowned with him, the excitement of the war was so high, that there was no time to think of Elbert Hubbard. But now that over a decade has passed, he has risen from his watery tomb and taken a place in the literary history of America.

"A Message to Garcia" is reprinted in this volume with the statement that it was "written one night after supper in a single hour." Hubbard did not dream of the excitement it would arouse. It appeared in *The Philistine* for March, 1899. The issue was exhausted in three days. Mr. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, wanted a price on one hundred thousand copies; he was given permission to print it himself. He printed five editions, each of one hundred thousand, and then one of half a million. It has been translated into more than forty languages. Mr. Shay believes that it has been reprinted more times than any other piece of literature in the world, except the Bible. It is one of those things so natural and simple that "anybody could have done it." But only one did.

Mr. Shay's book has a short preface by Henry Ford, who visited the shop at East Aurora before either he or Fra Elbertus became household words.

Otto H. Kahn is always doing something that I had hoped he would do; and his latest deed is no exception. He has collected his essays and addresses into one volume of over four hundred pages, called "Of Many Things," with the subtitle "Being Reflections and Impressions on International Affairs, Domestic Topics, and the Arts"—three matters on which he is not only an authority but a powerful creative influence. Various chapters will appeal to various readers—"Europe and Ourselves," "Edward Henry Harriman," "The Metropolitan Opera," "Art and the Catholic Church," etc.

"The Advancing South," by Professor Edwin Mims, of Vanderbilt University, is a book that both Northerners and Southerners should read. The author deals barehanded with vital problems, and while recognizing their number and magnitude, keeps up his own and our courage. Of this quality he has for years shown abundance, especially in relation to the question of lynching. Mr. Mims is a fine example of the college professor—good scholar, good teacher, good administrator, and a leader in civic affairs.

A valuable and fascinating book is Doctor Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy." He takes the chief philosophers from Plato to John Dewey, and devotes a separate chapter to each, wherein the gist of that particular thinker's system is given so that the wayfaring man may not err. The book glows with vitality. The philosophers are considered in

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chronological order, which makes the jump from Aristotle to Francis Bacon as suggestive as a rest in music.

Among the new novels, I recommend "The Golden Dancer," by Cyril Hume. This is a rather remarkable combination of realism and romanticism; a motor-truck, a soda-fountain, a farmhouse, fairies, nymphs, dryads, and dreams are some of the ingredients, skilfully compounded into a delectable dish; "Sounding Brass," an English novel, by Ethel Mannin, dealing with an ambitious man in the field of advertising, who has the misfortune to know exactly what he wants and the still greater misfortune of getting it—a well-wrought piece of work, inevitably influenced here and there by Sinclair Lewis; "Rough Justice," by the accomplished writer C. E. Montague, a serious and thoughtful consideration of modern English life, a challenge to intelligent readers; "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie, with an ingenious and unguessable plot.

The manicure girl is coming into her own; within a few weeks I have read three novels with her as heroine. These are "Mantrap," by Sinclair Lewis; "Prodigals of Monte Carlo," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; and "Jones in Paris," by Ward Muir. The only one of the three polishers that I should care to meet is the one created by the redoubtable Oppenheim, and she is too good to be true. I have never had my hands manicured, so I am unable to speak with authority on the damosels engaged in that profession; they touch nothing that they do not adorn; but Oppenheim's specimen seems to me to hit the nail on the head rather than on the hand. Were any such curiosities employed in barber-shops, a barber-shop would be Paradise enow. This girl has youth, beauty, charm, intelligence, wit, and is loyal, devoted, affectionate, high-minded, unselfish.

Should a mediæval warrior suddenly appear in a modern barber-shop, and see a fat man reclining in a chair, with a barber scraping his face, a bootblack energetically rubbing his shoes, and a fair maid clipping his nails, he would doubtless believe that this was some new, elaborate, and efficient method of torture; perhaps he would be right.

Mr. Muir is an Englishman, and his book, "Jones in Paris," has had considerable success in England, while it has not yet been published in America. It is a light novel, with considerable humor, accurate observation of life, and shrewd philosophy. There is dramatic contrast between the French manicure girl and the sportsmanlike Englishman—he *was* a good sort and a good sport! Possibly the reason that this entertaining novel has not yet appeared in the United States is because, as some one has said, American humor consists in exaggeration and English humor in understatement.

In the June issue I spoke of "Starbrace" as Sheila Kaye-Smith's first novel. Dean Julian Park, of the University of Buffalo, writes:

> I have understood, and will maintain it against all comers, that her first is a little-known novel called "The Tramping Methodist," London, 1908. It is my chief avocation (and a dean *must* have them) to try to pick the comers as they loom up over the horizon, and I picked Sheila many, many years ago. I hope you are with me on this.

Dean Park is as accurate as he is discriminating. He was right in picking Sheila Kaye-Smith in 1908; he is right in saying that "The Tramping Methodist" is her first novel. I verified it "at the source." Her second novel was "Starbrace." I know only one thing about her *next* novel—it will be worth reading.

Here is what Sheila Kaye-Smith thinks of the work of Compton Mackenzie. I read it in *The Living Age*.

> I would rather read a bad novel by Compton Mackenzie than a good novel by almost any other modern novelist you could name; he has about him a vital quality that one knows some day will inevitably surprise one. I feel that he is bound sooner or later to produce something really good, because, though perhaps his work has not yet achieved either the success or the greatness of some, he has capacities that no other living writer possesses.

The nominations for the Ignoble Prize come not in single spies, but in battalions. They have an objective value for my readers and for me, and a subjective value for the proposers, in the chest-relief channel.

Mrs. John Evans Roberts, of Virginia,

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nominates the word "*opined.*" "The able journalist who writes 'Foreign News' in *Time* is the deepest-dyed culprit. He used it in ten issues—almost successive ones. I wrote a protest. I nearly cancelled my subscription."

Miss Adelaide Margaret Delany, of Philadelphia, nominates the indiscriminate use of the word *brilliant.* She heard a man called a "brilliant shoe salesman," which did not refer to the patent-leather pumps he sold. "The promiscuous usage of the adjective to-day makes me shudder lest perchance it soon will be applied to those of us who sparingly call upon it." Well, we Americans are generous, even with our adjectives.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, of Hartford, nominates *Milady* and *Friend Wife.* She adds: "Just to type these abhorrent words, and see them appear on the paper as the result of my exertions, gives me the creeps." There is perhaps one word worse than these—it is *hubby.*

A citizen of New York writes: "*Anent* should not be used in every-day writing, unless in a spirit of mild playfulness. One of my ministerial friends never says anything but *anent.*" This same correspondent strenuously objects to superfluous commas. In this, although he may not know it, he has on his side the mighty authority of Henry James. When the novelist revised his works for the New York edition, there were heavy casualties in commas; and indeed they do break up the printed page.

Mr. E. Nearing, of Garden City, nominates *outstanding, worth while, good lady, link up* (for link), *in back of* (for behind), and comments as follows on *meticulous:* "I remember the first time it came to my view. It must have been in the '90's that a musical critic describing the acting of one of those mighty Wagnerian heroines spoke of her 'meticulous pudencies.' The infection spread slowly, but I am suspicious that the journalists who now display this word on every page did not catch it from the dictionaries but by contact with infection from this source."

George F. Bean, of Boston, nominates the affirmative reply *sure!* He thinks the unqualified *yes* equally brief and definite.

Robert Hyde, of Henry Holt and Company, nominates the "Club Breakfast."

Recognizing you as an inveterate and incurable campaigner for reforms that the professional *réformateur* finds too trivial and unprofitable to command his attention, and because you, in common with a lot more of us, often must have been a victim of its utter inanity, I should like, thru your department, to say a word about the club breakfasts which one finds printed on club, hotel, and restaurant menus thruout this country.

Travel over a considerable portion of the United States has left me utterly without hope. With one or two notable exceptions, I have never come upon a club breakfast in which it is possible to order *both* fruit and cereal. Usually there is a long list of combinations ranging in price from forty cents to a dollar and a quarter, and setting forth every possible combination excepting one of which I can make use. Can it be possible that I am one of few who like both fruit and cereal in the morning, or are there others who would bestow blessings upon the enterprising *restauranteur* who would print an edible combination upon his menu?

I am one of the few Americans who do not like raw, cold fruit for breakfast. Yet breakfast is my favorite meal. I look forward to it with more pleasure than to any other repast, and I enjoy it more. With a slight substitution (fishball for egg) on Sunday, I eat the same things for breakfast and at the same hour (7.13) every day in the year, and, like white wings, I never grow weary.

The best essay on breakfast I have read was written by Meredith Nicholson in the *Yale Review.* In it he alluded to the magnificent breakfast-opening of "Pendennis."

Newell Martin, of Huntington, N. Y., implies a nomination of the wrong use of the apostrophe. All of us whose names end in s are sufferers. Many times I have been tortured in print by "Prof. Phelp's address," and Dean Briggs told me he was often possessively Brigg's. Mr. Martin writes me:

## A TEST FOR STENOGRAPHERS

Vincent de Wierzbicki put to me this problem in grammar:

The drawing-rooms of the princesses of Egypt were as familiar with the miracles of Moses as the Athens of Pericles was with the beauty of Venus or as the Court of St. James is with the philosophy of Bergson.

The pupil is asked to change the sentence,

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as follows, using the possessive case, and filling in the blanks:

"Egypt's . . . drawing-rooms were as familiar with . . . miracles as . . . Athens was with . . . beauty or as is St. . . . Court with Bergson's philosophy."

I, in these wilds, would write it thus:

"Egypt's princesses' drawing-rooms were as familiar with Moses' miracles as Pericles's Athens was with Venus's beauty or as is St. James's Court with Bergson's philosophy."

I showed this puzzle to Mrs. Benjamin Walworth Arnold, and she answered thus:

"I am not at all cultured or wise,
I have never yet taken a prize:
And as for my S's
They're nothing but guesses;
Ask some one who lisps to advise."

Mrs. Arnold now has the honor of being admitted to *The Salon*.

I do not agree with Mr. Martin's punctuation. I invariably write Pericles's, Moses's, etc.

Let me add that I recently had the pleasure of hearing Count Vincent de Wierzbicki read a French play aloud to an American audience. He has extraordinary power in dramatic reading, with a contagious sense of humor; I recommend him unreservedly.

A different use of the possessive is nominated by Miss Achsa Parker, of Cleveland. "I refer to such examples as 'the play's success,' 'the United States's present position,' 'the police force's duty,' 'England's prince' (when not trying to write verse)."

The Reverend William Graham Kennedy, of Rochester, N. Y., nominates the too inclusive use of the word *gesture*. "It is now used to denote almost anything any one can do with any part of his person, personality, or purse, from lifting a finger to raising an army. The French Revolution, the burning of witches, the Crusades, and the Crucifixion itself could well be called 'gestures' by some who seem to regard the word as a prize beauty."

Farris Davis, in the Jacksonville *Times Union*, protests vigorously against certain overworked words:

When I see that *delicious* refreshments have been served at a party, I suffer from nausea. When I read that the meeting was one of the *most interesting* of the season, I feel like a chicken with the pip. When I come across *wonderful* to describe a scene, I go into convulsions, but when the superlative *most* is prefixed, I become unconscious. The city editor says if he reads again: "He died in a local hospital in this city," or "the many friends of So-and-so will be pleased to learn," or "the outstanding feature," or "the members are urged to be present," or "the regular monthly meeting will be held," he'll go on a ten days' spree. One of the State news editors says if he sees the word *unique* or *most unique* he'll throw a fit. One poor State news editor almost went into hysterics when he read the word *wonderful* a dozen times one day.

When I go to a gathering of social workers and hear a man or woman say that he has *vision* or that some one else has it, I lose interest. If any word has ever been overworked that poor thing has. The propagandists wore it threadbare during the war, and since that time every public speaker, when ideas fail to come, substitutes *vision*. I haven't any confidence in a man or woman with *vision*. I hate 'em. The word *service* makes me see red. Just as surely as some speaker says his club or his society or his lodge is for the purpose of *service*, doubt as to his motives begins to gnaw at my soul.

There is one word I hate even more, and that is *message*. These people who write about Carlyle's *message* do not need a message; what they need is a massage. Rose Macaulay wrote "Potterism" to help us to get rid of verbal hand-me-downs. It would be fine to attend a Y. M. C. A. convention where there were no *forward-looking* men.

Rayan S. Moyer, of Philadelphia, nominates the following pronunciations, which he hears frequently: mu-ni-cip'al, hospit'a-ble, des-pic'a-ble, and ad'dress (noun). I never heard the first of these four words so pronounced, but the second is one of my particular abominations.

Bruce Barton, the author of "The Man Nobody Knows" and of "The Book Nobody Knows," nominates uncut leaves.

Publishers complain always about the failure of people to buy books enough and the decay of the habit of reading; yet they spread these thorns in the reader's pathway. Suppose that the automobile manufacturers, while complaining that people do not tour enough, were to insert a series of tacks half-way through the tires, so that at ten-

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mile intervals one had to get out, reach around for tools, and painfully change a tire! Yet the pain would not be much greater than mine in reaching around for the thing to cut with, which is never around.

The fair correspondent who sent me an obsolete hairpin with a pretty ribbon should write to Bruce Barton.

Mrs. Grace Maltby Daniels, writing from The Hague, nominates Paul Potter's "Young Bull," or "The Steer," by which name it is generally known in Holland.

Kenneth Wynne, a prominent lawyer of New Haven, nominates the overuse of "jacket design." I agree with him, but, above all, I hate to see puffs of the book on the jacket.

J. A. Wickersham, of Terre Haute, nominates *wonder* in the sense of "wish to know," "should like to know," saying: "I constantly stop-balk at that expression, though it has the best of authority."

Ansley Newman, of Buffalo, writes: "The time seems to be about ripe for a symposium in SCRIBNER'S on the split infinitive. Once upon a time the separation of 'to' from its beloved verb was enough to stamp a writer as hopeless. But observe our present novelists; they park that little word wherever it seems most natural. John Galsworthy does it habitually." I do it myself whenever I feel like it and with no sense of sin.

Mr. Newman adds: "An interesting 'source' in your search for a satisfactory elision of 'Am I not?' can be found in 'Hangman's House.'" On page 7 the caretaker's daughter says: "And amn't I the unfortunate woman to be handed such a father?" This is true Irish and there is no better English than Irish.

Mrs. Elizabeth Case, of Hartford, believes that the distinction between *hot* and *warm* is in danger of being lost.

Have you noticed the way in which the word "hot"—especially as applying to weather, but also in regard to soup, and even drinks like tea and coffee—is in process of being obliterated, and "warm" used in its place? On a broiling, scorching day, people will remark that it seems as if it were going to be "*warm*," and they will comment on how "warm" it is, with the thermometer in the nineties. Now during sub-zero weather in the winter, these same people do not exclaim that it seems as if it were going to be really "*cool*"; they never hesitate to say definitely that the air is intensely *cold*. I do so deplore the loss of shades of meaning. I constantly hear people of good average standing say, "Oh, I do hope it isn't going to be *warm* to-morrow," when they patently mean they hope it won't be excessively hot. I think it is a pity. And I have actually read, though I never recall hearing such an expression spoken, of a cup of good "warm" tea! Can you fancy anything more deadly?

My remark on the sound of the letter "r" has drawn interesting comment. Mr. G. H. Bayles, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, writes:

As a child in school my sense of euphony revolted at the poets' making words ending in "ar" rhyme with words ending in "a." Since then I have lived both down East and down South and found that, tho the pronunciation is very different in the two localities, the rhyme is perfect in both.

I believe English critics ridiculed Poe for rhyming "vista" and "sister," but they were the very last men in the world who had any right to do so.

Miss Marion Morrison, of Chicago, confesses:

Many years ago I went from Andover, Massachusetts, to spend a winter in Laramie. Utterly unaccustomed to living in such a rumble of r's and not entirely liking it, I still confessed that the letter had its rights and that I should try to use it—in moderation. To my surprise (this was "far away and long ago" when the subject had not found its way into print) the University Librarian, to whom I had expressed my resolve to mind my r's, said: "You might begin by leaving them out when they're not there." Surprised, I asked for chapter and verse, and was told I had said "Madonnarr" two minutes before and had referred to a friend as "Annarr." "But," I said, "I couldn't say Madonnar without an effort—or Annar—I can't believe it!" Unconvinced the Librarian said: "Next time you do it, I'll tell you." Not long after I referred to the Madonna of the Chair. "Aha," said the Librarian, "a hit, a most palpable hit—Madonnarrr!" I repeated the word separately and was still mystified—so slow is one to hear herself as others hear her. In the end by repeating the name of my friend

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Anna Abbott many times, I discovered what we do.

Reverend William Graham Kennedy, of Rochester, writes:

I have lived East and West till I have acquired knowledge of the American "r" in all its forms, burred, slurred and unheard. The expression "inverted 'r'" suggests nothing in my experience, however. I do not like to hear the "r" sounded as in the West. I like still less to hear the "r" rolled where it does not occur, as many Eastern people sound it at the end of such words as "law," "idea" and "draw." Those who sound the letter are usually most consistent. Note the great inconsistency of the negro, educated under Northern teachers, trying to "roll his own." He rolls too many. So do many Eastern people.

Mrs. Edward Payson Morrow, of Canton, Ohio, writes:

My acquaintance with SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE began when it had blue covers, and then "That Lass of Lowries" was being published in its pages serially.

I live in the Middle West. I roll my "R's." I do not say "idear" or "umbrellar," but I have read "The French Revolution" through more than once.

Professor Arthur S. Phelps, of Berkeley, Calif., writes:

No Westerner ever rolls his r's: he must be thinking of the Scotch. The only difference in the Westerner from the Easterner is that the latter fails to pronounce the letter. Having spent 32 years in the East, and 31 years in the West, I've had a chance to study the matter. The Easterner skips it altogether in such words as *chu'ch*, substitutes *uh* for it, as in *beeuh* (beer), or resorts to an odd substitute, as the New Yorker says *goel* for girl. That the Easterner pronounces the letter perfectly when he chooses to is evident from its use for euphony's sake, as *tore up*. By euphony we mean literary laziness, as you know—it is easier to slip a letter along, as in the French *les hommes*, or, everybody's *far away*. *That's why* the New Englander, with the Southerner, drops his r's. Such provincialisms are not hopeless, unless the provincial defends them.

Professor Irwin C. Safir, writing from Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, which he assures me is the best place on earth, in climate, cost, and company, does not agree with Mr. Boardman in disliking the expression "win out."

If "win out" is not a convenient and compact equivalent for "win after a protracted struggle," then you or Mr. Boardman should suggest a phrase or word to convey that thought more elegantly. "To win hands down" is excessively colloquial, but the phrase is not tautological. Why should "win out," which expresses an almost antithetical idea, be stripped of its forceful adverb? In all seriousness, I ask to know.

I will tell you; *I don't like the expression.*

One of my Yale pupils, Doctor Donald H. Andrews, writes a letter from The Netherlands of such scientific and philosophical interest that I am printing it for the benefit of Scribnerians.

I'm writing this from a little village in the low country in the shelter of the dykes. It's a splendid place to spend the winter, just three miles from the mouth of the Rhine, Rijn here. The Gulf Stream tempers the breeze and on sunny days we ride our bicycles for miles along the dunes, or on the beach. At the edge of the water the wet sand makes a fine hard surface and it's great fun to spin through the waves occasionally.

The real reason I'm here is the venerable Natuurkundig Laboratorium at Leiden. In the days of Leiden jars it used to house all the sciences and there's a tradition that Rembrandt painted the "Anatomy Lesson" in the dissecting-room there. Now Physics has driven everything else out.

The crusade to which all the Natuurkundig researchers are dedicated is the quest of perfect peace, that is, for the atoms, not for themselves. In the jargon they call it approaching the absolute zero of temperature and the study of the properties of matter at extremely low temperatures. Of course temperature is really just a measure of the intensity of motion of the atoms, so the less there is of it, the quieter the atoms are, and at absolute zero would be perfectly still. Like all ideal states, this can never be attained. I'm working at −458° Fahrenheit, only one degree above absolute zero, but can't expect to pass that last unsurmountable step.

For those who worry about the difficulties that science puts in the way of a supernatural explanation of life, we have a new puzzler. Some seeds were cooled to within one degree of absolute zero for many times during a year. Taken out, they grew faster

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than normal seeds. Some little bugs were cooled to −380° and when warmed up again slowly, scampered merrily away. If life is some vital spark or warmth (literally equivalent to motion of molecules), it must have been well quenched at those temperatures. The motion of molecules could hardly have been as great compared to the motion at living temperatures, as the trembling of the vanes of a windmill bound to inaction, compared to the great energy of their whirling. Well, even if some one does explain life as a mathematical formula, it will still be as wonderful to live and as much fun.

With reference to church unity, Moses H. Clemens, of Kitchener, Ontario, writes me:

The Evangelical Catholic Crusade will help the United Church of Canada to a glorious victory. Every opponent shows himself a weakling. "Evangelical" means "according to the gospel," and no Christian is against the gospel. "Catholic" means "universal," and no intelligent Christian is against the Church Universal. All the Christians in the world are really Evangelical Catholic Christians.

Paul G. Tomlinson, of the Princeton University Press, writes:

Two years or more ago, in SCRIBNER'S, in comparing cats and dogs, you recounted the story of a cat that guarded an abandoned mouse-hole for months (I don't think I exaggerate the time), and you praised this perseverance, stating that no dog was capable of exhibiting anything like it. Now I am fond of cats, but it seems to me the inference you drew from this story is all wrong; it is not a matter of perseverance but of intelligence. No dog that I have ever owned would be so foolish as to waste his valuable time hanging around an uninhabited mouse-hole. One sniff would be all he needed to tell him whether it was worth bothering with or not.

Ah, but just how much is a cat's time worth?

Maxwell Chaplin, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Showchow, China, sends me a copy of *The North-China Herald*, bearing on its front page a large cartoon of Potiphar's wife and Joseph, with the line: "Mrs. Kuominchun Potiphar and Marshal Joseph Wu Pei-Fu." He gives it "as an example of the necessity of a knowledge of the Bible to be able to understand even a daily paper's political news in China."

Miss May C. Knowles, of Los Angeles, writes:

I came across in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S, in the "As I Like It" column, a query on your part as to why all great basses are tall men, and citing Pol Plancon, Eduard de Reszke, etc., as examples to prove your case. Well and good—but all great basses have not been tall men. One who comes at once to mind is Emil Fischer, now deceased, and probably the greatest Wagnerian bass we ever had. If my memory serves me, he was a man of certainly no more than medium height, but tremendously broad shoulders. Another was the late David Bispham, who, on being asked why he had never sung Mephisto at the Metropolitan, replied that "when the public wanted a short Mephisto," he would do so. . . .

Your mention of Plancon and Basil King's long association brings to mind a call on Plancon at his beautiful apartment in the Rue Matignon (I think), and this call was relative to seeking a voice teacher for a member of my family. Mr. King was at that time staying with M. Plancon, and I can hardly forget the impression of the two very tall men entering at the same time. Plancon, of course, with the inevitable violets in his buttonhole.

The Reverend Allen Jacobs, of Logan, Utah, suggests a new word:

It is "omnivolent." One of the stories in Grimm that greatly impressed me years ago was that of the poor man who was to have all his wishes granted, and became a king, an emperor, a pope—until he desired to rule the universe, at which point his bubble broke. He was omnivolent. It is so too with the small boy who yearns to be at all the ball-games and circuses and banquets that are occurring in the world, and is hindered therefrom by the limitations of time and space and wherewithal.

Perhaps the futility of the wish does away with the use for the word. But haven't we all had our moments of omnivolence?

I give omnivolence a hearty welcome into the language.

On the subject of musicians and their emotions I have many letters. Here is one, written in safe anonymity:

The reason why musicians are never overcome with emotion is that musicians have

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very little imagination or brains. Nature is a very niggardly old woman. When she gives an excess of one talent, she skimps somewhere else. As, for example, good writers have bad health [I have not been feeling at all well lately] and great musicians few brains. The best singers and the best barbers come from Italy. In one case the skill—purely mechanical—expresses itself in the fingers; in the other in the vocal cords. (If you print this I shall deny it. T. Roosevelt.)

Miss Katherine Ashton Mallery, of Wilmington, Del., raises a query which has often puzzled me. Is it from joy or sorrow that some dogs howl at music? To me she looks in vain for enlightenment. I wish I knew. The late Doctor George Knight, a well-beloved citizen of Lakeville, Conn., used to own a hunting-dog, and when the piano was played, the dog lifted up his voice and howled in an ecstasy of either anguish or rapture—I never could determine which. While he was howling, Doctor Knight would lay his finger on the dog's throat, thus producing a tremolo, *vox humana*, which drove the audience into convulsions of mirth.

Luther H. Tucker, of Yama Farms, Napanoch, N. Y., comments on the playwrights who pretend to explain religious emotion in terms of sex.

> The unfortunate part of it is that these studies in abnormality are assumed by many to be realistic portrayals of the effect of religion on human character; and their natural conclusion is that the less we have of it the better. The authors would doubtless deny any such intention. Just so the window-smashers of the Reformation would have denied that they were destroying anything worth while; but from those mutilated churches something very precious was lost which later generations have been trying to recapture—often, alas, in vain.

I am grateful to Frederic H. Powell, of Washington, D. C., who after reading my remarks in this column sent me a complete Polydor (German) record for the gramophone of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." It is fine. Mr. Powell informs me that in Boston this autumn there is to be launched a magazine devoted to the phonograph, similar in scope to Compton Mackenzie's admirable monthly magazine, *The Gramophone*, published in London.

James Melvin Lee should have received credit for giving me the two newspaper head-lines which I printed in the May SCRIBNER'S. In *Editor and Publisher* for May 8 he writes: "Both of these head-lines come from Springfield, Mass., newspapers. The first appeared in the Springfield *Union* and was written by Walter A. Dyer, who later became editor of *Country Life in America;* the second was printed in the Springfield *Republican* and was composed by William Seaver Woods, who now edits *The Literary Digest.*" I am glad that these clever head-lines have such excellent parentage, and hope I may receive more from Mr. Lee, Mr. Dyer, and Mr. Woods. With reference to the mystifying head-line I printed in the July issue:

OYSTER BARS JAM PROBE

the Reverend S. J. French, of Norwalk, Conn., writes me the following interesting letter:

OYSTER BARS JAM PRY

(Pry was the word, not Probe.)

Surely the above caption should win the "Ignoble Prize" and I beg to raise my feeble voice in the nomination. Not only for crass stupidity and unintelligibility, but for ineptness and blindness to what was real "news," does it deserve the prize. Fancy it! Some of the most distinguished men in the world—representatives from all the great nations, assembled to discuss an affair or proposal of world-wide import—probably the most important event in the history of our own country since the Declaration of Independence; the first international step ever taken—that, too, at the instance of our own rulers—in the direction of world peace; and on the morning after their arrival in Washington these ambassadors awaken to find that caption spread across the full breadth of the first page in the morning paper laid at their table. Talk about narrow parochialism!

Mrs. C. C. Williams, of Hamilton, Mass., writes:

> Oyster (since dead) was one of the District of Columbia Commissioners and was in charge of the traffic; and the "Jam" was on the occasion of the burial of the Unknown

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Soldier, when many people sat more or less in one spot from 10 A. M. to 4 or 5 P. M. and never got to Washington at all.

Another rather engaging head-line in a Washington paper was on the occasion of an offer to Champ Clark of a seat in the Senate, while he was Speaker of the House:

SOLON SPURNS TOGA

Could George Meredith have guessed Mr. Clark's first name?

Mr. C. H. Hamlin, of Amherst, in commenting on my statement that even the greatest professional players are handicapped by fear, says: "I suspect that Christ became epoch-making because he was the first human who ever got so past fear that he could fully let himself go." And I may add that one of the numerous reasons why I believe that he was more than human was because there was no trace of fear in his words or in his actions. Mr. Frederick J. Shepard, of Buffalo, writes that to his mind the overwhelming argument "is that the human intellect is not capable of inventing Him."

Mr. Shepard also writes, referring to Gustavus Adolphus, the admirable Crown Prince of Sweden: "I would have suggested an allusion to the fact that our revolutionary uniforms of buff and blue came from him. At least it is so said, the English whigs having adopted those colors as identified with the liberal cause on the continent, and the American colonials looking on the whigs as their partisans. Moreover, the Swedish flag is buff and blue."

Here they come streaming into the Faerie Queene Club: Mrs. Clarence C. Williams, of Hamilton, Mass.; Miss Ednah Cranna, of Madison, Wis.; Miss F——, formerly a pupil of the well-beloved Winchester of Wesleyan, who liked the poem better than he thought she would; Miss Elizabeth Meating, of Appleton, Wis.; Mrs. Delia Thayer Phelps, of Lansing, Mich., who is eighty-nine years old, and is gracefully nominated by her daughter, Charlotte Phelps Weld; Miss Sarah Crannell, of Albany, now in her eightieth year, and a cattist.

Mrs. Anna Fiebeger, of Washington, D. C., with whom I used to have good talks at West Point, calls attention to the fact that there is a delightful castle in the Austrian Alps, Burg Finstergürn, near Ramingstein in Lungau, owned and directed by the charming Hungarian Countess Pzápáry, who will be glad to have paying guests from America.

Carrie Lee Wilkerson and Janet M. Stevens have made a pilgrimage to the shrines of Browning and Duse at Asolo and find the place "all you claimed for it in interest and beauty." They join the club.

I left New Haven shortly after Commencement and on the way to our summer paradise in Huron County, Mich., we stayed a few days in Detroit. This is not a "Society Column," but I cannot refrain from speaking of a garden-party I attended on the night of June 28 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Taylor at Grosse Pointe. I have seen many beautiful fêtes and open-air festivities, but I have never seen anything that equalled this. The night was perfect, cloudless and starry, mild, and windless. Thousands of electric lights glowed in the trees, winking in perfect time to the music—and how celestially beautiful was the music! Young people were dancing under the stars; the swimming-pool was illuminated with a tall single tower of light; refreshment tables were laid here and there under the trees; and, as in Verlaine, "The tall fountains sobbed in ecstasy." Along toward midnight a large, misshapen moon rose and lent the last touch of perfection to the scene. It was better than any picture by Watteau—and the beauty was never too lavish, never too obvious; there was a dignity, a serenity, an ineffable charm that accompanies only things that are perfect.

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# THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE preferences of an artist are among the most interesting things disclosed by his biography. What could be more revealing than the adoration which Degas had for the genius of Ingres? Is there, again, anything more characteristic of the earlier draftsman than his love for Raphael? Whistler, for all his loquacity, was reticent enough about his likes, if not about his dislikes, but he spoke out now and then, with the result that we know that types as varied as Tintoretto, Rembrandt and Hokusai figured in his cosmos, and, for my own part, this knowledge has always counted in my approach to his art. What of Sargent's tastes? He must have had plenty of them, for he went through life with a great play of mind, but he was not given at all to public speech and, thanks to his invincible reserve, hardly any of his critical judgments found their way to the outside world. Where his predilections lay among the masters of the past was to be inferred in a measure from his work. That showed his concern with the principles of Velasquez and Hals, and when his studio effects were dispersed after his death, it was no surprise to learn that he had made copies from both. In modern art, by the same process, it was presumable that he was a sympathetic comrade to Claude Monet and Helleu. He painted pictures of them both at work. But there was just one contemporary of his for whom he would seem to have cherished such an enthusiasm that it overflowed his usual bounds, became articulate, and passed into common knowledge. This was the Italian Antonio Mancini, who is still living, a veteran seventy-four years old. Allusion to this admiration was made by more than one commentator when Sargent died. It had been mentioned so often previously that it had come to mean something characteristic.

In 1920 the Italian art journal *La Fiamma* devoted an entire number to a laudatory symposium on Mancini, assembling eulogies by most of the leading artists and writers of the country. The letter from D'Annunzio sprawled in facsimile across the page under this fervent legend: *Il Piu Grande Poeta Vivente per il Piu Grande Pittore Vivente.* That was gorgeous enough in all conscience, but in the following year *La Fiamma* reprinted all those tributes to *Il Maestro del Colore* in a handsome, illustrated brochure, and among the additions there was given from Sargent as glowing a line as any in the book: "I have met in Italy the greatest living painter, Antonio Mancini." That, I confess, has puzzled me in the extreme. I could understand the prodigious furore among the Italians. Mancini, an important man, has been doubly important for them. But "the greatest living painter"! That, from Sargent, surely "makes furiously to think." Did he say just that or did his words suffer some mysterious sea-change? I impugn nobody's good faith, and least of all his. But I'll admit that I wanted some confirmation, paradoxically, more persuasive than "cold type," and I have been making inquiries among intimates of his who across long periods of years knew his habit of mind. One of them writes to me: "I recall hearing John Sargent speak with admiration of Mancini—and more than once. I should not call it a tremendous ardor, for he reserved that for El Greco, with Boldini sandwiched in between the two. But you must be nearer right than I if you have seen a statement from Sargent intimating tremendous ardor—and entirely safe in transmitting it." From another old comrade of the painter's—in whose own collection there hang several Mancinis—I have received this interesting note: "He *did* have a great admiration for Mancini, owned some himself, and never passed these canvases by without looking at them and commenting on their particular charm and vigor and brilliancy. I always felt that he got something out of Mancini which he didn't have himself. But it was the same with Monet—he saw



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qualities which helped his own vision, and that is something so intangible." Intangible for me and not at all clear remains the secret that Sargent apprehended and that made him call Mancini "the greatest living painter." For the life of me I cannot see the Italian in that light. I say so, it is perhaps proper to add, not from any vainglorious desire to oppose my judgment to Sargent's, but I must have my own judgments or suffocate, and, as Andrew Lang used to say, we all have a right to exist—we and our works. I find Mancini a remarkable enough artist, even though I think that the greatest painter living in Mancini's time was John Sargent. I ought to mention, too, that I've been looking at Mancini's works all my life, in European and American exhibitions. With these preliminaries I may turn to some consideration of the artist and his art.

Antonio Mancini.
From the portrait by himself in the Uffizi.

HE was born at Rome in 1852, but appears to have been taken thence in infancy and grew up at Narni, the little Umbrian hill town which gave Gattamelata to the fifteenth century. From the *brochure* aforementioned I gather, what is comprehensible enough, that there was no one there to teach him. The old paintings in the cathedral apparently had nothing to say to him, for his biographer states that he was first predisposed toward the art of painting by his delight in the color and movement in a gypsy circus. As a young man he proceeded to Naples, where he developed an obvious talent under the sound discipline of Domenico Morelli. An eruption of Vesuvius drove him from Naples, evidently because the dimming of the sun preyed upon his spirit. He proceeded to Paris, where he fell into the friendly hands of the Goupils, and where



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good fortune even more happily came to him in the patronage of the Dutch Mesdag. That painter seems to have given him a regular income, thus assembling a

La Douane.
From the painting by Mancini in the Tate Gallery, London.

collection of his works which he ultimately gave to the Museum at The Hague. A later episode in his career was a long and profitable stay in England under the auspices of the late Hugh Lane, *e con la presentazione entusiasta di un pittore caro alla grande aristocrazia inglese—Sargent.* At home he has labored in Venice as well as in Naples, but it is his native Rome that most claims him. Besides being held in honor there and all over Italy—his portrait, painted by himself, is in the Uffizi—he has had the satisfaction of seeing his pictures pass into most of the European museums of modern art. One of his best things, by the way, The Circus Boy, is in our own Metropolitan. He is represented in the Boston Museum and Mrs. Gardner obtained a fine example for Fenway Court.



THERE was a period in his career—I judge it to have been when he was under the more exacting influence of Morelli

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—during which he practised a rather minute realism, well illustrated in La Douane. Every last detail is meticulously stated. He pays as much attention to the nail-heads in the iron-bound trunk as he does to the features and costume of the woman who sits on the lid of that receptacle. He works in the vein which has been characteristic of a great deal of modern Italian art, but very soon his style broadens, he finds himself, and beats out a path of his own, along which he has progressed ever since, developing an unforced originality. I must break off here to borrow from Lady Gregory a passage which gives us a piquant glimpse of the man and his methods. In the memoir of her nephew, Hugh Lane, she thus tells how the Italian painted her portrait when Lane brought him over in 1905:

The Circus Boy.

From the painting by Mancini in the Metropolitan Museum.

> Having established Mancini and his easel in that large room of the Dublin Gallery, he set him to paint his sister, Ruth Shine's portrait, and then mine. I sat in a high chair in an old black dress, in front of a brown curtain lent by Miss Purser. Mancini set up a frame in front of me. He pinned many threads to this, crossing one another; their number increased from day to day, becoming a close network. This—as he would explain in almost incomprehensible French, though sometimes turning to little less comprehensible Italian—was not his own method, but had been the method of some great master. Having put up a new thread or two, he would go to the very end of the long room, look at me through my net, then begin a hurried walk which turned to a quick trot, his brush aimed at some feature, eye or eyebrow; the last steps would be a rush, then I needed courage to sit still. But the hand holding the brush always swerved at the last moment to the canvas, and there in its appropriate place, between its threads, the paint would be laid on and the retreat would begin. I was well repaid for my patience or courage, for at the end his portrait of a woman growing old, and a dusty black dress and a faded brown curtain would have lighted up a prison cell. Synge, not often enthusiastic, spoke of it as "the greatest portrait since Rembrandt."

Lady Gregory has some other amusing notes. He was an odd man, Mancini, apparently believing in the Evil Eye or something like it. He fancied that he would catch the illness or deformity of one with whom he came in contact. Painting somebody with a cork leg, he surmised that that member was having a numbing effect on his own, and at intervals exclaimed: "My leg is losing all power of sensation!" Lane had once startled the old gentlemen of his club by bringing in Augustus John in blue jersey and gold earrings, and so he deliberated before giving the habitués another surprise. "But," says Lady Gregory, "when at last he brought in Mancini, half hoping that the elderly round-shouldered little man might fit better into its composition, Mancini, always doing what was least expected, put his hand on his heart, went up

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to each chair in succession, and bowed low to its occupant." He was taken into the house of a friend of Sargent's, who in order that he might not be lonely hired another Italian who served her as a footman. The two became bosom friends, but presently, when Lady Gregory met Lane one day, he was in great perplexity. The good-hearted lady who had given shelter to Mancini "had written to say that the friends had quarrelled and that this mattered greatly, because they both took up and threw at each other ornaments and bric-à-brac in her rooms which were valuable.

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The Standard Bearer.

From the painting by Mancini at Fenway Court in Boston.

♣ ♣ ♣

BOTH in the foregoing drolleries and in the serious picture of Mancini at work there are elements contributing toward a sympathetic apprehension of his individuality. There is carefulness in him, as the serried threads show, and there is *furia*. It is the latter trait, I think, that accounts for his breadth, for the large and robust way in which he sees form and bodies it forth. It was not for nothing that Morelli put him through his paces, initiating him into the mysteries of modelling and fostering in him especially his gift for honest draftsmanship. There is a satisfying solidity about Mancini's figures, and sometimes they are not only strongly but beautifully drawn. He has unmistakable truth, and that truth possesses a positively rich vitality. It is proof of this that his works maintain their interest for the beholder, despite the fact that he displays no great range of subject and has, indeed, little, if any, imaginative power. His John the Baptist in the Boston Museum is like the Italian Peasant Boy in the same place, just the portrait of a picturesque model. But he tinctures with something romantic the realism of his theme; he overlays upon the faithfully portrayed fact the charm of his originality, the glamour of his loosely flowing yet somehow close-knit style. In his later period his looseness has grown excessive and the close-knit web of tone has lost much of its clarity and fineness. He has grown coarse where he was once gracious in texture, muddy where he used to be limpid, and upon his canvases, brush-work that was formerly brilliant has often proved fumbling and obscure. The declension there marked has told also in the matter of his color.

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I have seen Mancinis that explained if they did not quite justify *La Fiamma's* trumpeting of Mancini to the world as *Il Maestro del Colore*. He is at his best, in fact, something like a master of color, the master of resonant blacks, of plangent reds, of bold and good blues and yellows. I love them—but I love them well this side of idolatry. They are impressive hues, those blacks and reds, those blues and yellows, but even at his best Mancini never gave them in fullest measure that ineffable ingredient which is known as "quality." Mancini's painted surface in what I take to be his middle period was extraordinarily refined, and so possessed a certain quality, a certain bloom, but for a long time it has too often been woolly and undistinguished. With a certain gross density the color which has always meant so much to him and proved so exciting to his compatriots has been more exciting than persuasive; to put it bluntly, it has become violent and crude.

Spanish Girl.
From the painting by Mancini.

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WITHAL he remains one of the singular and fascinating figures in European painting, and in Italian art he occupies unquestionably a commanding position. The modern school has been none too rich in salient types. The long decline that set in after the disappearance of Tiepolo was mitigated but not transmogrified by the rise of Canova, and the classicists like Camuccini are to-day only names in encyclopædias. Morelli, coming into view at Naples back in the '40's, was a sincere and able painter, but hardly a creative genius. His rôle was not so much to produce masterpieces as to establish an honorable tradition of workmanship. There have been some highly proficient craftsmen in modern Italian painting. Maccari produced in his famous Cicero and Catiline for the Senate at Rome a fine composition, finely executed, such as the most expert French *Salonnier* might have been glad to paint. But there have been in Italy very few temperaments like the sparkling Michetti or like Segantini, the elegiac Millet of the Brianza. Too fre-

The Peacock Feather.
From the painting by Mancini.

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John the Baptist.
From the painting by Mancini in the Boston Museum.

Italian Peasant Boy.
From the painting by Mancini in the Boston Museum.

quently the Italian has gone off after the will-o'-the-wisp of a specious dexterity, painting little pictures of little things even when he has painted them on a large scale. Only Boldini, like the Spanish Fortuny, has gone on to show that manual dexterity may be raised to a higher power and developed into a superb *maestria*. Boldini is, indeed, the only figure of Mancini's generation comparable to him in what I may call international significance. And Boldini must yield to Mancini as embodying an inspiration for the new generation that is to-day making a more conspicuous place for the painting of its country, the generation that has given us Favai, Oppi, Scattola, Romagnoli, Emma Ciardi, Italico Brass, Noci, and so on among the new pioneers. It is that breadth of Mancini's to which I have referred, that breadth of his with its accent of freedom and *fortezza*, that whole-hearted gusto of his for color—if not his every expression of it—in which I see a liberating influence playing its part



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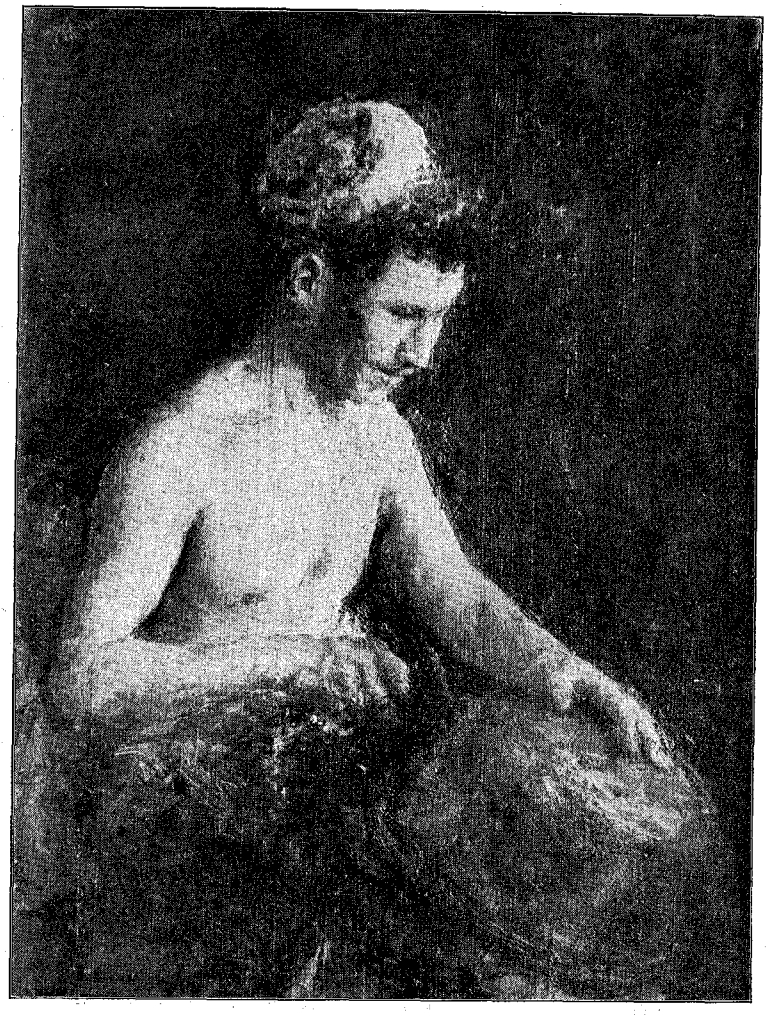

The Tinker.
From the painting by Mancini.

in the studios of the younger men. At a time when the school has been wofully tempted to deviate into filigree he has stood for something nobler, something more human, something directing his juniors to the better things they are now doing. I wonder if there lies the "something so intangible" that captured John Sargent, the something intangible that makes a freemasonry among great artists.

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A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.



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VOL. LXXX November 1926 No. 5

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ILLUSTRATED

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Clarence C. Little is the youngest president of a large American university. Only a few days ago—October 6, to be exact—he celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday. When he became president of the University of Maine in 1922 he was only thirty-four. Last year he was made president of the University of Michigan.

Despite his youth, Clarence Little's career is distinguished, and because of his youth, he is a fine example of the modern enlightened college president. He graduated from Harvard in 1910 and did research work in genetics there from 1911 to 1917. During the last year of that period he was assistant dean of the college and acting university marshal. Later he was assistant director of the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. (Loud sounds of gnashing teeth from the fundamentalist sector.) Moreover, President Little has the courage of his convictions gained by study. He became a director of the American Birth Control League and president of the International Neo Malthusian League in 1925. (Anti-birth-control sector joins in the gnashing, which by this time is almost deafening.) In his article in this number President Little has spared neither college administrations nor college faculties. He has discussed frankly the attitude of the colleges, the dissatisfaction of students with present methods of discipline and instruction, the relation of religion to education, and the question of whether it is kind to admit those to college whose fitness is doubtful.

Richard Harding Davis has suffered the fate of many popular authors. Critics expand and contract toward him as the years go on. First he was the hero and the popular idol, then as "realism" became the order of the day, he was sniffed at as a romanticist who gave to war a glamour it never had. Now, slowly, the tide is turning again. Davis has been dead a little more than ten years, but stories about him will circulate among newspaper men and writers for many years to come. Frederick Palmer was with Davis on many campaigns and his portrait of the man is written from intimate knowledge. It ranks with the other distinguished biographical sketches which we have lately published—"Governor Smith," by James Kerney; "Eugene O'Neill," by Arthur Hobson Quinn.

Mr. Palmer has been a war correspondent since 1895 and was lieutenant-colonel in the Signal Reserve Corps, serving with the A. E. F. at the front in France. He received the D. S. M.

Another story of a unique person, which takes rank with these, also appears in this number. It is the first of Otis Skinner's trio of madmen. George Frederick Cooke lies in St. Paul's churchyard in the midst of down-town New York, and his tooth reposes in the treasure vault of "The Players," but Otis Skinner has brought him alive again and shows what an amusing old chap he was. The second and third madmen are Edmund Kean and the elder Booth. They will bow again under Mr. Skinner's direction in early numbers. Mr. Skinner has just returned from abroad and expects to revive "The Honor of the Family," in which he took the leading part during its successful run in 1918 and 1919.

Another portrait, but composite this time, is that of "A Serious Young Man," by Alfred S. Dashiell. Mr. Dashiell was born in Snow Hill, Maryland, and graduated from Princeton in 1923. In college he was managing editor of the *Daily Princetonian* and secretary of the Senior Council. This brief sketch was written because he felt that the actual younger generation had been thrown into the shadow while the jazzing, flask-toting, irreverent youngsters basked in the sunlight of publicity. Mr. Dashiell was on the staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* in 1922 and 1923. For the past three years he has been doing magazine editorial work in New York City.

She who writes as Elizabeth Trowbridge is the wife of a well-known American artist. "F Minor and Mauve" is delicate autobiography done with grace and sentiment, telling of the prairie child who in later years walked with perfect familiarity in the salons of Paris.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb continues the personal vein which is so pronounced in this number by his sketch of "The Scallop Dredgers." Mr. Chubb is a native of East Orange, New Jersey, and a graduate of Yale in 1922. We have published some of his poems in this magazine. He has always been interested in the sea. He is at present ship news reporter for the New York *Times*.

An article which is sure to cause much discussion is Theodore Wesley Darnell's "Is the Minister a



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"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

Richard Harding Davis (on left) with two allied officers on the Western front in 1915.

—See "Richard Harding Davis," page 472.

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